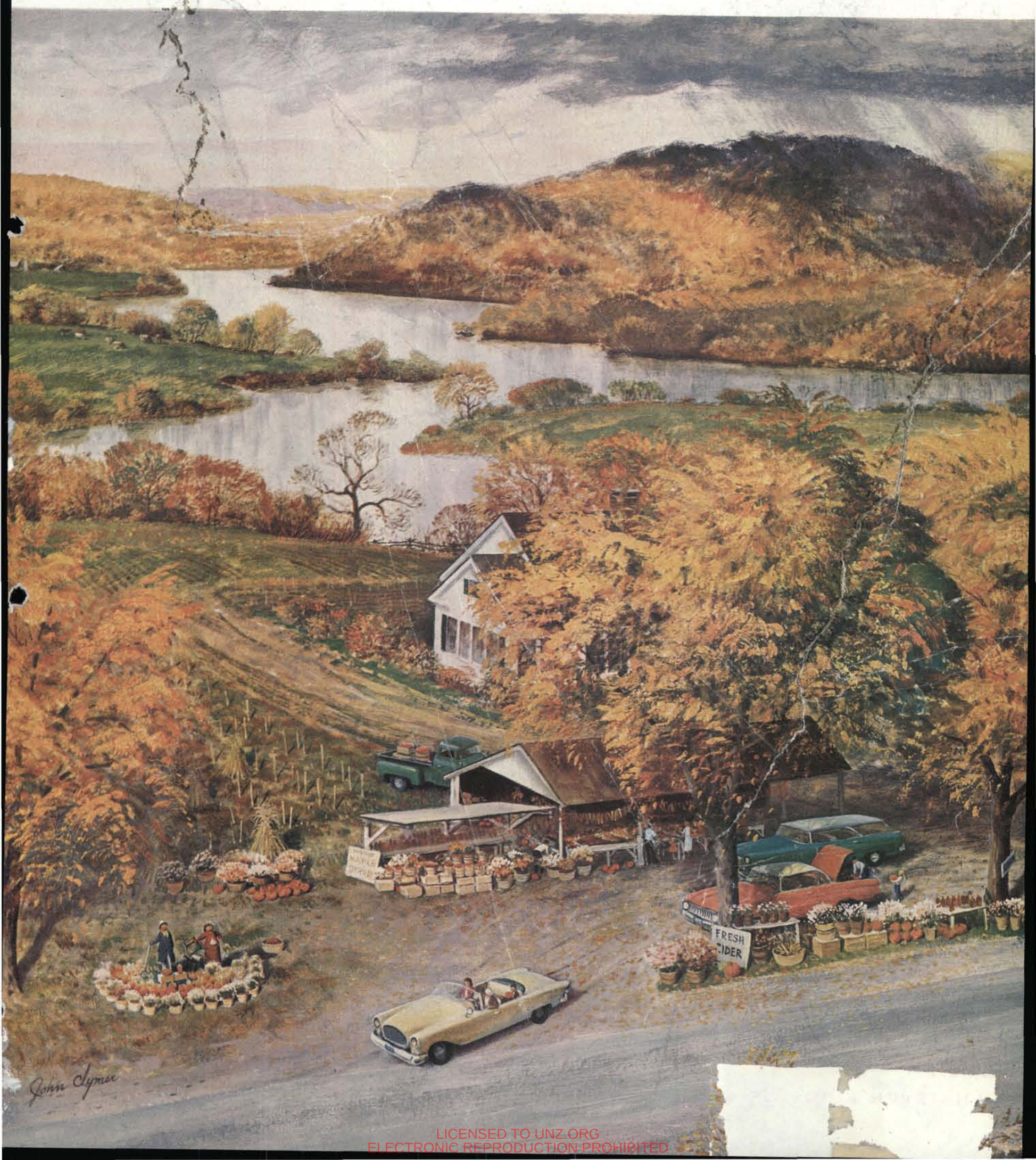
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 9, 1961 – 15¢

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

Report from Berlin

By ERNEST O. HAUSER



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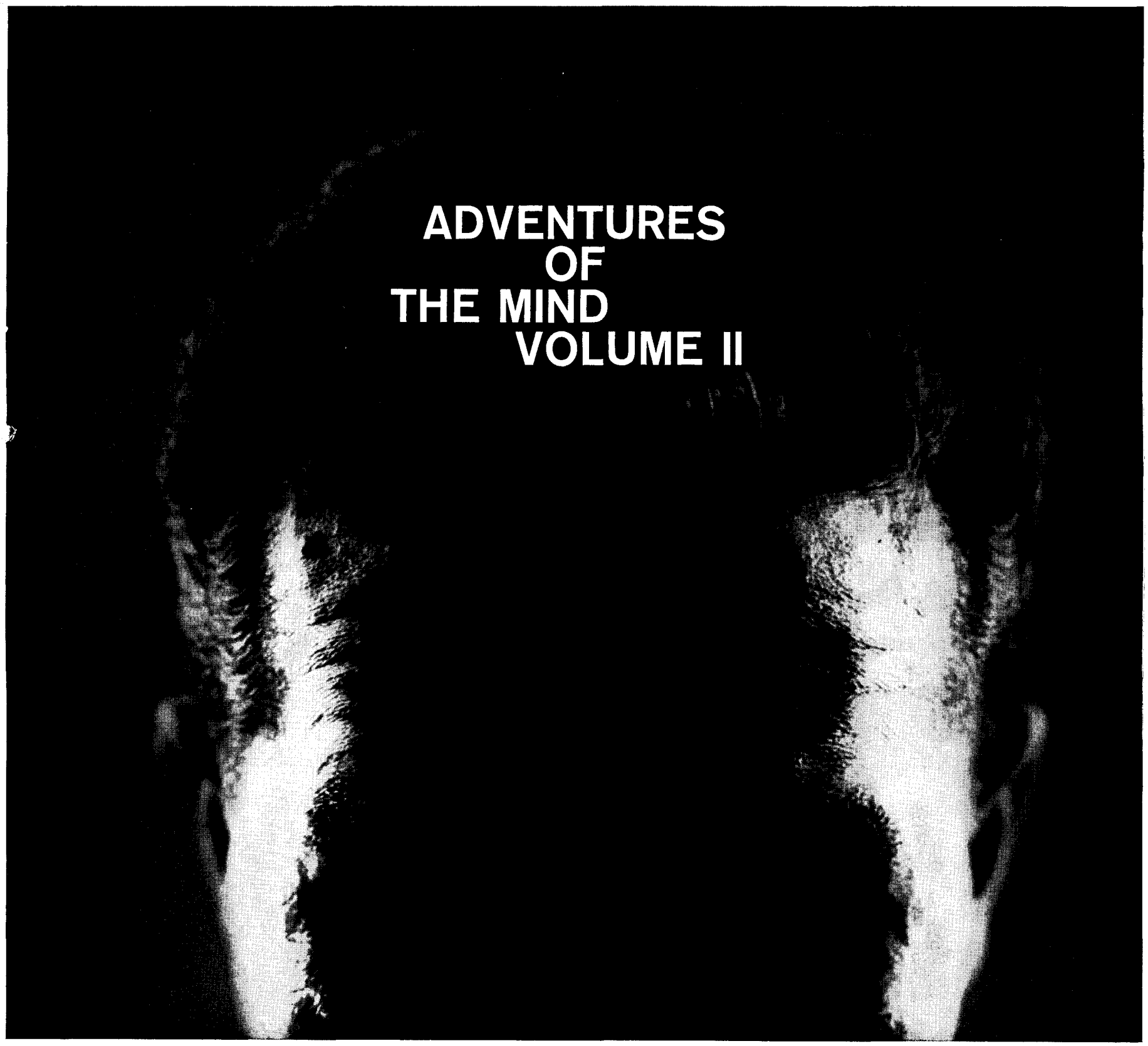

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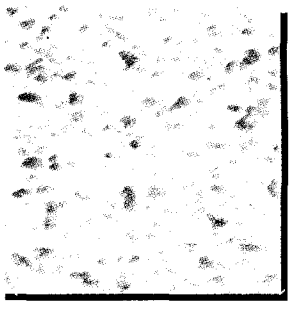

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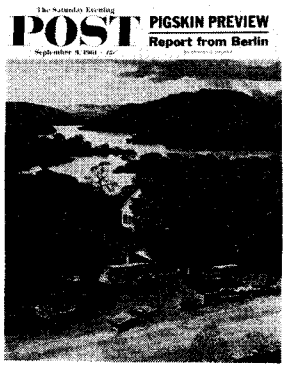

THE COVER

What is more inspiring than the New England countryside in the fall? Indeed, the autumnal delicacies on sale in the foreground of John Clymer's pumpkin-colored scene inspired us to turn to our bookshelf, where we found Henry David Thoreau saying, "I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion." (Although there's no denying that pumpkins are more advantageously used in pies, soups and puddings.) And we hardly could hope to top the Susquehanna Indian orator who, Benjamin Franklin tells us, spoke as follows after listening patiently to a missionary's sermon on the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man: "What you have told us is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider."

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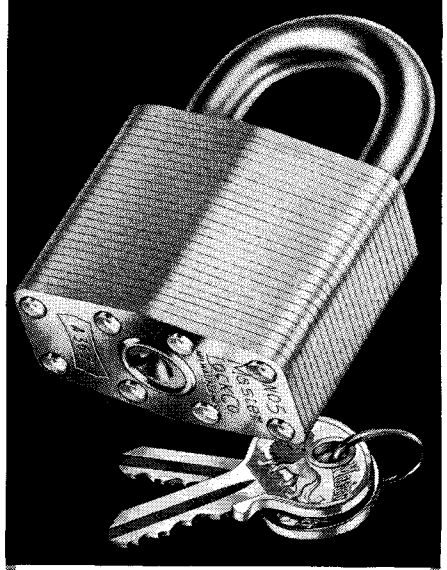

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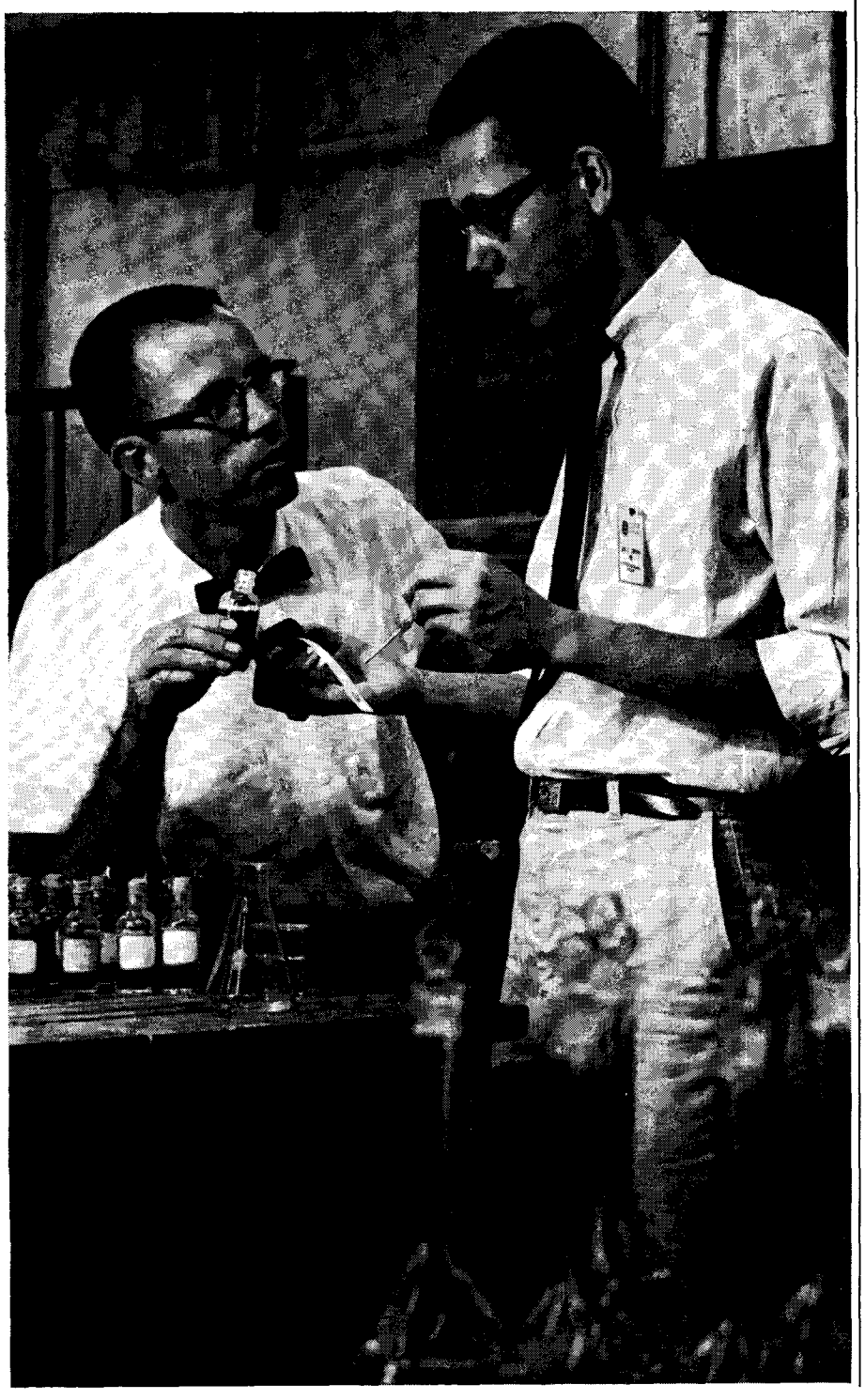

Letters

Can Doctors Police Their Own Ranks?

Dear Sirs:

Milton Silverman's article, CAN WE GET RID OF BAD DOCTORS? [Aug. 5] touches on a shortcoming in today's society—the small number of unscrupulous, incompetent people in any profession, in any walk of life. . . . The medical profession, perhaps more than any other one group, has consistently labored to police

its own ranks. I personally feel . . . that it is not enough to admit there are some bad apples. They must be eliminated.

GEORGE A. WOODHOUSE, M.D.
Pleasant Hill, Ohio
Chairman, Judicial Council
American Medical Association

Dear Sirs:

Your article interested me because I note . . . that some medical associations have grievance committees with no teeth in their laws to back them up. I speak as an attorney, but my dad was a doctor.

In Michigan we have the Integrated Bar Act—not necessarily peculiar to us—and in addition to the legal requirements for admission to practice law, the act also requires all attorneys to be subject to the rules and regulations of the Bar Association of Michigan, and the latter has grievance committees in every congressional district in the state. Further, the rules have teeth behind them which the grievance committee can enforce, ranging from private censure, through Circuit Court public censure, right down to final disbarment—taking away an attorney's right to practice anywhere. . . .

Within the past few months a doctor friend of mine said to me, "I wish our medical association had the guts that you lawyers have. We ought to do some house cleaning like you fellows have done."

WILLIAM H. FRANKHAUSER, *Attorney*
Coldwater, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Obviously Mr. Silverman hates doctors and is trying to destroy the confidence of the American people in the medical profession.

CLIFFORD C. WILSON, M.D.
Kansas City, Mo.

● *Author Silverman says, "I've long been on record that most doctors are pretty wonderful guys. But if they can't face up to the existence of some bad doctors and help get rid of them, then I'm not so sure they deserve the confidence of the American people." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Your article . . . was factual and objective. . . . The reaction of the doctors with whom I have discussed the article has been excellent. We feel Mr. Silverman has made a distinct contribution to doctors in that he has made it plain that we are interested in these problems and are doing something to correct them. . . . I can assure you that the problems will not be "kicked under the rug."

JAMES H. BERGE, M.D.
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

If author Silverman is trying to advocate further Government controls, we can point out that only in the United States has the medical profession done so much to eliminate poor quality in medical care. . . . Perhaps *The Post* would not sell so many copies if it presented the other side of the picture—the 95 to 97 per cent of doctors who do their best, and usually succeed, in the practice of good medicine.

Perhaps, also, the *Post* editors might advocate the policing of their own magazine industry, where over 50 per cent of the publications on sale in the newsstands and eagerly read by our young people are filled with trash. If Government controls were placed over the publishing of magazines, the *Post* editors would be among the first to howl.

M. K. MINER, M.D.
Carlsbad, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

California Governor Brown's remark in Milton Silverman's article, "I have always believed that a profession should be given the first chance to do its own housecleaning," is in complete accordance with my own thoughts.

But gad, man! When the medical profession admits its hands are tied concerning such a mop-up operation, then I say let the government swing into action. . . . Better by far this than no action at all.

DAVID R. GETCHELL
Caribou, Me.

Stepping on Our Toes

Dear Sirs:

Secretary of Defense McNamara [MASTER OF THE PENTAGON, by Stewart Alsop, Aug. 5] sounds like a remarkable man doing a remarkable job. I disagree, however, with Mr. Alsop that this is not enough. Whether McNamara succeeds in public persuasion is wholly irrelevant and immaterial.

I, for one, fail to see why McNamara has to stoop so low as to become a politician and wheedle Congressmen into doing their duty. The fact that Alsop, an editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, believes this, is symptomatic of what is wrong with our country today.

ALBERT FRENCH
New York, N.Y.

● *Editor Alsop replies, "If the United States were a dictatorship, the job of public persuasion would, as Mr. French says, be wholly irrelevant and immaterial. The United States is, however, a democracy, and a democracy functions by persuasion, not dictation. Thus the job of public persuasion is wholly relevant and wholly material." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop's article . . . inadvertently pinpointed the real obstacle to progress in governmental programs. In effect, he says,

(Continued on Page 6)

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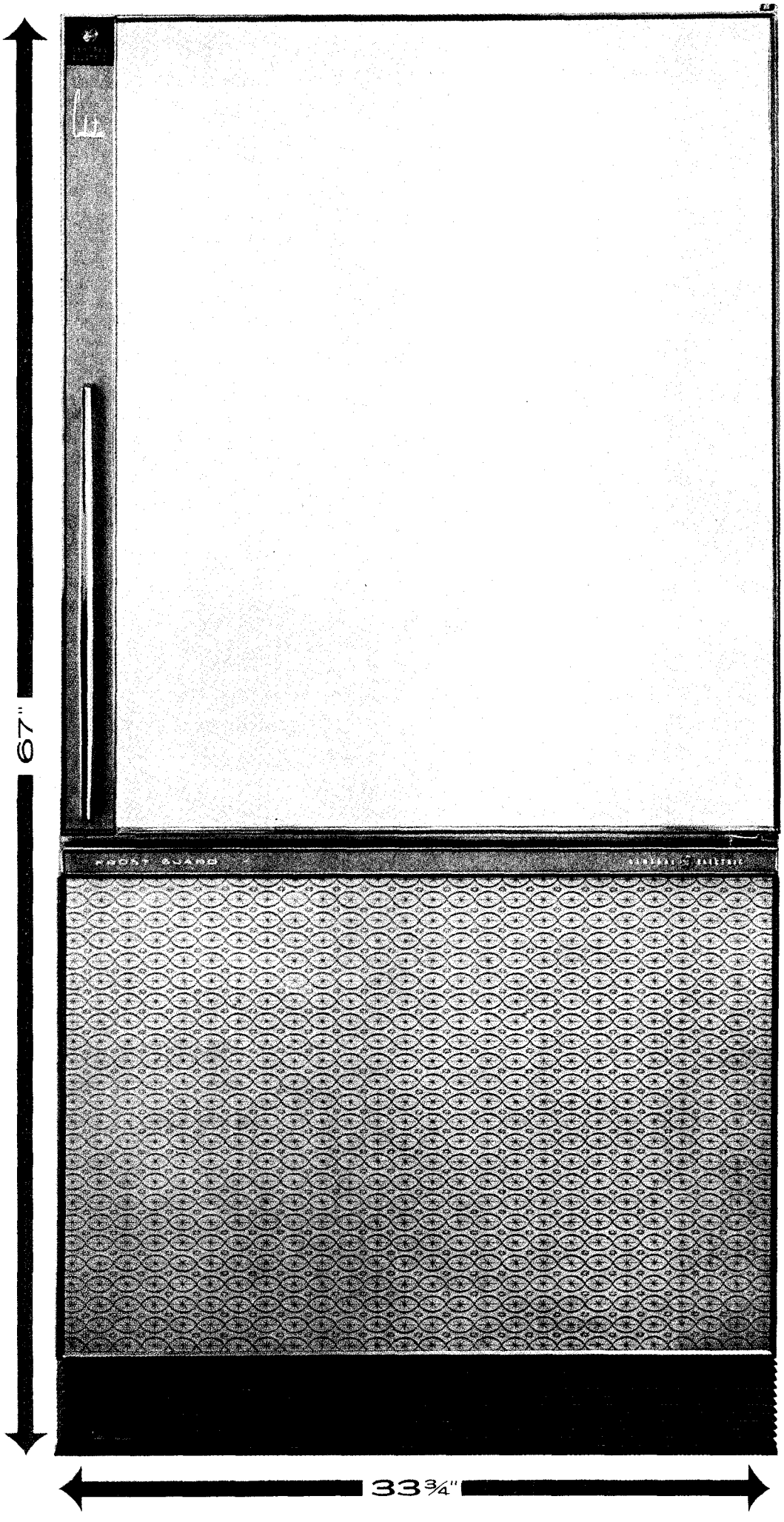

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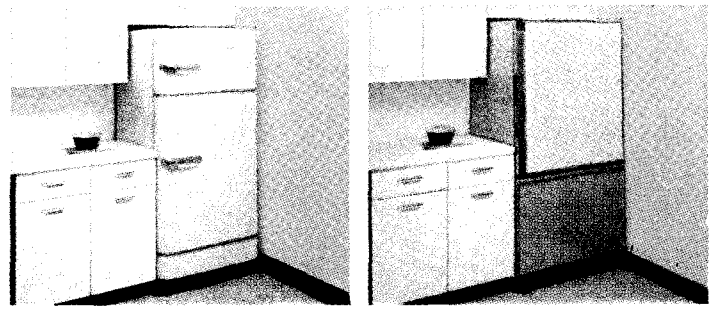

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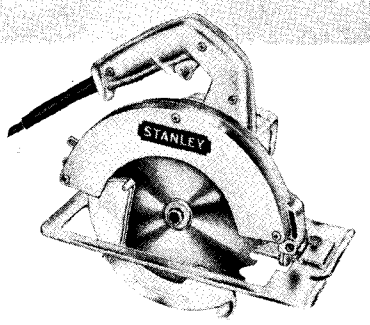

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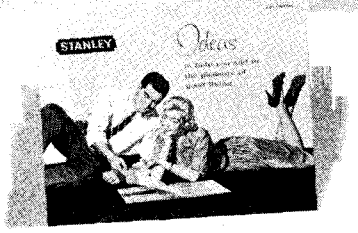

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

we [reporters] are in favor of changes except those which tread on our toes [in referring to Secretary McNamara's "unhappy press relations"]. This is the attitude of countless special-interest groups which shackle progressive programs; every change gets on someone's toes. Best wishes to a leader who has the courage of his convictions.

HAROLD B. DONAHOE
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

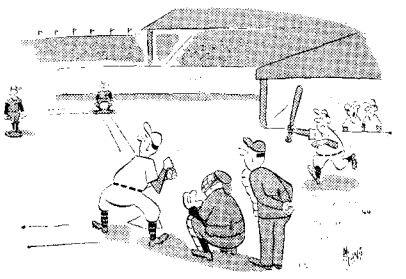
One may love his enemies; he dare not underestimate them. The "objective" reporter is conscienceless and has no more regard for the career of anyone who can furnish a day's sensation than the butcher for the fat lamb. Sober explanations go against the reporter's grain. They make the reader think, and if he thinks, he may take his snout out of the daily swill. . . . A Secretary of Defense *may* love the press; but he *must* be on his guard against it.

ROY COCHRANE
Tacoma, Wash.

Field Full of Rookies

Dear Sirs:

The batter isn't the only rookie around the ball park in Al Johns' cartoon (below)



"That new rookie seems a little nervous."

in your July 15 issue. There must be many. The umpire is one. He forgot to put on his mask. The first baseman is about as bad. He's standing on the base, which you never should do unless the base is occupied and you want to hold the runner on. Whoever built this field certainly is a rookie in that business. Look where he put the pitcher's mound—almost on first base. And, of all things, there is no coach's box.

JACK E. AMMONS
Findlay, Ohio

● *Cartoonist Johns, a Californian, says, "Reader Ammons must remember that major-league baseball is still pretty new to us Angelenos."—ED.*

Final Word on Abortion

Dear Sirs:

May I add just a final comment about your ABORTION series [by John Bartlow Martin, May 20–June 3]. So many letters [June 24, July 8 and July 29] both pro and con on the subject, but none from an important party—the child.

I am illegitimate. Society has never allowed me to forget it, and I cannot myself. Every form requires names of parents, sometimes even grandparents, and most always a birth certificate. Job applications, passport applications, university entrance papers, hospital records all want to know who my father was, and I don't know.

I'm blessed with a lovely family now, but I am heartsick because my children do not know what it is to have grandparents, nor can I ever tell them about a home life with someone who cared a little. My mother died when I was seven, but I know that for seven years she had been sick with grief and worry for me.

Legalized abortion is the only solution to so many illegitimate *unwanted* children being born today. These children, who grow up *knowing* they were dreadful mistakes, cannot even afford the fantasies of the adopted.

NAME WITHHELD
Seattle, Wash.

Call for Help

Dear Sirs:

I'm glad to hear that Bell Telephone spent $25,000,000 on an electronic-brain telephone system [TELEPHONES THAT "THINK," by Robert W. Wells, July 22]. I just wish they'd spend a little of that to put telephones in our town of 200 people. We are 35 miles from the nearest town, and have no telephones at all. Efforts to interest various telephone companies in bringing us service are to no avail. . . . We wouldn't even care whether the phones beeped, jingled or honked.

MRS. RICHARD WRIGHT
Manton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

TELEPHONES THAT "THINK" will further advance American progress to mediocrity. What we lack is "people that think."

PHILIP T. GIDLEY
Fairhaven, Mass.

Unfair Fair Omission

Dear Sirs:

An article written by Ralph Knight titled PREVIEW OF A FABULOUS FAIR [April 8] has created considerable embarrassment for me. . . . The article described what the author claims to be the facts involved in the origin and development of the New York World's Fair. He attributes the origin and development to others than myself and nowhere in the article makes any reference to the fact that the fair was conceived of by me alone and that from the day of its conception in the latter part of 1958 until the day that I resigned as executive vice president in April, 1960, prior to the designation of Robert Moses as president, the entire promotion, development, finances, plans and programs were supervised, executed and administered by me and from my personal office.

ROBERT KOPPLE
New York, N.Y.

● The Post *regrets omitting mention of Mr. Kopple for his part in originating and his considerable work in developing the early plans for the 1964–65 New York World's Fair. —ED.*

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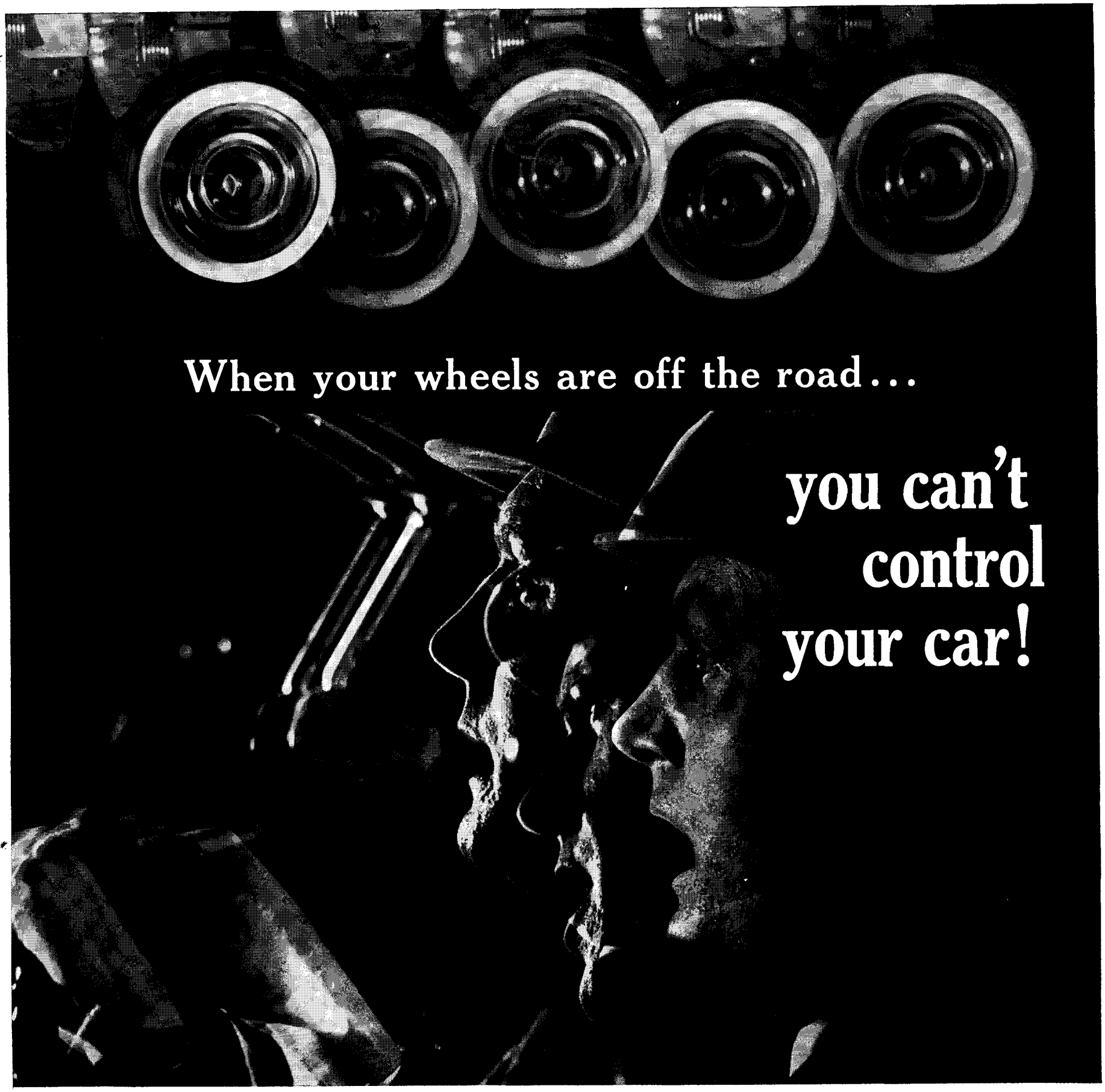

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Editorials

Are Unions Moving Away From Self-Defeating Tactics?

Despite some recently conspicuous exceptions, good sense is beginning to win in the long struggle between labor-union rigidity and economic necessity. Some unions have lately made unexpected concessions in regard to such matters as the use of prefabricated materials in putting up a house, the banning of jurisdictional strikes and even the acceptance of wage cuts in order that an employer may stay in business. People with middle incomes may yet be able to get housing at a price they can afford, as the result of an agreement by the Pittsburgh building unions.

An extraordinary company was lately organized in Pittsburgh to bring down housing costs for families with yearly incomes of $5000 to $8000. It is called ACTION-Housing Inc. It intends to get housing action by using a $2,000,000 revolving fund.

The $2,000,000 is provided by thirty large companies, each of which sells housing materials or utility services. Among these firms are the United States Steel Corporation, the Aluminum Company of America and Westinghouse Electric Corporation.

Three of the top officers of ACTION-Housing Inc. are executives of big companies. A fourth is a representative of the United Steelworkers of America, one of our largest unions. The first function of a union is to save the jobs of its members. Now that labor-saving devices are eliminating many jobs in steel mills, the steelworkers' union knows that it must promote housing in order to provide markets for steel.

ACTION-Housing Inc. plans to put up 1400 houses that would ordinarily sell for $18,000 each, but will be sold for $14,000. How is this $4000 saving to be attained? By new methods of using land, designing houses, building them and financing them. The chief obstacle to new techniques in building has been the rigid position of the unions. But now the twenty-nine unions that belong to the Pittsburgh Building and Construction Trades Council have signed an agreement under which the contractors will have "the sole right to manage their respective businesses, including the right to decide the machines, tools and equipment to be used" in the East Hills housing development, "as well as construction methods, assembly processes and the right to use factory-fabricated units."

Moreover, the unions have agreed to ban all jurisdictional strikes on the housing project. They promise that whenever a man is needed for any job, they will provide him within three days. If they don't, the contractor can hire any other available worker. And if bad weather causes the loss of a day's work, union members will work on Saturday at straight-time pay.

Such concessions have never been "included in a labor-construction contract in this city or anywhere else in the nation," says the president of the building-trades council, Anthony J. Furlan. Few will dispute the accuracy of that statement.

There should be firms like ACTION-Housing Inc. in many other communities, so that families with middle incomes can buy homes.

Teachers Can Do a Better Job When Parents Co-operate

By CHLOE HOLT GLESSNER

A controversy that will never be settled rages around the question of homework for school children. Some parents accept it as necessary. Others cannot see why a child needs to bring his school problems home any more than his father should use his evenings to get ready for the next day at his office or shop. As a classroom teacher, I can see merit in both sides of the argument. Some children need homework because they are indolent in school hours, or because the teacher has not done her job well.

Just the same, there is a lot wrong with the idea that schoolwork and home activities should be completely separate. Any teacher knows that the children who read at home are almost without exception our best readers. The child who is interested enough in his studies to use a reference book at home is the one who excels in his classwork. If his parents are able to help him over the hard spots in arithmetic, he is likely to get the hang of it before his fellow pupils whose parents leave the whole burden to the teacher.

In a group of children learning to read it is nearly always the child who has had stories read to him at home who learns most easily. These children have already been provided with a background for learning. Homework should be designed to stimulate inquisitiveness about things which the child does not understand at first. Actually classwork should prepare a child for homework, and his homework for his classwork. The two should go hand in hand—at any rate for children who come from homes where the necessary co-operation is possible.

The time spent on homework varies with the ability of the pupil and his grade. The important thing is not so much the time spent as the regularity with which it is done. It is here that the attitude of the parents comes in. It has been my experience that parental interest will be shown for a week or so, then collapse. One boy said to me, "Mother helped me a few nights, but she won't take time any more."

Homework is a necessary part of getting an education. Learning is a full-time job. The child who has parents who know why it is important to study history and mathematics and language will carry this understanding into his classroom work. Would that there were more parents who understood this and didn't brush the problem under the rug with some such evasion as, "If his teachers can't beat it into him, I guess he'll just have to stay ignorant!"

Dieting Paid Off for This Nonagenarian of the Middle Ages

The first question a cub reporter learns to ask any person past ninety is, "To what do you attribute your long life?" It's always good for a laugh if the old-timer replies, "Women and hard liquor."

In the mid-1500's a gentleman named Luigi Cornaro took the question very seriously and answered it at length in a famous book called *Discorsi sulla vita sobria*—"Treatise on the Life of Sobriety." Luigi's little book became very popular, was translated into many languages and is said to have gone through 100 editions in English alone.

Luigi was born in Venice in 1467 or 1475, depending on which encyclopedia you read. He died in Padua at the age of ninety-one or ninety-eight—some said he was over 100. The gimmick about him is that he was supposed to die at thirty-five, having been born, it seems, with a weak constitution, which he ruined completely by indulgence at the table and elsewhere. When the doctors shook their heads and gave him only a year or so more, he had such a scare that he reformed his eating and drinking habits completely and, as a result, lived on and on. He was eighty-three—or maybe ninety—before he wrote his book, and the point of his writings was that he was a very happy old man because, he claimed, he had learned how to eat to live.

Cornaro had some funny ideas. He limited himself to twelve ounces of food and fourteen ounces of wine daily. In fact, he was an early calorie-counter, though he had no idea what a calorie was. But Cornaro was tolerant enough not to say the quantities he took were the right ones for others: "No one should feel obliged to confine himself to the small quantities to which I limit myself; nor to abstain from fruit, fish and other things which I do not take. For I eat but little; and my reason in doing so is that I find a little sufficient for my small and weak stomach."

People, he said, should eat what agrees with them, in suitable quantities. He had two favorite proverbs: "The food from which a man abstains, after he has eaten heartily, is of more benefit to him than that which he has eaten," and "whoever wishes to eat much must eat little"—meaning a little at a time, thereby living long enough to eat a lot in an extensive lifetime.

Cornaro wrote one sentence which could be carved in marble for contemplation by all who feel so sorry today for our supposedly disconsolate "senior citizens."

Said Cornaro, "I never knew the world was beautiful until I reached old age."

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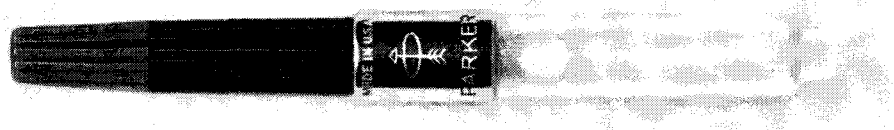
A "convertible" fountain pen with a 14K gold point

1. Load it with a cartridge

2. . . . or fill it from an ink bottle



You can replace the giant cartridge with this ingenious "converter" and fill the 45 like a regular fountain pen.

This is a brand-new kind of fountain pen from the people who make the good ones. It's a "convertible" pen . . . the first of its kind.

You can load it with a big Super Quink cartridge. Depending on your handwriting, it will write up to 10,000 words before it runs dry. You get five cartridges for 29¢, and that's 20¢ less than the kind you have to use with cheap pens.

It's "convertible" because a clever little device takes the place of a cartridge, and it lets you fill the 45 from a regular ink bottle.

Seven instantly replaceable points

They're all 14-karat gold, and if you damage one, you don't have to write the factory. Your dealer can replace it instantly. The points range from *Accountant* (extremely fine) to the big, broad *Stub* that men of authority seem to prefer.

The 14-karat gold point has the spring and feel you need for smooth writing. It will wear a lot longer because it won't *corrode* the way steel points will.

The 45 is a *pure* pen without any frills or fancy jewelry. That's why Parker can afford to offer you and your family such a fine writing instrument for only $5.

Special Back-to-School Offer until Oct. 15: Coupon for Free Converter—95¢ value

Until October 15, 1961, with every Parker 45 we sell, we'll include 2 Super Quink cartridges *plus* a coupon good for the Parker 45 converter. Simply mail to us and you'll receive this 95¢ value absolutely free.

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How to choose a diamond

facts to guide you in judging quality and value

The diamond is the most beautiful, most treasured, most meaningful of gems. For centuries it has been the symbol of love. It is also an important investment. Because every diamond is different, looking for a diamond will be more pleasurable, selection more rewarding, if you have a few facts to guide you.

In choosing a diamond, asking about the Four C's will help you buy your dollar's worth. These are: carat weight, cutting, clarity and color. Each has great significance in determining quality and cost. There is also another C of importance to you, confidence in your jeweler. A reliable retail jeweler takes pride in advising you honestly and will stand behind his recommendations. As a specialist in gemology, he can show you just how quality is judged, help you choose a diamond you'll be proud of all your life, proud to pass on to your children, too.

What is carat weight? The size of a diamond is measured by weight, in points and carats. The carat is composed of 100 points, just as a dollar is made up of one hundred cents. If a jeweler shows you a diamond weighing 85 points, it is between three-quarters and a full carat weight.

So you'll have an idea of what to expect, here is a range of sizes:

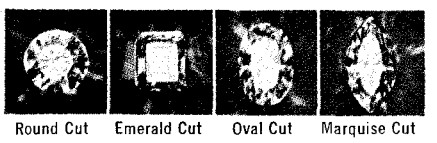
25 points (¼ carat) | 50 points (½ carat) | 100 points (1 carat) | 200 points (2 carats)

Often, you will find superior quality in a small diamond. Such a diamond may be worth more than a considerably larger one of less choice description.

Larger stones of fine quality are more rare than smaller ones and they cost more per carat. For instance, if two stones are of like quality, but one is twice the size of the other, the larger stone will probably cost you more than twice as much.

What is meant by cutting? As a price-setting factor, cutting refers to the quality of the workmanship. How well is the diamond cut? A well-cut diamond is at its brilliant best when every facet has been placed on the stone at the correct angle and in correct proportions. Diamond cutters are highly skilled craftsmen and highly paid, for this is one of the most painstaking trades and there is scarcely any margin for error.

Cut also refers to the shape of the stone and the arrangement of the facets. The most popular style for the engagement ring solitaire is the round brilliant-cut with 58 facets. There are, of course, other shapes, too, so that you may choose according to your own taste. We illustrate a number of them for you here.



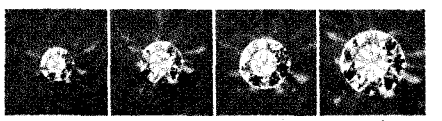
Round Cut | Emerald Cut | Oval Cut | Marquise Cut

What is clarity? This is the absence of carbon spots, bubbles or other blemishes. Under Federal Trade Commission rules, a diamond may be described as flawless only if it shows no such blemishes to a trained eye when magnified ten times. A tiny inclusion that cannot be seen with the unaided eye may have little effect on the brilliance and beauty of a diamond, but the price you pay should be less than for a flawless stone.

What is meant by color? While a diamond breaks up light so that it gives off every color in the rainbow, the material of the stone itself is ideally free of any color—a crystal-clear white. However, really fine whites are extremely rare and very valuable. The term "blue-white" is considered inaccurate today and is seldom used by reputable jewelers. The variations in color in diamonds are so delicate they can rarely be detected, except when one diamond is compared with others.

What does a diamond cost? The cost of a diamond varies widely, according to the qualities mentioned (cut, clarity, color) as well as size. For your guidance, price ranges below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in July, 1961. Tax is additional.

Published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in your selection of your engagement diamond.



25 points (¼ carat) $75 to $225 | 50 points (½ carat) $150 to $590 | 100 points (1 carat) $400 to $1680 | 200 points (2 carats) $840 to $4000

A diamond is forever

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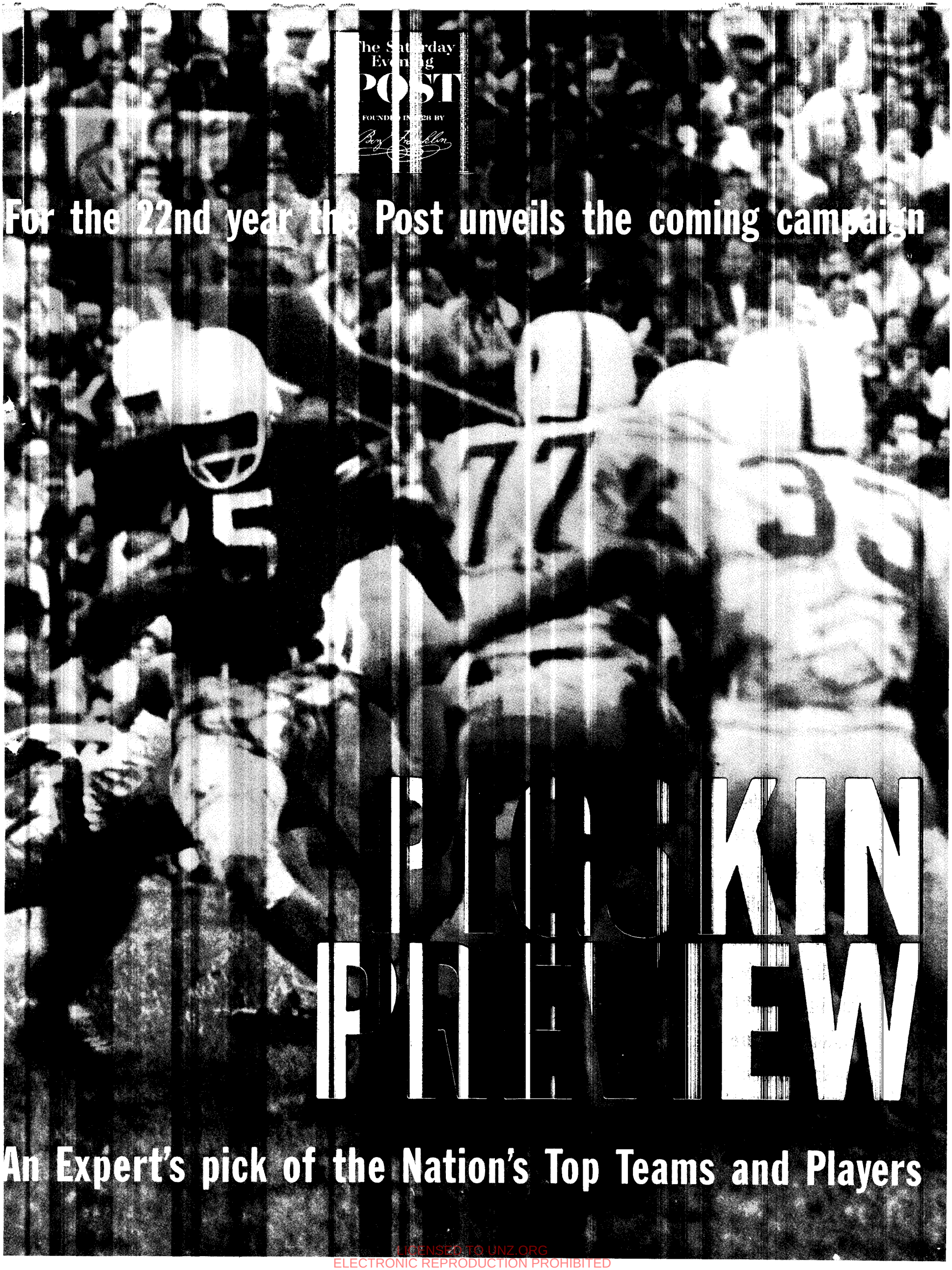
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For the 22nd year the Post unveils the coming campaign
PARKIN
PREVIEW
An Expert's pick of the Nation's Top Teams and Players

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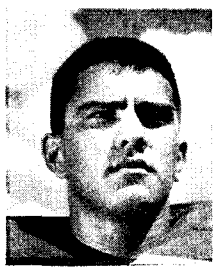
PIGSKIN

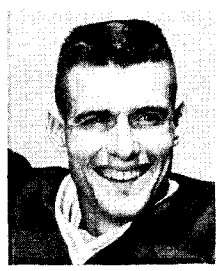
By FRED RUSSELL

PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S ALL-AMERICA

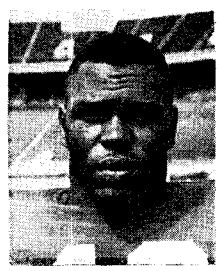


Roman Gabriel
Back, N. C. State

Ernie Davis
Back, Syracuse



Ronnie Bull
Back, Baylor



Bob Ferguson
Back, Ohio State

Coaches will turn to the field-goal specialist more than ever this season, and hairbreadth victories galore are in prospect.

This year there will be more kick in college football than there has been since the era when the greatest glory often went to the men with educated toes. A new modern high in field goals was reached last year, when Charley Brickley's old single-season record of thirteen—set with Harvard in 1913—was equaled by Auburn's Ed Dyas, whose foot made the difference in four of the Tigers' eight victories. For another example, unbeaten Ole Miss stayed that way because Allen Green tied one game and won another with eleventh-hour field goals.

There'll be much more of this in 1961, because many coaches are just beginning to take advantage of the 1959 goal-post widening which brought on the kicking boom. Among Saturday's new heroes may be such soccer-trained kickers as Cornell's Peter Gogolak, only five years out of Hungary, and German-born Walt Doleschal, of Lafayette. Look for the deciding margin to be one, two or three points in more and more games.

Everywhere, levels of competition are so balanced that again a team could climb from the bottom of its own conference all the way to a national championship, as Minnesota did last year. Long-term dynasties, such as Notre Dame in the 1940's and Oklahoma in the 1950's, are gone forever. Only three out of twelve major-conference champions in 1960 were repeaters, and there may be fewer this season.

As the offense tries to stay ahead of the defense, there is a swing to rugged quarterbacks who can run like halfbacks as well as pass. The trend to diversified attacks also continues.

Recruiting is being sobered by the basketball scandals as colleges reawaken to their responsibility for preventing offers of illegal financial aid to athletes. Boys bought in this manner are likely to be easier prey for fixers. The Big Ten, subscribing to a service which quotes betting odds on games, watches the fluctuations with extreme care, just as professional football does.

Attendance at college games has increased for seven straight seasons, and set an all-time record of 20,403-409 in 1960. Over the past five years attendance has jumped 18 per cent, although since last season six colleges, including Marquette, Denver, Scranton and Hawaii, dropped football because of rising costs. University of the Pacific modified its schedule. Southern Methodist decided to issue no track-baseball-golf-tennis-swimming scholarships for a year in an effort to balance its athletic budget.

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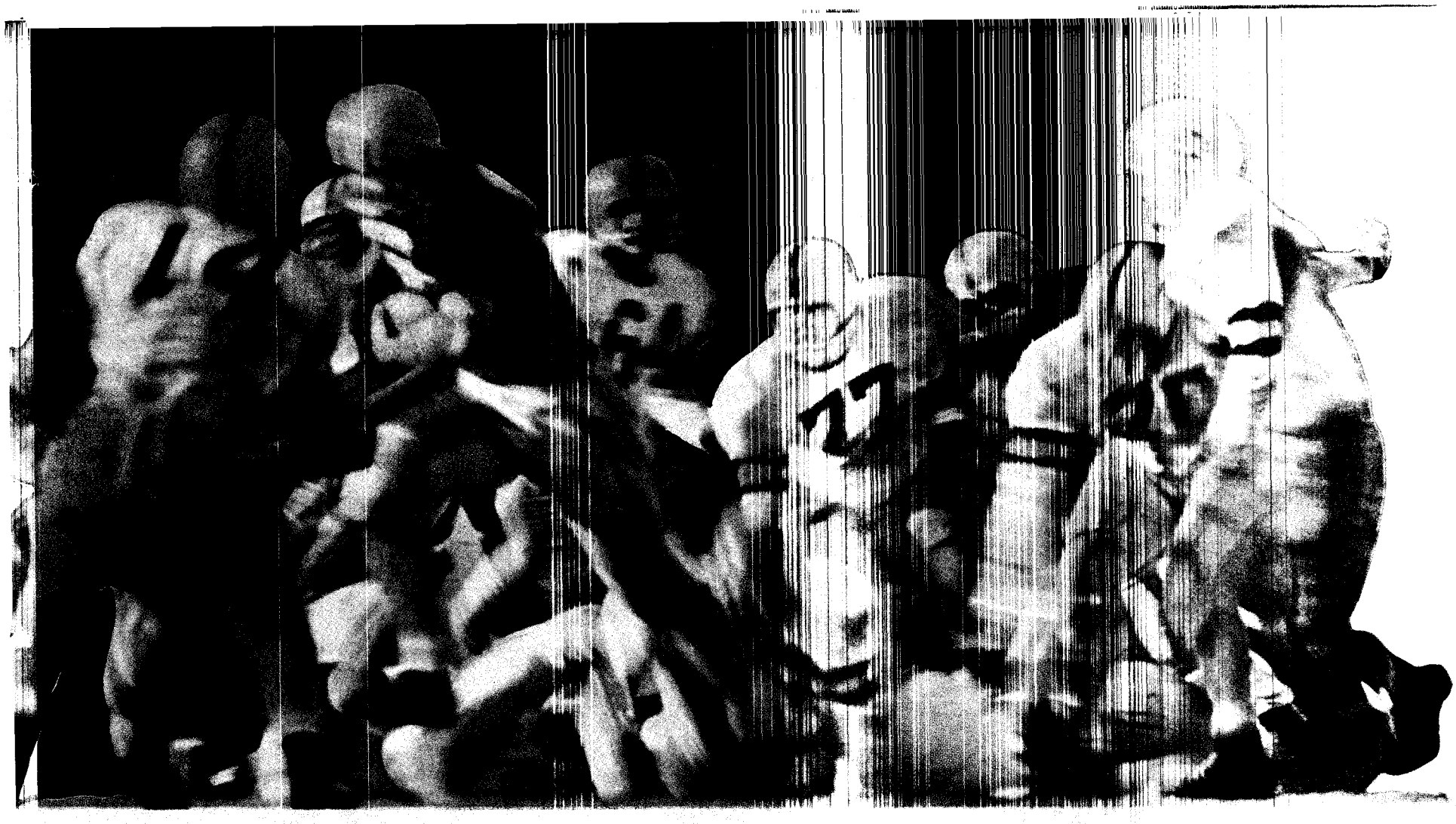
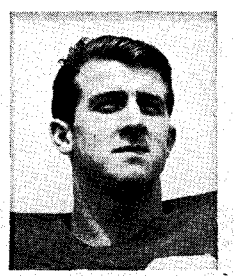
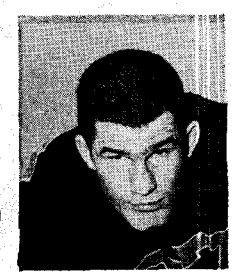




Garry Collins
End, Maryland

Billy Neighbors
Tackle, Alabama

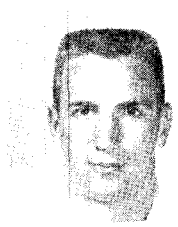


Joe Romig
Guard, Colorado

Bill Van Buren
Center, Iowa

Jim Skaggs
Guard, Washington

Merlin Olsen
Tackle, Utah State



Tom Hutchinson
End, Kentucky

However, there will be 622 college and university varsity football teams this season, eight more than in 1954. Among those playing will be California Poly (San Luis Obispo) despite last October's plane crash which killed sixteen players.

Football's oft-changed rules are enjoying uncommon stability. The rules committee continues to resist the efforts of a majority of coaches to bring back unlimited substitution. Instead, this year the committee slightly liberalized the "wild card" provision so that one player always is eligible to enter the game. Chairman Robert R. Neyland, of the University of Tennessee, comments, "College football and professional football are different sports entirely. What is good for pro football isn't necessarily good for college football. The college game is just as entertaining as the professional game because it is different."

One of the lessening differences is in coaching from the side lines and sending in plays via substitution—although the official rules forbid the former and deplore the latter.

Now to the risky business of rating the teams and players at a time when, incredibly enough, there is hardly a coach to be found who pleads that his material is poorer than last season. (Continued on Page 57)

PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S TOP TWENTY TEAMS OF 1961

1. Iowa
2. Alabama
3. Texas
4. Ohio State
5. Penn State
6. Michigan State
7. Syracuse
8. Rice
9. L.S.U.
10. U.C.L.A.
11. Duke
12. Arkansas
13. Mississippi
14. Kansas
15. Maryland
16. Oregon State
17. Baylor
18. Tennessee
19. Colorado
20. Georgia Tech

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BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

BATTLE PARTY

a three-part story of courage and death on the snow-covered Italian front during World War II.

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Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

Dave Mosby was still in the hospital when his promotion to brigadier general came through. He hadn't expected it, for he was just past thirty-five, and that was young for a star in the infantry. The Old Man—Maj. Gen. Duffy Grimes—jeeped back from his command post up past Arazzola to do the honors in person. Dave was glad to see him. He'd been fretting to get back to the outfit now that his shoulder wound was nearly healed.

"I'll probably regret this," Duffy growled, pinning the star to Dave's G.I. bathrobe. "It's costing me a damned good regimental commander. The only thing that salves my conscience is that I've got a nasty job waiting for you."

"I liked the eagles," Dave said, smiling faintly. "You can keep the star, if you want."

Duffy gave him a hard look from beneath the craggy overhang of grizzled brows. "You sound like you could mean that," he said absently. "How's that shoulder, Dave?"

"O.K.," Mosby said. "I'm just dead beating here."

That was a lie, but not too bad a one, he knew. His left shoulder was still a little stiff from the shell fragment he'd taken in late December; a dull ache remained high in his chest on that side, and he had to be careful about putting (Continued on Page 47)

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BERLIN

On a Tightrope

These three East Berliners—exhausted, apprehensive, bitter, but hopeful—were among the last few refugees to escape to the Western sector before the Reds dropped a barbed-wire curtain along the border on Aug. 13.

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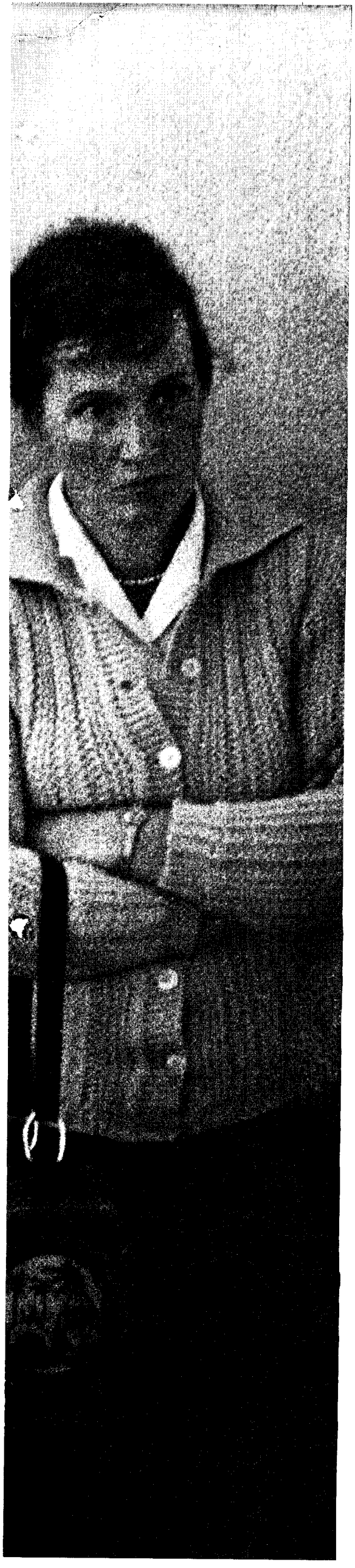

Photograph by Rene Burri

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

A *Post* editor reports from the city on which the eyes of the world are focused.

BERLIN.

There is something about the way the people of Berlin face up to the increasingly shrill Soviet threat to swallow them that recalls London during the worst days of Hitler's Blitz. Ringed by a hostile army complete with cannon tanks and missiles, the 2,200,000 citizens of West Berlin are far from frightened. Their wholly undramatic, quietly defiant, rightful possessors' will to stand their ground remains the chief impression of my current visit—the first in fifteen years—to the divided former German capital 110 miles behind the Iron Curtain.

During my many days of wandering through Berlin, I have found the city to be brisk and busy. Throughout the West sector the streets were filled with well-dressed men and women. The restaurants were packed. New buildings were going up at every corner. The huge industrial concerns which form the basis for the city's economic life were working at capacity. West Berlin was turning out buses and railroad cars, ship engines as big as houses, electrical equipment, automobile parts, pharmaceuticals and beer. New money poured into new installations at the rate of $40,000,000 a month. Orders on hand had doubled in the last three years. And every week, a factory moved to new premises because the old one had become too small.

The number of unemployed had dropped below the 20,000 mark. The Free University, with an enrollment of 13,000, had twice as many applicants as it could take. People got married, furnished new homes, had children. And every warm weekend sent the Berliners spilling out into the deep-green pine woods of the Grunewald, or onto the beaches of the shimmering lakes that, luckily for them, are included in the 185 square miles of their fortress.

In love with his Berlin, to whose glory he and his fathers have sung many a schmaltzy song, the West Berliner does not think of packing. No doubt, there is some comfort in the presence of 11,000 Allied troops—about 4500 Americans, 4000 Britons and 2500 Frenchmen—in West Berlin, even though many think these crack units are marked for probable extinction in case of an all-out Soviet attack. But there is something else in the Berliner—an almost contemptuous refusal to get excited, that fills even his own compatriots in Western Germany with awe and admiration.

Berliners who have traveled westward recently have shown surprise at the alarm with which their city's plight is viewed behind the front. "I spent my summer vacation in the Rhineland," one businessman told me. "After two weeks down there I really started worrying about Berlin, and I did not relax till I was safely home again."

Still, the Berliner is far too sophisticated an observer to be indifferent to what is going on. Politics fascinate him for their own sake. "Why, people here read editorials!" a lady from West Germany exclaimed. "All we ever read in our newspapers back home is Crime and Accidents."

The western sector of Berlin has two radio stations—one of them, RIAS, American-run. The Berliner can spend hours listening to the news, and more hours debating what he has heard. One taxi driver with whom I was riding turned on his radio so we could both listen to Radio East Berlin, which was just then carrying a speech by Walter Ulbricht, the Soviet puppet ruler of East Germany. "Another lie," my man said. By the time we got to our destination, he had expertly parried and refuted every Communist argument for a separate Soviet peace treaty with East Germany.

Berliners from all walks of life, asked what they thought would be the outcome of the Soviet drive against their city, refused to dramatize their situation. Several of them jokingly referred me to the current ditty about the "Islander"—meaning of course the West Berliner—first launched by poet Gunter Neumann over RIAS: "The Islander he knows how to keep cool—the Islander he hates to act the fool." All of them, of course, looked ahead with great interest to the forthcoming Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in Moscow at which Khrushchev may announce that he is turning over to East Germany control of the four highways, four railroads, two canals and three air corridors that link this city with the western world—thus challenging the West's right of free access to Berlin.

A thirty-year-old electrical worker on whom I called in his neat two-room apartment reacted to my question with a majestic shrug. Then, laying down a chicken leg on which he had been munching, he carefully set forth his views.

(Continued on Page 55)

A BRIGHT NEW POST

Next week readers will see the redesigned POST we have talked about these past months. For hints of what's ahead, see Keeping Posted, page 68.

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April, 1959: Tibetan rebels surrendering to Red Chinese soldiers—
according to the Communist agency which released this picture.

the tragedy of TIBET

By ARTHUR BONNER

In two and one half years of brutal domination, the Red Chinese have reduced this once-proud nation to slavery and famine. A shocking report based on eyewitness accounts.

DARJEELING, INDIA.

We were brought up to think of Tibet as a Shangri-La where the Dalai Lama ruled as a living god and monks meditated on the mysteries of eternity. Isolated between the snow-capped ramparts of the Himalayas on the south and the trackless Taklamakan desert in Sinkiang on the north, Tibet was a living museum—interesting to anthropologists and adventurers, but certainly of no concern to the housewife pushing her shopping cart through a supermarket back home, or the boys around the soda fountain in Dallas.

But Tibet does concern us. It is one of the few places where a reporter can penetrate Red China's Bamboo Curtain. This can be done by interviewing refugees who have been flowing into India. I did a great deal of such interviewing on a recent trip to the Tibetan border.

More than 60,000 refugees have fled from Tibet in the past two and a half years and they all have stories to tell. Interviewing them is a painful experience. Grown men begin to cry. Women try to relieve the tension of painful memories by pulling at their clothes or clenching their hands till their knuckles are white. You must promise not to disclose their identity in any way because they greatly fear what the Chinese might do to relatives and friends still in Tibet.

It is also possible to pick up many details (again not for attribution) from Indian or Nepalese diplomats with connections in Tibet, or from traders crossing the frontier. Naturally, information is spotty. Strategic areas are closed even to Tibetan slave laborers. Everyone is restricted in his movements and spied upon. But the general outline is clear.

Soldiers of the Chinese Communist Army first marched into Lhasa in May of 1951, carrying a huge framed picture of Mao Tse-tung. The troops constructed barracks and airfields and built up fuel stores. These preparations were accompanied by rather contradictory soft talk. The Chinese promised to respect Tibet's autonomy and allowed the existing social system to remain virtually intact, at least in Western Tibet.

For some undiscovered reason the Chinese loosened their grip in the last half of 1958. The fierce Khamba warriors, who had been carrying on a private revolt in Eastern Tibet since 1956, were able to spread west and touch off a revolt in Lhasa in March, 1959. Then, after the Dalai Lama escaped to India, the Chinese began a three-fold campaign aimed simultaneously at smashing the revolt, destroying and rooting out Buddhism and introducing what they call socialism. This is one step before the final introduction of Communism—the process by which families are broken up and the people herded into communes.

With their superior weapons, maneuverability and trained (Continued on Page 65)

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To win the race that really matters, you must . . .

RUN WITH YOUR HEART

By BRIAN CLEEVE

He had no fancy warm-up pants, and the wind cut his bare shins below the edge of his shabby mackintosh. He thought for a moment of going back to the shelter of the wall—but his mother and Eileen were there, and they'd want to talk to him, to be bright and hopeful about the race, to ask him what he'd like for his tea and who was that man or that other one, invading his mind that he wanted to keep closed and concentrated just for this hour, just for this little while to be free from the endless, grinding question that their faces put to him: What will you do? What will you do?

He began jogging across the corner of the field away from them, not wanting to see anyone, even the others from his own club—tall, loose-jointed, his hair bright red in the winter sun. The earth was hard with frost, brutal under his thin running shoes. It would be a crippling run. He tried to think only of the race, to put everything else in his life out of his mind. And what else in his life, he thought bitterly, was worth thinking about? He looked over to the left, searching for the first marker flag. Three irregular, sloping fields and then the dark mass of Bellman's Wood—the first flag was beyond that. At the far corner of the wood began the long, slow climb of the ridge to the Black Mountain, where the course skirted the peak, ran on down into the next valley, curved back (Continued on Page 40)

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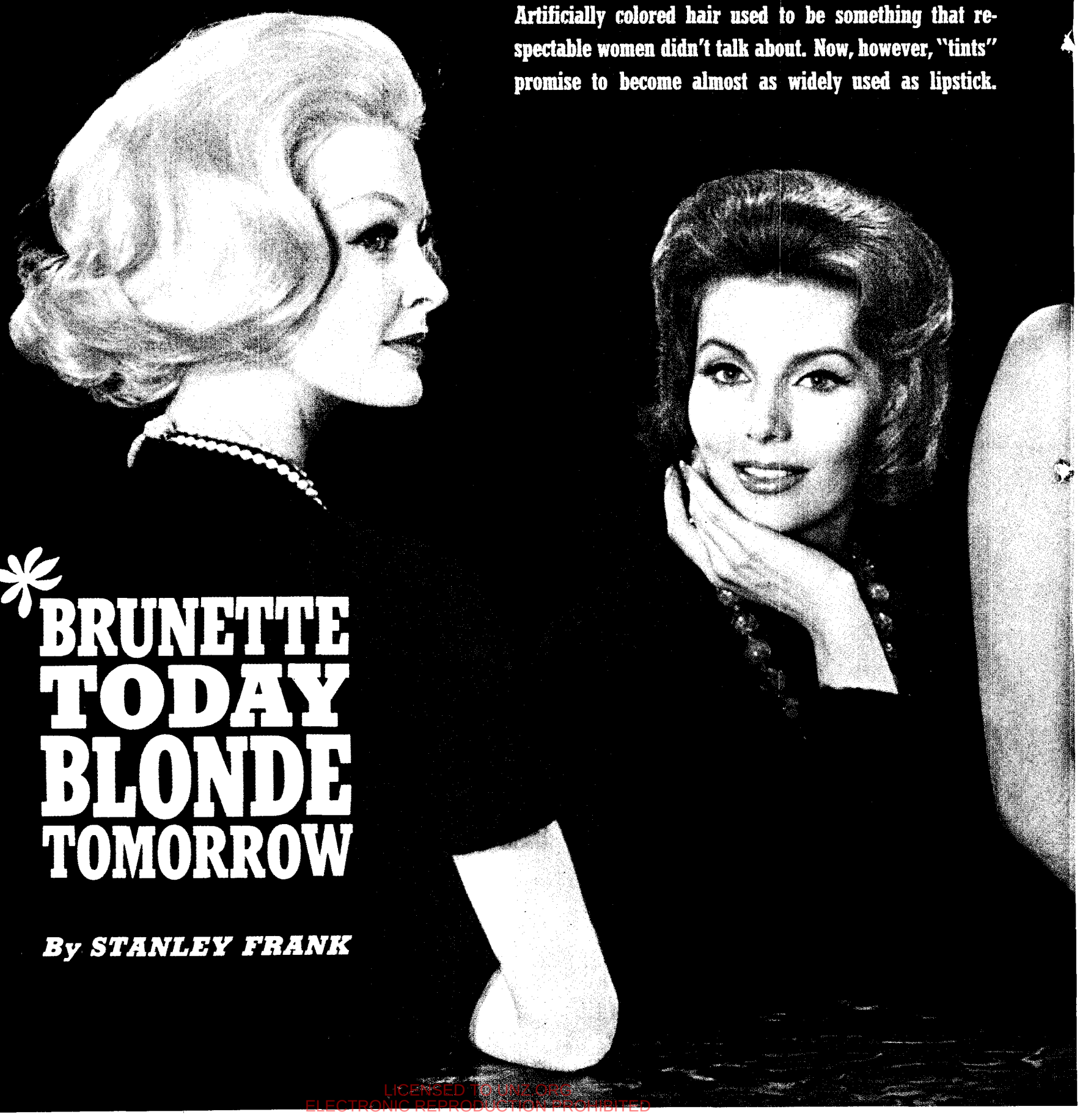
Once upon a recent time only a boor would have said that any woman past thirty with hair the color of ripening wheat, a sable pelt, or burnished copper was dyeing it to conceal her age. But times change; blondes and redheads are multiplying so rapidly today that even casual girlwatchers suspect the ladies are improving on nature. They are indeed. Sales to retailers and beauty *salons* indicate that in middle- and upper-class urban groups one woman in every three regularly uses hair coloring. This ratio will astonish people who recall that ten short years ago only actresses and females of dubious character flaunted dyed hair. If nice women disguised gray streaks at all, it was done on the sly, like solitary drinking and playing the horses. Although the trade competes feverishly to concoct new colors, or new names for standard colors, preparations that hide gray hair are the core of the business. After experimenting with rinses that temporarily brighten natural pigments, the customers graduate to tints that change hair color permanently, with periodic retouching of telltale roots, which grow one

Artificially colored hair used to be something that respectable women didn't talk about. Now, however, "tints" promise to become almost as widely used as lipstick.



BRUNETTE TODAY BLONDE TOMORROW

By STANLEY FRANK

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quarter to one half inch a month. Tints outsell rinses two to one, because only tints conceal gray hair. Since there is no scientific evidence that women are now turning gray earlier than usual, there must be compelling psychological forces behind the current popularity of hair coloring. Fifty-five million dollars was spent for home applications last year, five times the money spent a decade ago. Beauty *salons* report an even greater increase. Hair coloring, bringing in 5 per cent of their revenue in 1956, now accounts for approximately 30 per cent of the $2,000,000,000 grossed annually.

"This is the biggest thing to hit the cosmetic industry in a long time," says Stephen Mayham, executive vice president of the Toilet Goods Association. "The sales curve is climbing steadily. It looks as though hair tints eventually will be used as commonly as lipstick." Experts in women's trends have reached the same conclusion and are spending heavily to develop and promote hair products. In April of 1959 the Bristol-Myers Company bought Clairol, Inc., the leader in tints, for (*Continued on Page 45*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Mannequins often change the color of their hair to avoid being stereotyped.

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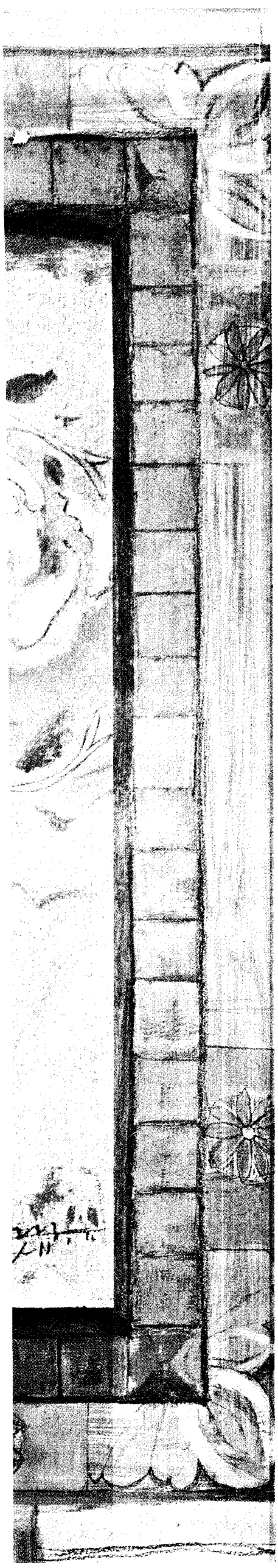

By ROBERT STANDISH

PORTRAIT OF A COLLABORATOR

The artist left good evidence that she had aided the Nazis.

The man whose identity card described him as Antoine Duvivier gazed moodily out of the window where, on the other side of the famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice, the blue of the Mediterranean—bluer even than as depicted on the picture post cards—stretched away to the horizon. But for once in his life, he was indifferent to the beauty before him. There were other things on his mind.

He was a tall, gangling, loose-limbed man with bright blue eyes. His age was hard to determine because he wore an untidy beard matching his light brown hair. He was clad in blue jeans and a sweater and wore rope-soled sandals. Despite his peasant garb, a pair of finely shaped hands with long, tapering fingers made it plain he was not a peasant.

He looked round when the nurse entered the room. "The doctor would like to speak to you, Monsieur Duvivier," she said, leading the way.

The eye specialist, Doctor Castellane, by repute the leading man in his field on the Riviera, looked up as Duvivier entered. "Your son's sight can be saved," he said abruptly, "but not by me. There are two men in the world who can perform the operation. One of them is behind the famous Iron Curtain and the other is in New York. It is a question of money, Monsieur Duvivier. Can you afford to send the boy to New York?"

"No," replied the other, "but I will send him there just the same. How much time have I to raise the money?"

"If the operation is performed within one year," replied the doctor, "it should be successful. The deterioration is slow. Let me know when you are in a position to meet the expenses, and I will make the necessary arrangements for you. I will explain your circumstances and, knowing my colleague in New York, I think I can promise you that his fee will not be excessive."

"Thank you, doctor. And your fee?"

"There is no hurry about that."

"I would prefer to pay your usual fee, doctor. It will bring me back to my senses and remind me that, after all, money is important. I have been foolish and selfish for too long."

"As you please," said the other with a shrug. "Settle the matter with my nurse as you leave."

With his son Marc, a boy of ten, riding behind him, Antoine Duvivier turned the spluttering motorcycle westward toward Antibes, where, on a slope behind the town, he owned a small peasant house set in an olive grove, a vegetable patch, a goat and a few hens.

Josette, his wife, prematurely aged by hard work and beginning to lose her looks, listened in silence to what her husband told her. "But, Toni," she said at length, with the dark shadow of worry in her eyes, "to take him to New York would cost much money—more than you earn in a year. It is not possible."

"It is not only possible, but it will be done, *chérie*. Have no fear. Trust me, and all will be well." Taking her cracked, calloused hands in his, he said gently, "Soon, I promise you, you shall have soft hands like the rich women who stay in the hotels on the coast—hands like mine, which have never known real toil."

"I do not want soft hands, Toni. I want a son with two good eyes. Give me that, and I shall be content."

"Josette," he said, kissing her tenderly on the lips, "there are many things about myself that I have not told you."

"How little you know of women, Toni! Do you suppose I have not always known that? When a man talks in his sleep, he talks the language he learned at his mother's knee. You do not speak French in your sleep."

"Be patient a little longer, *chérie*," he said. "Then I will tell you everything. But I will tell you now that the man I once was is not, as I believed, dead. He was reborn in the office of Doctor Castellane, and these hands—the hands that

(Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Don De Mauro

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THESE CHILDREN LOVE TO READ

In spite of "progressive" opposition Miss Mae Carden successfully teaches children to read by using the phonetic system. Has this "old-fashioned" method been unnecessarily maligned?

By FRANCES V. RUMMELL

Miss Mae Carden, a benign lady wearing pince-nez and the air of a tea-table *grande dame*, bears little outward resemblance to a life guard. Yet she spends her days answering unusual calls of distress. These come from people foundering in a sea of misspelled or uncomprehended words. Most are school officials who are frank enough to admit that bumbling, hit-or-miss progressive reading methods have created havoc among their pupils.

Miss Carden, a formidable scholar fortified by inherited wealth, hustles to the rescue from her Glen Rock, New Jersey, home in a chauffeur-driven rattletrap. Her feats as an educational trouble shooter are prodigious. Within one grueling week, working a total of fifteen hours after classes, she can show an entire elementary-school staff how to aid faltering readers, and more important still, how to start beginners in reading correctly.

Before tackling the pupil problem directly, the Glen Rock educator must "unteach" teachers whose college training filled their minds with unworkable notions of how reading should be taught. Her stint done, she leaves her techniques behind, and they are permanent. Still, she likes to recheck occasionally—and when she re-enters a classroom, both teachers and pupils have been known to stand and applaud.

But Miss Carden's achievements arouse no applause, or anything resembling it, from the closed ranks of orthodox or "party-line" educators. Most top school officials, without bothering to make any on-the-spot checkups, dismiss the results of the Carden method as fantastic and the lady herself as a sort of Baroness Munchausen.

This Miss Carden realizes. With gentle understatement—she is so modest that she refers to herself in the third person—she told me: "Miss Carden's system of teaching is considered unorthodox. But her children do learn to read. The slow child may know delay, but he need never know defeat."

Incredibly, in this confused era when some children fail to master reading at all, Carden schools normally have no nonreaders. This staggers orthodox educators whose classroom tactics have created mass reading casualties among American children. When Dr. Malcolm Robertson, then superintendent of the Morris Township, New Jersey, schools, told a clinic of such educators that his school pupils attained 100 per cent readership during ten years under the Carden system, they openly hooted in disbelief. Yet, as Doctor Robertson told me, "the records are open to anybody."

In another New Jersey public-school system, at Pequannock, the superintendent, Dr. Stephen Gerace, presents an even more surprising aspect. "One remarkable thing has been that we just don't have disciplinary problems any more," he says. "I assume this is because children no longer feel frustrated. Even the slow child can learn. Children with I.Q.'s as low as seventy-five are able to read capably."

The reading pace in the Pequannock system, which has used the Carden method for twelve years, is such that most pupils are two to three years ahead of the national norm—a record that is about par where the Carden technique is used. Some parents have moved into the district largely to obtain this benefit for their children.

Miss Carden began her one-woman crusade to teach children to read thirty years ago in a bold revolt against progressive education. Her movement gradually spread through parent and teacher groups who rebelled against the progressive—and unproductive—reading technique, through administrators and teachers who took the Carden method into new posts, and by the superior performance of her pupils who moved into other schools.

Today the method is officially installed in 105 school systems. About 90 per cent are public schools in New Jersey and New York, but others extend across the country into California. And nobody knows how many teachers use her techniques behind closed doors. In any case, all share one big headache: Coping with children transferred from other schools. Invariably they must be put back a year or two.

The massive extent of word jumbling in our average school has led the National Council of Teachers of English to term the situation "chaotic" and "more serious each year." In city after city, surveys reveal, almost half of senior-high-school pupils cannot read or spell beyond fourth- or fifth-grade level. As many as seven out of ten young people entering college these days must be groomed in remedial reading or spelling—which is to say, taught sixth-grade work.

What, then, is the educational magic wrought by Miss Carden and a few other kindred spirits who have broken with accepted reading techniques?

Miss Carden and others like her employ the "phonetic approach" (Continued on Page 55)

The article which begins on this page will appear as a chapter in a controversial book by Frances V. Rummell, to be published in 1962 by Prentice-Hall, Inc. It probably will appear under the title, *How Good Is Your Child's Teacher?*—THE EDITORS

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By ROBERT ELGIN

Lair of the Falcon

There was only one way down the side of the mountain— and a killer blocked the path.

It was just as he had feared. The falcon's nest had been robbed—the footprints around the top of the cliff left no doubt of that. The warden lowered himself onto a convenient boulder and stared in disgust at the empty nest twenty feet below.

"What a hell of a way to end things," he muttered.

He rubbed the white stubble of beard on his chin in an angry, impatient gesture. This was his last patrol for the Alaskan Wildlife Service—a special assignment to make a research count of the king of birds, the gyrfalcon, in its northern range. Another month and Officer Bill Steward, hale and hearty and sixty-five, would be retired.

He shook his head. Robbery and embezzlement he could understand maybe. Shucks, even murder might make sense at times. But not this. These birds were as rare as they were beautiful, and this poaching would soon bring about their extinction.

This was the third nest he had found robbed. He knew no falconer had done it. Falconers had better sense, and their permits to take birds for training allowed them just two. Nope, whoever had done this greedy thing had wanted only money. But what a rotten business. Except, of course, for the poacher, figuring that a nest should average three young birds worth about $500 each to a few unscrupulous, would-be falconers back in the States.

Bill glanced on down past the nest. The Alaskan valley far beneath was bright with (Continued on Page 63)

"You're up there, warden," he screamed. "I know it. I'll hunt ya."

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The Face of AMERICA

Playing Hooky

Every autumn Smith College students skip one day of school under orders to take to the woods. This legal hooky—called Mountain Day—is a tradition at the stately old college in Northampton, Massachusetts. When the leaves are most brilliant and the weather pure perfection, even dedicated bookworms are turned out of the library to follow William Wordsworth's sensible advice: "Up! up! my friend, and quit your books . . . . Let Nature be your teacher." Bike riding is also a tradition at Smith, whose rambling, 200-acre campus is pleasant to look at but difficult to cover on foot. At least 90 per cent of the 2000 or so girls at Smith own bikes, as do several faculty members. The bicycle habit was started by Amy Louise Barbour, '91, a practical-minded girl who, despite sharp criticism of her "unladylike" behavior, rode the first two-wheeler ever to appear on the Smith campus and eventually pedaled her way into a faculty appointment.

• Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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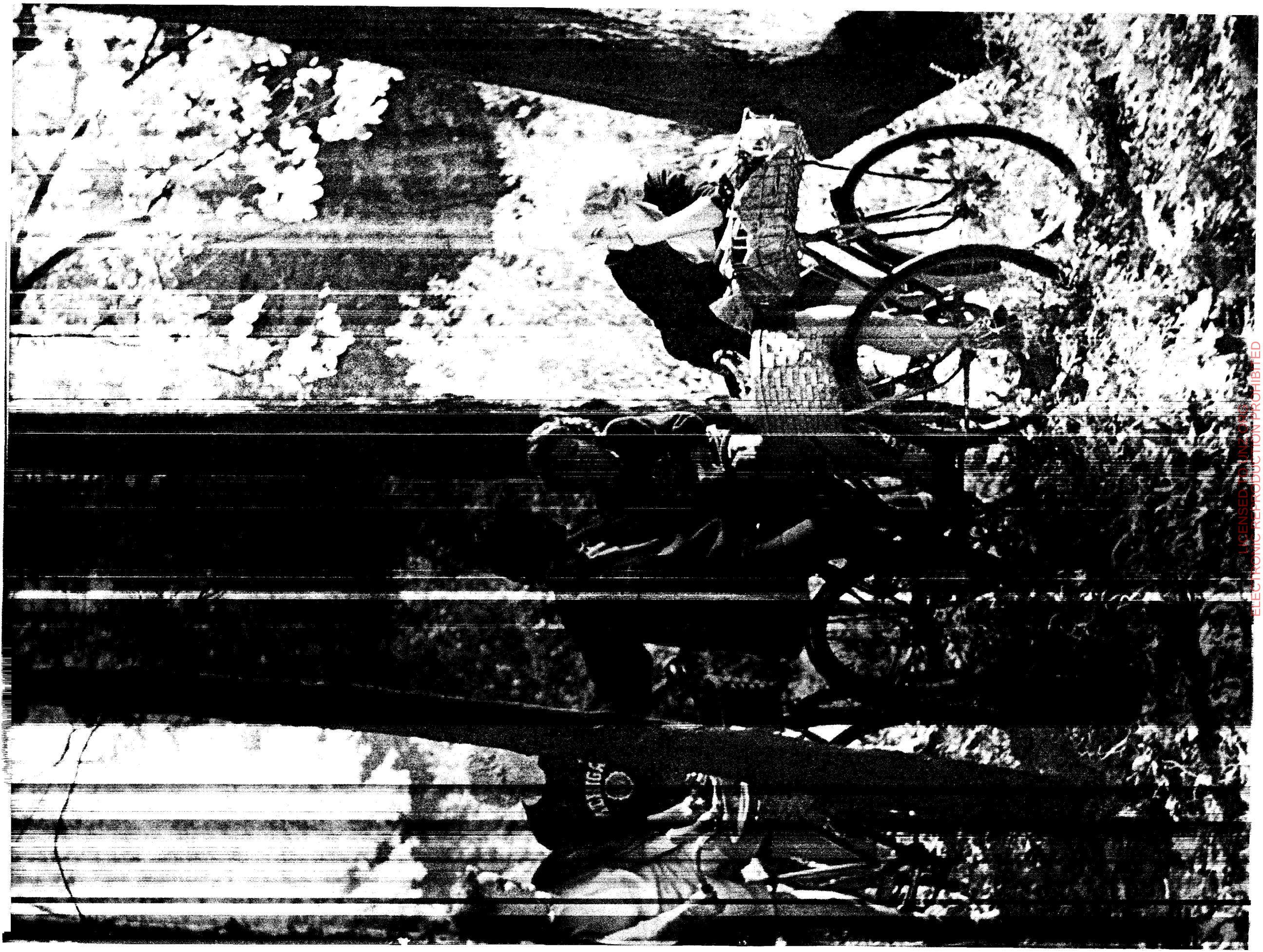

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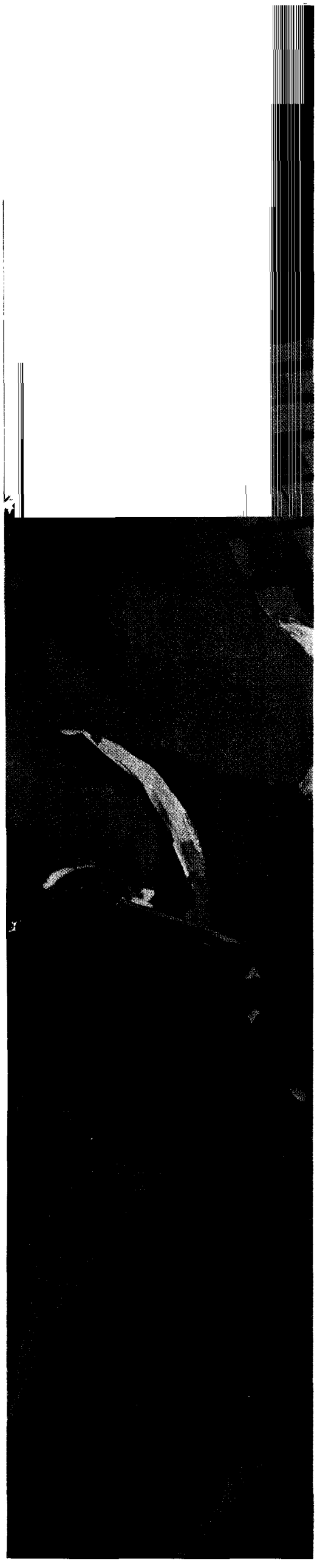

Illustrated by Mac Conner

SING A SONG OF TERROR

BY JOHN D. MAC DONALD

To stay alive he had to outwit a madman.

When the midnight news began, he adjusted the volume without taking his eyes from the highway. He had been driving south for six hours and he was on a fast secondary road in South Carolina, the speedometer at sixty-five.

At that moment the running girl burst into the white cone of headlights, running pale and fleet from right to left, so sickeningly close to the front of the car that his instinctive swerve to the right came after he had missed her flying heels. His mind retained an image of her like a still picture, her motion frozen, with wild fair hair, face half-turned in an endless grimace of terror.

The swerve converted the big swift rental sedan into a tipsy fat man on a narrow sidewalk. The car lurched and screamed from shoulder to shoulder, lights sweeping wildly as he fought with brake and accelerator to kill the pendulum swing of the rear end and lose speed. Just as he began to hope he might come out of it, the back end whipped all the way around, and as it slanted toward the unknown ditch, he fell to his right, covering his head.

After a weightless instant, the left side of the car struck the far side of a deep ditch with a sodden force which slammed him against the left door, dazing him for a moment as the car settled at an acute angle, tipped far to the left.

The engine was dead. Tilted headlights glared into tall weeds. ". . . and in his news conference today the President criticized the. . . ." Pritchard turned the ignition key off. Into the stillness came the night sound of insects, the tick of cooling metal, a gurgling of ditchwater, a stench of scorched rubber. He trembled with reaction, felt a dazed pride at having come out of it alive and unhurt and then began to feel angry and indignant. "Damn' girl," he muttered. "Silly damn' girl." He cursed her and the depth of the ditch and the time he would lose. He had gone through a small town fifteen minutes back, but he had not noticed the name of it. If there were farms along this road, they were unlighted at this hour. The best bet was to leave the lights on. Their crazy tilt would attract attention. He would get up there on the highway and flag down the first car.

He climbed up and out of the right-hand door with considerable difficulty. When he tried to step from the door frame to the steep bank, he slipped on the mud and slid back down the bank, face down, until he was practically under the car, with ditchwater up to his knees. It made him so furious that he was at last amused at his own anger, and he worked his way toward the front of the car, walking in the

(Continued on Page 43)

"Do as I tell you," he said, "or he'll kill both of us."

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Joy of

By ALEXANDER ELIOT

Μανα βησ!
Αγκυναραισ, καλα αγγουρια, κερασια,
Πατατεσ, ητοματεσ, κολοκυθια, και φραουλεσ!
Μανα βησ!

It was the vegetableman passing by with his donkey cart on his way down to the village. His lungs were bellows of brass; his chant reverberated through the house and re-echoed from the marble peaks of Mount Pentelikon at our back door. If any chant has a claim to immortality, his does. Roughly translated, it runs:

Fruits of Earth!
Artichokes, fine cucumbers, cherries,
Potatoes, tomatoes, squashes and strawberries!
Fruits of Earth!

We all came out at the call, as we do most mornings, our hound to bark at the man, my wife to buy of him, our children to climb up on his patient, sardonic little donkey, and I to enjoy the general commotion under the glistening pines. After a while the vegetableman went on down the lane, shouting "*Xaípete!*" to us all. The word means both "hello" and "good-by" in colloquial Greek. Its actual meaning, however, is "rejoice!" And thereby hangs a tale.

Four hundred and ninety years before the birth of Christ the Greeks defeated an enormously superior force of invading Persians at Marathon. The news of this almost incredible and world-changing victory was sent back to Athens by a runner. He had about twenty-five miles to cover; no doubt he sprinted much of the way. Arriving at the gates of his native city he gasped out one word only: "*Xaípete!*" Rejoice! And he fell dead even as Athens's answering cry—its good-by to despair and glad hello to a glorious new fate—went up. In that cry was western civilization born.

Back at my desk after the vegetableman's departure I got to wishing that such loud chants as his, such welcomings to the

About the Author

This is the second contribution to ADVENTURES OF THE MIND by the art critic, novelist and philosopher, Alexander Eliot. The first was THE SENSE OF TRUTH (February 20, 1960). At the present time Mr. Eliot is living in Greece with his wife and family, rediscovering what he calls "the Sense of Joy."

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Life

An American living in Greece wishes that the old, exultant Greek cry—Rejoice!—might be heard in his native land.

new day, might be heard in my native New England. Also, that more of us could or would carry in our hearts the greeting, "Rejoice!" Everybody criticizes Americans for something or other; I have no special liking for that game. Besides, it would seem a bit unsporting to complain here in my Greek mountain hideaway of how things are at home. Yet I am haunted by the specter of the Joyless American. So often it happens that in Yankeedom, as Edwin Arlington Robinson observed:

Joy shivers in the corner where she knits
And Conscience always has the rocking-chair,
Cheerful as when she tortured into fits
*The first cat that was ever killed by Care.**

This is not to say that life in America lacks pleasures; no, the country is all too crammed with those—and with conveniences to boot. Also it is crowded with psychotics and neurotics—the so-called "walking wounded" victims of profound inner anxiety. There has been much ingenious speculation on the roots of this anxiety. I hold it to stem from a basically sound awareness that pleasure is not joy. Money and fame, for example, bring pleasure merely. Therefore they are not enough. Creative work and love bring joy. So does each new day that dawns for the happy man. But for the man without joy, though he be as a king, there is no "new day" at all—no renewal. Sophocles makes this bitter point in his *Antigone*. The man without joy, says Sophocles, "is but a breathing corpse. Heap up riches in thy house, if thou wilt. Live in kingly state. Yet, if there be no gladness therein, I would not give the shadow of a vapour for all the rest—compared with joy."

*From *Collected Poems* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, ©1925, 1952. By permission of The Macmillan Co.

A NEW VOLUME OF ADVENTURES

On September 18 Alfred A. Knopf will publish Volume II of *Adventures of the Mind*, containing forty illustrated essays from this series—twice as many as in Volume I. For information on how to order at an early-bird price, see page 1 of this issue. THE EDITORS

What then is this greatest of all boons, this elixir of life itself? Is it not really, when all is said and done, simply a high degree of pleasure? A compatriot who was visiting here put that question to me, and I answered rudely, "No!" He smiled, and then to make his question stick he added what seemed to him a self-evident truth: "Einstein tells us everything is relative. There are no absolutes any more. So we must learn to get along with relative degrees of pleasure and pain as well. Let's leave such high-flown concepts as 'joy' to the poets. Poetry is calculated ambiguity anyhow, and I'll stick to science."

I had to thank our guest for reminding me of certain common illusions—his own, naturally. Einstein of course was all for absolutes, or rather for provable constants like the speed of light. Yet many laymen make him the unwitting apostle of a creed which can only be defined as "no foundation, all down the line." Practically everybody nowadays invokes the sanction of science for what he himself believes, or disbelieves. In classical times the Greeks used to invoke the gods like that. The popular consensus has always included some top-lofty, cloud-mantled terrain. Once upon a time the gods lived there; now science does. The most valuable Greek thinkers were those who dared question the public image of the gods. It is well to question the mythologems of popular science likewise—though not in polite conversation.

Actual science, in its furthest reaches, is refined rationalism—a kind of intellectual rocketry. It involves kicking free of the body of one's own emotional experience at a certain stage in order to push some small payload of comparatively objective thought into orbit. Ideas are more important in scientific work than feelings. But science itself does not pretend that thoughts are therefore truer than feelings—or that feelings are mere matters of degree. This poisonous public fallacy arises from a superstitious reading of scientific technique.

Getting back to joy: What distinguishes joy from pleasure is not that joy is "bigger" in itself but that it has to do with a larger order of experience than pleasure (Continued on Page 38)

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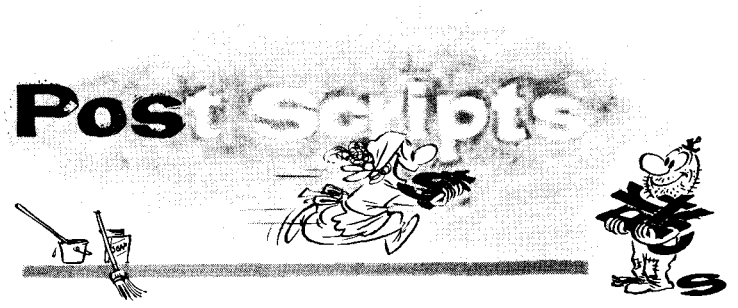

The Underfed Gator

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—News Item)

While picnicking on the bank of a Florida river, a teen-age alligator came floating by. Never one to miss an interview, I whipped out my pad and pencil and said, "Is it true that alligators live fifty years or more?"

"True, Big Daddy," he replied. "But how did you know I was a gator?"

"You look like one," I said. "Your eyes stick up above your head, you're eight feet long. . . ."

"Weirdsville!" he exclaimed. "I was tryin' to look like a log."

"Like a log?"

"All gators look like logs. Except me. If you look like a log it's easier to get your groceries. Birds, animals and even natives sit down on you and—zop!—you've got a self-service smorgasbord."

"How do you spell smorgasb ——"

"My trouble is," he went on, "I've got a tic in my tail. The doc calls it hypertension. I can lie just so long and then—twitcheroo! The game's gone!"

"Amazing!" I said.

"Endsville!" he agreed, eying my picnic basket. "I'm not only hypertense, but I have soft gums. It's a wonder this cat hasn't starved to death."

I tossed him three sandwiches and he gulped them down. "Could you spare a piece of pie," he asked, "to balance my metabolism?" Just then a large female swam into view. "Oh, oh!" the teen-ager cried, "I gotta scram, Sam!" And he sank out of sight.

"Did you see that lazy beatnik son of mine?" the female alligator asked.

"Well, I ——"

She eyed my picnic basket. "How much did he take you for?"

"Three sandwiches and a piece of pie," I said sheepishly.

"I've warned Jerome about sponging!" she said. "Why, he has no more of a nervous tic than I have! Teen-agers today just won't work for a living."

Just then a log floated down the river. "Toss that log a sandwich!" Mrs. A said. I did. Instantly the log's jaws opened and snapped shut on the sandwich. "See! It's Jerome! Pretending he's a log! He may be able to fool others, but not his mother. Jerome! You get home this minute!"

JACK BROWNELL

A Husband at a Party

He's in the kitchen telling how
  He'd plunge against that Tech line.
Or else he's in a corner with
  A very plunging neckline!

HELEN EMMONS

TV-Drama Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

"But I *am* a woman, Roger! I'm—I'm almost seventeen!"

"Of course you are, my dear. Now, then, I'm terribly busy, so why don't you run along like a good little girl?"

"Well, tell me, then!"

"Tell you *what?*"

"That you love me!"

"I—I—I —— Aw, criminy-gosh, Miss Gloria, I ——"

"Look, babe; me, I've—well, me, I've been around, see? And me—well, I've known a lot of dames in my life, see? But, well, they were all just dames, see? I *mean*—well, *until I met you* —— Well, me, I guess what I'm tryin' to say is that—that every time I look at you, babe, I flip!"

"Oh, darling! If you only knew how many times I've wanted to hear you say that!"

"I guess I don't know what you mean, Cynthia."

"I don't know how I can make it any clearer. I'm—I'm —— WELL, I'M PROPOSING TO YOU, YOU BIG LOVABLE DOPE YOU, AND ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Natural Immunity?

My daughter brings home notes from school
  Each one of them relating
The bugs to which she's been exposed,
  Their time of incubating.

In vain I've waited hopefully
  For some slight indication
She's been exposed to anything
  Resembling education.

BARBARA POLIKOFF

The Huntress

She flatters him with her words and smiles,
  Is impressed by the things he knows.
She'll get that ring on her finger soon
  'Cause that belle's on her toes.

Candy Commentary

The bold shall have the fruits and nuts
  And the chocolate cordials with rum in 'em;
The meek shall inherit vanilla creams
  With the print of somebody's thumb in 'em.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Room at the Top

From Cape Canaveral's sandy coast
Our astronauts pop up like toast,
And everyone agrees that soon
We shall be peppering the moon.

It's none too early! On this earth
The high-explosive rate of birth
Will overwhelm our crowded spot:
We'll need an intra-Venus shot.

Hard pressed for time, the human race
Demands that urgent matter, space,
And possibly we'll find on Mars
Sufficient room to park our cars.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Auto Motive

I don't know too much of decorum and such,
  But one thing I've found to be true:
When a man helps his wife getting into the car,
  Then one or the other is new.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

"He's got everything, including a wife."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Do you mean this started 60 million years ago?"

America is sometimes called "The New World."

But drive your children to Bryce Canyon, Utah. They'll realize that America is new only in the sense that we are here. Carved 1,000 feet deep in the pink and white limestone, this fantastic amphitheatre is a breath-taking spur to the imagination of a child.

Gazing at the flaming, glowing rock formations etched by the slow action of water, perhaps they can imagine dinosaurs roaming the land we now call ours.

And perhaps they will gain an even greater appreciation of America's accomplishments in the second of eternity since 1492.

This is a precious gift you can give your children, this country and its history. And it's so easy.

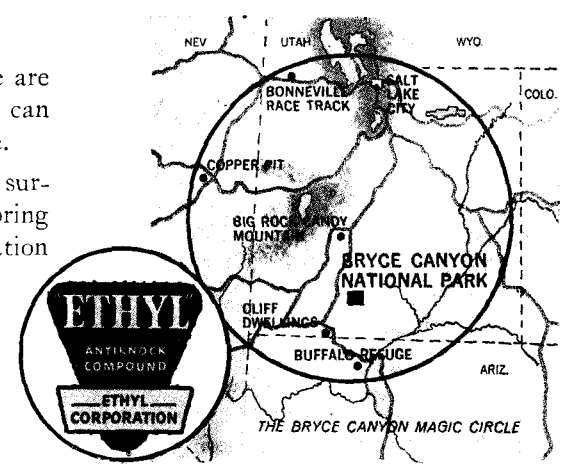
Just a pleasant drive from wherever you live are scenic attractions, historic sites, museums that can make history live, make learning an adventure.

Ethyl calls this endlessly exciting world that surrounds you a Magic Circle. Why not start exploring your Magic Circle this week end? Your service station dealer will be glad to help you.

Ethyl Corporation New York 17, N. Y.

Ethyl Corporation of Canada Limited, Toronto

These Magic Circle advertisements are published to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl makes additives used by oil companies to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.



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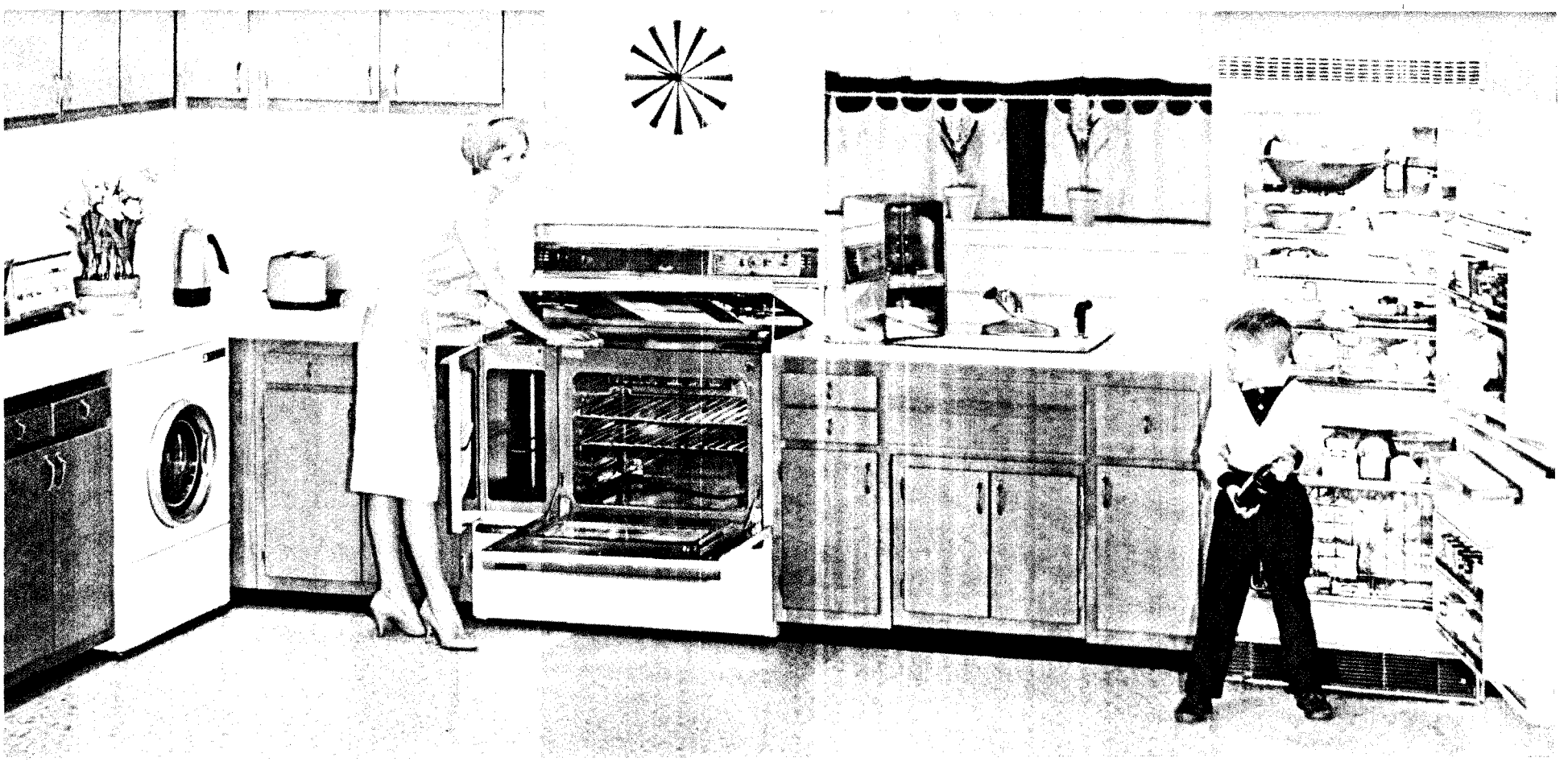
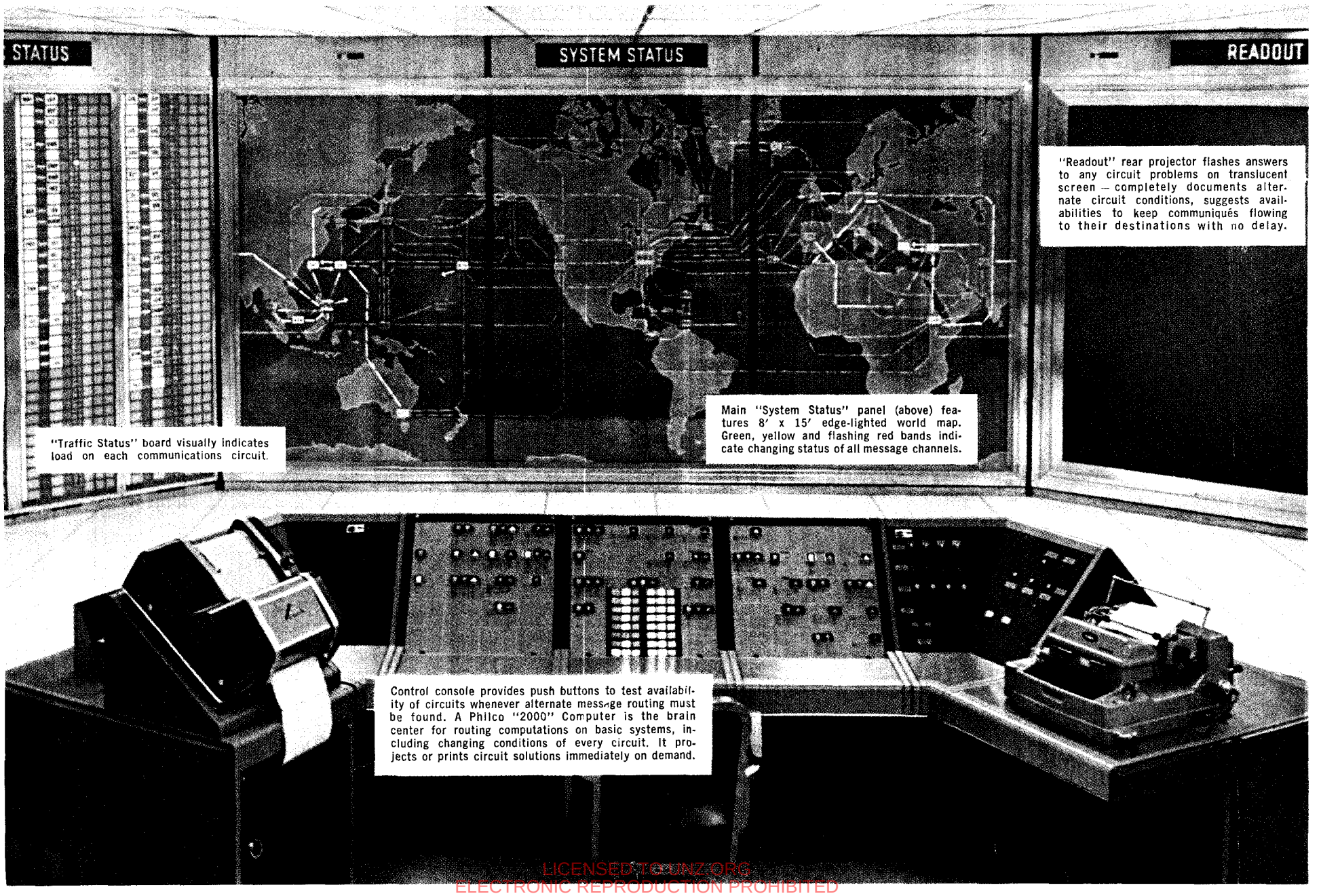


How do you give your kitchen the built-in look without the built-in cost? Philco appliances have the crisp, custom styling and the engineering that make it possible! The refrigerator, actually free-standing, is UL-approved for recessed installation. (And its No-Frost system is completely automatic!) The Tilt-Top range has smart cabinet-line styling. (And the top tilts up for easy cleaning; the Quick Chef second oven slides out, cleans at the sink!) The Philco-Bendix Duomatic washer-dryer fits in perfectly, needs no venting. (And it washes and dries clothes faster than any other home laundry machine!) Custom cost? None! Custom look? Definitely!

The millions of military messages flashed across our globe-girdling defenses each year could create the world's worst communications traffic jam but for this Defense National Communications Control Center, created by Philco! Now our Defense Department actually sees the entire interconnected, world-wide armed forces communications system at a glance! Microwave, radio, telegraph, submarine cable, tropo-scatter – whatever the circuit – all the long-haul, point-to-point networks, terminals and control facilities required by our Army, Navy and Air Force anywhere in the world have been consolidated by one central automatic control. Thanks to Philco engineering, certain command, control, operational, intelligence, weather, logistical and administrative communiqués are guided to their destination the fastest way.



"Traffic Status" board visually indicates load on each communications circuit.

Main "System Status" panel (above) features 8′ x 15′ edge-lighted world map. Green, yellow and flashing red bands indicate changing status of all message channels.

"Readout" rear projector flashes answers to any circuit problems on translucent screen – completely documents alternate circuit conditions, suggests availabilities to keep communiqués flowing to their destinations with no delay.

Control console provides push buttons to test availability of circuits whenever alternate message routing must be found. A Philco "2000" Computer is the brain center for routing computations on basic systems, including changing conditions of every circuit. It projects or prints circuit solutions immediately on demand.

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The family on Deane St. has just modernized their kitchen... *and the Defense Department's global communications!*

Both are examples of Philco quality and ingenuity at work

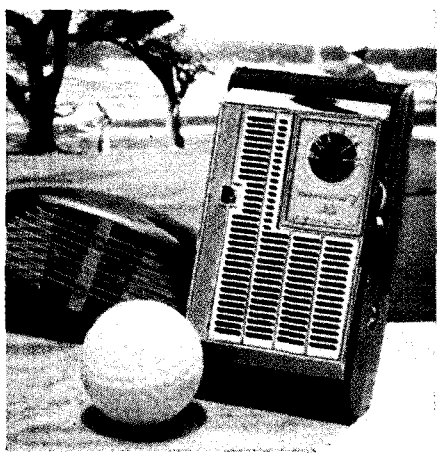
For a kitchen with the built-in look (without the cost of built-ins) this family chose new Philco appliances. They found that you just can't beat Philco for features, for performance or for value – and that Philco styling has eliminated the need of costly remodeling!

They're getting excellent value from another modernizing job, too – one that all Americans share in. That's the new Defense National Communications Control Center at Arlington, Va. This new Defense Communications Agency (DCA) system controls all armed forces world-wide communications networks. Philco designed and installed this vast control center in just 22 weeks!

Philco is chosen for assignments like DCA because of its extensive research and development of advanced communications systems. For ten years, Philco provided electronic engineering, maintenance and training for systems preceding DCA.

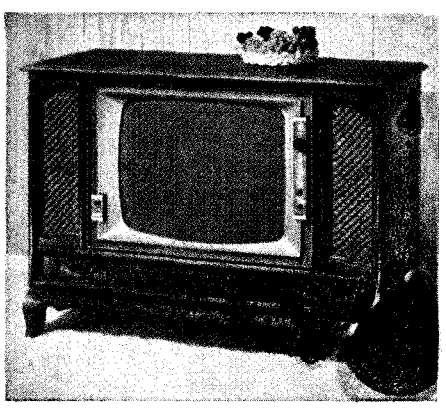
Whether it's a product for your home, for government or industry, when it carries the Philco name, it's the finest value for your money! Philco Corporation, Philadelphia 34, Pa. In Canada: Philco Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Brain center of DCA is a Philco "2000," first high-speed fully transistorized large-scale computer. It has a reading-writing capacity of 360,000 alpha-numeric characters a second. It is used by the Army, Navy and many top industrial companies for lightning-fast calculations in payrolls, inventory and traffic. The "2000" requires less air conditioning, less maintenance, less space.



Sportsmen and vacationers wanted a pocket-sized transistor radio with increased performance. The Philco answer: Power Boost Circuitry – more power output! Longer battery life! The new T-77 (above) uses Philco's own satellite-circuit-type transistors and weighs only 10 oz. Uses AA penlight batteries.

A flying boxcar snags a capsule returning from an Agena space vehicle in mid-air! How is it done? On Kodiak Island, Alaska, a Philco TechRep operates the equipment that triggers the recovery sequence, commanding the vehicle to release its capsule so that it returns to earth at a pinpoint in the Pacific.



Two new TV developments! New Philco Cool-Chassis TV lengthens TV life more than 76%! New Vivid-Vision picture brings greatest brilliance ever seen to a television screen. All-new Beam-Booster Circuitry and exclusive Philco Intensi-Tube deliver the brightness, contrast and reserve power to keep new-set picture performance long after others go gray.

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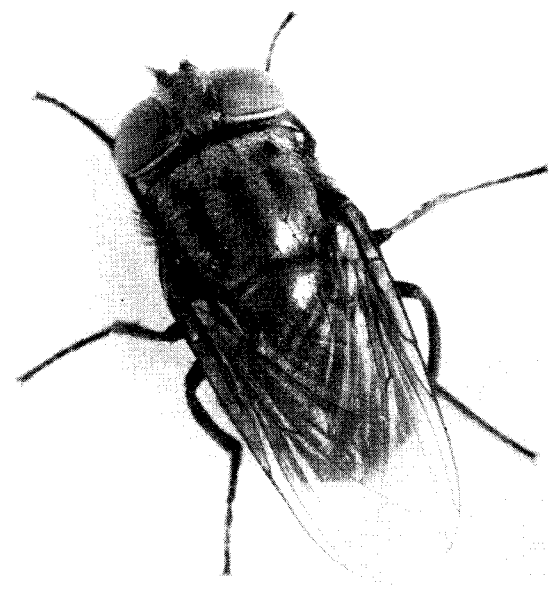
ATOMIC WAR ON INSECTS

By CHARLES E. BALL

Now, by using radiation to sterilize the males, scientists are tricking the deadly screwworm fly into breeding itself out of existence.



The female screwworm fly. Its larvae burrow deep into host animals—through wounds—and literally eat them alive.

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Pioneer entomologist R. C. Bushland, studying the movements and habits of a swarm of captive screwworm flies.

Mankind's age-old battle against insects took a new, remarkable turn recently when a whole species of insect—the particularly vicious screwworm fly—was scientifically tricked into breeding itself out of existence from the Southeastern United States. Males that had been bred for sexual prowess, then sterilized by atomic radiation, were released to perpetrate race suicide on their own kind.

Scientists everywhere proclaimed the screwworm experiment as a major breakthrough, a giant step toward wiping out the troublesome and devastating pests that have destroyed food and carried disease since the beginning of time. But the achievement meant something else to Edward F. Knipling and Raymond C. Bushland, the two entomologists responsible for the discovery. For them, it meant the end of a harrowing twenty-two-year battle against bureaucratic inertia and skeptical colleagues. During those years they had risked their professional reputations and even "bootlegged" funds to keep their research going. They could look back on an amazing science detective story, at times exciting, at times frustrating.

It all started in 1938, when Knipling and Bushland first met in a United States Department of Agriculture laboratory in Menard, Texas. Knipling, then twenty-eight and a five-year veteran of the USDA, and Bushland, a boyish-looking twenty-seven, had been hand-picked to work together on the growing and alarming problem of screwworms. Cattle losses from this menace came to $15,000,000 a year; in some cases the ugly pests were wiping out entire herds. The screwworm fly does its destructive work by laying its eggs in the open wounds of animals. Any break in the hide, even a scratch caused by brushing against a barbed-wire fence, can provide a nesting place. The eggs hatch into larvae called screwworms; these burrow deep into the flesh, literally to eat the host animal alive.

The USDA could hardly have selected two more different personalities. Knipling, lean and rugged, is a calm, careful thinker. Born the eleventh of twelve children in a strict German family, he learned persistence in a one-room Texas schoolhouse. Later he mowed lawns and waited on tables to work his way through Texas A. & M. College.

Bushland, in contrast, is short, hard-driving and impetuous. The son of a South Dakota lumberjack, he says he was "introduced to chemistry" while jerking sodas in Clear Lake, South Dakota. He graduated with first honors in his high-school class, and again with merit from South Dakota State College. In 1935 he and 450 other scholars took the first Civil Service examination for entomologists offered by the Government in three years. His score was third highest in the tough competition, and he landed a job at $2000 a year as a junior entomologist.

As their superiors had calculated, the two men hit it off from their first meeting in the three-room laboratory. They talked screwworms constantly. "Bush spent so much time at our house," Mrs. Knipling now recalls, "that he became a regular boarder and baby-sat for his meals." Busy as (Continued on Page 51)

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The Joy of Life (Continued from Page 31)

does. Wordsworth found in the rainbow a shining example of that larger order:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

Such sentiments, if applied to merely pleasure-giving objects—a dry Martini, a sports car, a hi-fi set, a ham sandwich—would be manifestly absurd. Incidentally, is there any "calculated ambiguity" in Wordsworth's lines? The greatest poetry, it seems to me, is always spontaneous and invariably precise. It occurs where the meaning and the music merge; it stands clear as mathematical equations; or it flutters like brave and vivid pennants in the sun over the battlements of prose. The Hellenistic poet Menander said much the same thing as Wordsworth, but in less militant and more magnificent style. Gilbert Murray's translation well preserves the clean, sweeping winds of the original:

I count it happiness,
Ere we go quickly thither whence we came,
To gaze ungrieving on these majesties,
The world-wide sun, the stars, water and clouds,
And fire. Live Pármeno, a hundred years
Or a few months, these you will always see,
*And never, never, any greater things.**

The young American poet Robert Lax conjures up the same truth in a lighthearted juggling act which uses winged words instead of hoops or sparklers.

live always
(my friend)
as if you
had world
as if you
had world
as if you
had world . . .

live always
(my friend)
as if you
had world
as if you
had world
enough
and time.

It is worth noting that the shadow of death forms one single background for all three of these widely separated hymns to joy. In the same way, the much-discussed "Tragic Sense" of ancient Greece served as a sort of dark landscape for the flowering of classical culture—the most joyous culture, perhaps, that the world has yet known. Life to the Greeks was an adventure: beautiful, fine, far-ranging, fearful too, and of course fatal at the last.

This brings me to the second distinguishing characteristic of joy, which is release: a momentary rising on the wings of the dawn beyond the reach of Fate's ready hammer, flung high like the little singing lark on a spring morning, singing and winging clear into the gold. Joy at its uttermost is ecstasy. (In the original Greek, "ecstasy" meant literally "standing outside" of oneself.) Nothing but ecstasy can break your bonds and seize you so out of your accustomed self that you cease to know yourself as mortal flesh or even as a self at all. You become instead the lark which "at heaven's gate sings."

Sophocles put the matter with his usual calm perfection when he said: "The joy that surprises and transcends our hopes is like in fullness to no other."

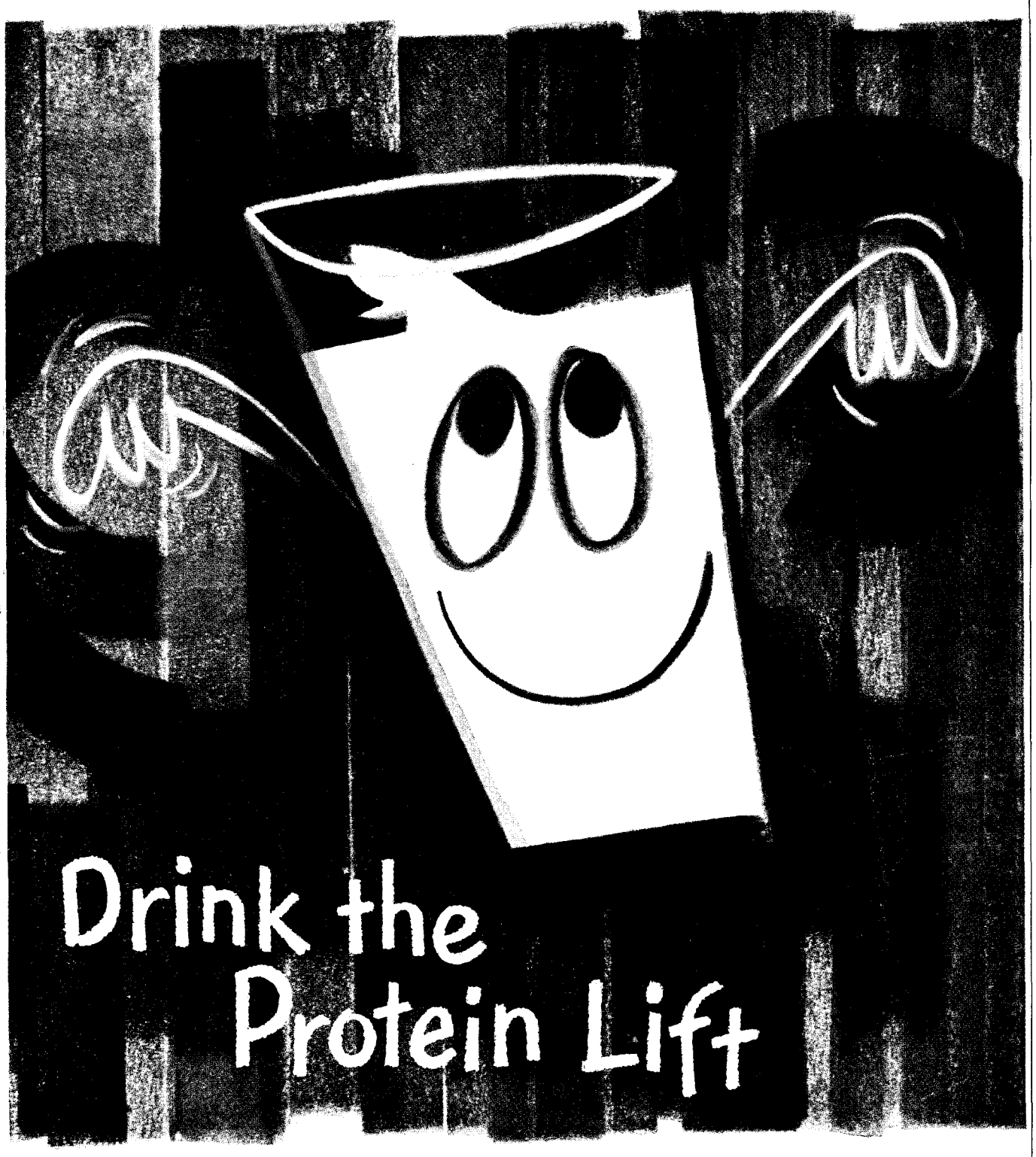
Yet we remain caged birds, by and large. Or our wings are clipped. Earthbound, we dread the tawny tabby on the wall. Instead of singing we scratch in the dirt and scold. How came this to be? How have we lost our lightheartedness, which was our freedom? Was it by eating of the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge? Maybe so. Why not? I find it easier to believe in that sort of "Original Sin" than to believe every American bombed Hiroshima. If it is true that "no man is an island," neither is every man a murderer.

Most of our "guilt-feelings" are like suitcases stuffed with bad news—burdensome, yet easy enough to carry. They provide handy excuses, too, for our so seldom attempting to sing or to soar.

Curiously, all of us have met people here and there who really are happy a large part of the time. They themselves know full well that they are happy, right down to their finger tips, and they show it. Our vegetableman is one such. As with their joy, so with their suffering; it also can be very great. Yet they go on saying "yes" to life. For although all of us without exception face death at last, not all of us are sick all the time. The world is not a sanatorium; it is a heaven defiled.

The Chinese philosopher Mencius maintained that the mere business of

*From *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*. By permission of Oxford University Press.



Drink Milk at noon and get a refreshing lift. You always need protein. That's why you never outgrow your need for Milk. Get the Milk idea-3 glasses every day.

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living, the dull grinding attrition of every day, has at last unfitted the human race for life. He offers a natural analogy for this, as translated by Arthur Waley:

> The Bull Mountain was once covered by lovely trees. But it is near the capital of a great state. People came with their axes and choppers; they cut the woods down, and the mountain lost its beauty. Yet even so the day air and the night air came to it, rain and dew moistened it. Here and there fresh sprouts began to grow. But soon cattle and sheep came along and browsed on them and in the end the mountain became bare and gaunt, as it is now. . . . To us too, as to the mountain, comes the air of day, the air of night. Just at dawn, indeed, we have for a moment and in a certain degree a mood in which our promptings and aversions come near to being such as are proper to man. But something is sure to happen before the morning is over. . . .*

Apparently Mencius, like the most ancient sages of every race, looked back to some sort of "Golden Age" when—as naturally as a mountain bears forests—mankind rejoiced. Nostalgia for that lost once-upon-a-time will not help us, however. If we must feel nostalgic, let it be for No Nostalgia and for faith in better dawnings to come. Lord Dunsany has a story in which the wildflowers complain to Great God Pan. Their meadows are being paved and cindered over, gradually destroyed by man. "Be patient, my friends," Pan tells them, "for just a little longer." To me the dreams of childhood and youth seem just such wildflowers. We murder them; yes, those we do murder! They pass; yet in each new generation they endure. There shall be a Golden Age.

As an American I feel especially impatient for this age which you and I will not see with eyes. For our land is old, old, and our people the oldest race of all. Let those who say our culture is not joyous note that too. Joy comes hardest to the very old, and when it breaks upon them at last it may be as a storm, an unsupportable storm, bringing death. Sophocles says, and he means it: "Throughout the future, near and far, as throughout the past, shall this law hold good: Nothing that is vast enters into the life of mortals without a curse." Yet here I am not Sophocles's man. For I say: Let the curse come then, if vast joy requires it. We must either learn to bear the storms of joy or else die unmourned, and for nought.

What is it that makes our fair land so old, so sad, so desperate? How came we to build this coast-to-coast barbecue pit? I do not know, nor do I care to dwell on the subject. It is true, I suppose, that we have been the first inventors and consumers of most mass manufactures—or, in other words, of what goes to make life "modern." So we are old to the round world, just as Egypt, for example, was old to the Mediterranean world of 4000 years ago. Indeed, we have a great deal in common with the ancient Egyptians. They suffered a scientific priesthood wherein resided most of the country's higher learning and real power. We have a priestly sciencehood; it is the same thing. Also they were materialists like us and cheerful like us. And constantly at war with an imitative, swelling Eurasian force, again like us. (Both sides practiced "total warfare" in those days, too, by the way; they sowed salt in defeated cities so that not even grass could grow amongst the ruins.) Finally the ancient Egyptians were wont to deny death, as we are. Their vaunted cheerfulness lay in such denial, for they took the useless relics of earthly life with them into the tomb—as into a bomb shelter or a basement rumpus room.

Our way is subtler: to deny death by denying immortality. For, if the dead are nothing, death itself is nothing either. Or it shrinks at least to the proportions of a macabre joke. Such is the true story of Charles Willson Peale's last words. As he lay dying, Peale breathed to the daughter at his bedside: "Sybilla, feel my pulse." She told him she could feel none. "I thought not," Peale murmured equably. Then there is the brisk vignette in an early Marx Brothers film—Groucho bending down to test the pulse of some traffic victim and announcing, "Either this man is dead, or my watch has stopped!" Yet what makes that a great comic moment is the element of mystery it still contains: Groucho, with lifted eyebrows and cigar, confronting the Inscrutable.

We are not, after all, quite so cavalier about death as we may seem. Nor, for that matter, were the ancient Egyptians. Here are some lines from a papyrus found on one of the Egyptian tombs:

Death is before me today
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Yes! If it exists at all, heaven must surely lie away somewhere over the deep. So the savage Papuans sent their dead to heaven in ocean-going canoes. So the Vikings buried their sea raiders in swift ships by the beach. So the Egyptian Pharaohs boarded their "solar boats" for voyages beyond the world's edge, into the sky. No easy journey was implied. The mingled rage of Earth, Air, Fire and Water all must be surmounted and forgotten as the soul's frail vessel plunged and lifted, dolphinlike, within the tidal wave of eternity. Could a merely unexceptionable soul ride out that wave and sail on through storms of joy to joy itself? Does heaven await the good—or the heroic? Or are its requirements harder still? Who will be an unlost voyager?

That question naturally gives rise to another: Is there a heaven outside the little that we know of space-time? And this must remain open for some of us. We simply have no evidence to go on—either one way or the other—beyond the Gospels and the firm beliefs of men. But we do know about heaven-on-earth, a heaven rooted in the physical and yet not physical. This heaven when you find it is a lucky landfall and a temporary ease. It is an ephemeral island of bliss, storm-ringed, so hard to discover, and hell to leave again. Yet again it awaits you. The timid folk who say this heaven is no more than a dream lie. For here the evidence is overwhelming. Art, music and literature abound with it. Only geography is ignorant of heaven-on-earth, and the storms of joy obscure it. But many, many sailors-in-the-spirit—including your neighbor, perhaps, or your child or yourself?—have been there and have come back again. Such tempestuous, dangerous and glorious voyages, it seems to me, are the best possible preparation for the last one of all—wherever that may lead.

If you cannot trim your ship through storms of joy, have you even the right to hope for heaven? Yet we are taught to handle mooring lines, not sails. "Pray it out" and "talk it out" are the characteristic portside instructions, the assumption being that our illicit yearnings would swamp us if we failed to air them one way or the other. True, most of our yearnings do appear to be either illicit or else downright silly, which is worse. But what about our best and deepest instincts? More particularly, what about our individual capacities for tackling the storms of joy? Here the solemn guardians of our souls and minds throw up their hands so often in pale consternation. "No, no!" they cry. "Such storms could really rock the boat. Best hide from them!" The alternative, however, is just rotting in harbor—so long as the harbor remains, or the illusion of it remains, to shelter us. Meanwhile we know the pleasures and repressions of the water front. These are not joy.

Have you built your ship of death, O have you?
O build your ship of death, for you will need it.

Such has been the cry of seers, philosophers and prophets from the beginning. There must be something in it. But the words as given here come from a recent and maligned prophet indeed. D. H. Lawrence wrote them shortly before his own death in 1930. Three years before that he showed the more acid side of his thinking in a letter to a psychoanalyst: "You can convince a man that he lusts after his grandmother—he doesn't mind!—but how are you going to bring him to see that as an individual he's a blown egg?"

Joy springs from the free play of our deepest instincts. But aren't instincts apt to be criminal? Not so! That gloomy doctrine is only a perversion of Freud's teaching that criminal desires are generally repressed. "Repressed" and "profound" are two different things. Deepest in the heart of man lies good, not evil. As a means of showing this, let me return once more to Sophocles's *Antigone*. (I happened to be reading the play this morning when the vegetableman came by.) Here is the story:

A certain enemy of Thebes has fallen in battle, and the Theban king decrees that he must lie unburied—a feast for dogs and ravens. But Antigone, the dead man's sister, disobeys the command; she gives her brother an honorable burial. As punishment, the king buries Antigone herself alive. So much for the tragedy, which like all the Greek tragedies was intended to raise some basic questions about human behavior. For instance, was it the king or Antigone who obeyed instinct? And which was really the criminal? The answers must be obvious. The Bible very often raises similar questions. For example, when Herod ordered the Massacre of the Innocents, did he trust his deepest instincts, or was it the dictates of policy? Again, which did the Good Samaritan follow? Show me the man who, upon reflection, still maintains that the deepest human instincts are criminal, and I'll show you one of the solemn and frowning sort for whom life is not life but a disaster!

We may yet prove worthy of heaven, provided that we accept the great truths of life on earth. What truths? What are the fundamentals of this present existence? The highly proper poet T. S. Eliot lists three: "birth, copulation and death"—which only goes to show where propriety will get you. Instead I make it: birth, joy and death. Each of these three goes beyond the physical to touch eternity. They are the good storms that change everything here. To experience them is to have lived.

Imagine for a moment that we are sailing the blue waters of the Aegean Sea, out past Cape Sounion. There are dolphin hereabout, and our presence amuses them. So they come swiftly slipping through their watery underworld to the side of our boat. And now each smooth separate dolphin makes his leap, by us, by us; he rises into the sparkling air and goes under again; from blue up into gold and down again, almost a sunshine-woven shadow as he shudders down the darkness and returns and leaps again: the glisten, jet and joy of him arching, arching—footless fellow slippery upon the footless air. The joy in it!

Thus a life should be: one sudden sliding, gliding leap into space, time and air, breathing deep like the dolphin at the top of his arc, then smoothly downturning, welcoming the depths, and so gone once more. Had we sufficient sense of joy, each of our lives in its entirety might be like that.

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Eliot, Alexander
Sight and Insight
Dutton
$1.25

Lax, Robert
The Circus of the Sun
Journeyman Books
$1.50

Humphries, Rolfe
Ovid's *Metamorphoses*
Indiana University Press
$1.75

Lawrence, D. H.
Selected Poems
Compass Books
$.95

Oates, W. J., and O'Neill Jr., Eugene
(editors)
Seven Famous Greek Plays
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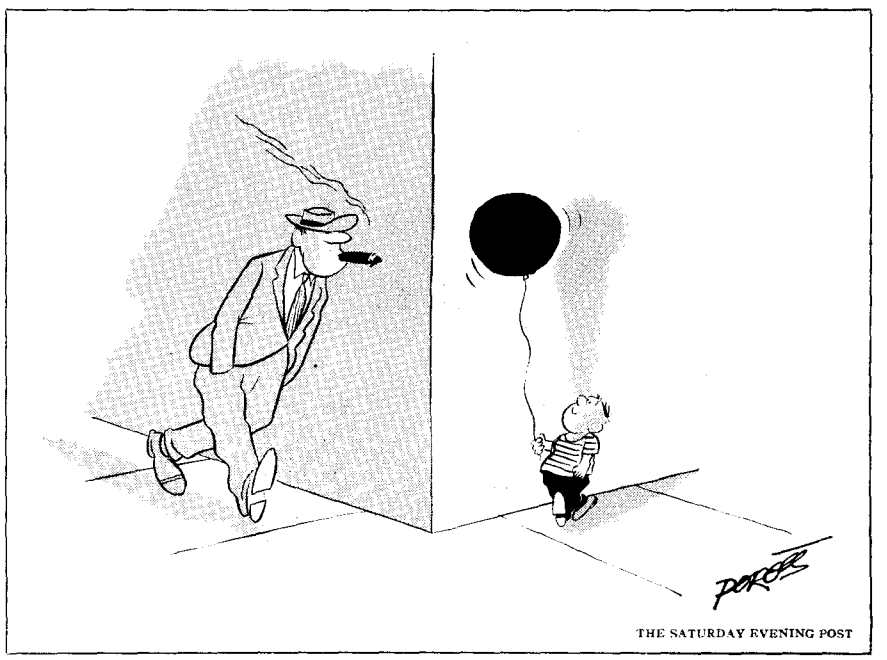

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Run With Your Heart (Continued from Page 19)

past Rathog and across the river to end at Cromwell's Barn. He began plotting the race he would run.

"Fergus, my darling! Fergus Raftery!"

He looked up, and it was Medal Tadg, waving at him from the other side of the hedge, beckoning him like a scarecrow come alive, his clothes tied together with string, straw stuffed under his hat and into his broken boots, old sheets of newspaper wadded under his torn coat.

"Fergus, boy, how do you feel? Is the legs warm under you? And how is the heart, eh? Is it right for running, pounding strong in you, my love?" The old man came through the hedge, leaving bits of straw and paper on the thorns, wiping his blue lips and gray whiskers with the back of his filthy hand. He ran and hobbled until he was close to Fergus, reaching out his clawed fingers to touch his arm. "In the trim, eh, boy? Oh, the velvet strength of you, God's shining blessing on your legs. You'll give the divils the stretch of their necks, eh?" He hopped and jumped and slapped himself with delight.

"Please, Tadg," said Fergus, "not now. Leave me alone, will you?" He looked over his shoulder, afraid that they might already have been seen together.

"Leave you this day, would I?" said Tadg scornfully. He came very close, smelling of the stables that he slept in, his eyes alight. "Amn't I come to tell you the race to run, boy?"

"Go away," said Fergus. "Wasn't the other night enough?" He said it with sudden viciousness, remembering the jeering, the quarrel, and his tone cut through the old man's foolishness like a whip.

"Enough?" said Tadg. He looked at Fergus doubtfully, the light beginning to die in his face. "But you believe me?" he whispered. "You believe about my medal?"

Behind Fergus running feet crunched the frosted grass. Two of the university team loped past, both of them wearing track suits, university badges on the breast pockets. They looked confident, arrogant, their eyes amused at Fergus's ancient trench coat, at the sight of Medal Tadg. Fergus recognized one of them from the other night in Finnegan's—Patrick Fallon. And as the two men loped farther up the field, he could swear he heard the word "trainer" floating back to him, and laughter.

"They say that's his trainer," Fallon would be telling the other man, repeating the idiotic, senseless joke. And for a second he wanted to follow them, grip them by their shoulders, swing them round, smash his fists into their mouths as he had done with Peter Ross. Instead, he turned his rage on Tadg.

"Get away from me," he whispered. "Leave me alone." He swung on his heel, leaving the old man standing by the hedge, his eyes bewildered, his arms hanging foolishly. He was still standing like that when Fergus looked back at him from thirty yards away.

Let him go to the devil, Fergus thought miserably, trying not to regret what he had done. He ran slowly back to where his mother and Eileen were holding his clothes by the gate of the field. After the start, they would walk with them to Cromwell's Barn, a mile up the road, and Eileen would wait there for the end of the race, while his mother went home to get the tea.

"How do you feel?" Eileen said, her eyes shy, her voice, her heart trying to reach to him across the barrier between them. She had tied the corners of her green scarf under her chin, and only the edge of her dark-russet hair showed above her white forehead.

"I feel all right," he said mechanically. He looked at his mother, her face hard and fierce under the white hair and the black hat without which she wouldn't dream of crossing the boundaries of the farm. Did she know what she was setting between him and Eileen? What she was doing to the son she loved? But there was nothing in her eyes except a pride at once fierce and humble. Oh, it was a long hard way she had lifted her darling—from the parish school to a scholarship in the town school ten miles away, where the boys wore school caps with badges on, and then into Mr. Mahaffey's outfitter's shop.

"A gentleman assistant," she had whispered when she got the letter from Mr. Mahaffey accepting Fergus as an apprentice counter hand. "Did you hear that now, Sean?" she had said to her husband, sitting thin and curved and silent on the far side of the hearth—a gray, saddened man who had spent his strength on hard soil, who had gone hungry more than many times to feed his children and had seen them scatter to the winds of heaven because there was nothing for them to earn at home. Only the one dream had kept him—that one son of his at least would work beside him, maybe Dermot, maybe Seamus, maybe Paud—the hope shifting to a younger boy each time a grown son left to work elsewhere. Until there was only Fergus that it might have been—and not even him now.

"My last chick shall not live as you've done, Sean *og* Raftery, slaving in the heat and the frost, growing old and bent on the hardness of his land. He'll be a gentleman—a gentleman!" Her face was soft and shining with mother love, her eyes hard as jewels with determination. "One day my boy will ride in a motorcar and the people will touch their hats to him." What could a husband, a father, say to that?

Neither he nor his wife asked Fergus what he thought, what he wanted. And the boy's own ambitions stayed locked behind his freckled, sullen-seeming face. They were too inarticulate even to be called ambitions—only feelings, that it would be good to stand on one's own ground and know that not even a king, not even old Tomas Ryan the dealer, could set his footstep on it without a by-your-leave. That it would be good to lean on the flank of one's own cow and draw her warm milk into the frost-ringing pail. That it would be good to have one's own roof to offer Eileen Mahony, to walk in from one's own field and know that she would be there by their own hearth. But they were only feelings, and he knew that they were disloyal, ungrateful to his mother who wished the best for him, knew the best for him.

So he went to work in Mr. Mahaffey's Gentleman's Outfitters, learning to sell socks and ties and shirts and suits, telling himself that the misery would pass, that it was only homesickness, childishness. During the week he lodged with the Mahaffeys. At the weekends he came home. After a year he became a full assistant, not just an apprentice, and drew a proper salary in a little envelope. His mother wept the first time he handed the envelope to her, and she held it against her heart before she opened it and gave him back all the money in it.

"One day you'll have your own shop," she whispered. "I swear it."

And he said nothing, either to her or to his father. Only Eileen knew that his heart was dying in him as he leaned over the stone bridge, staring into the stream, her shoulder against his.

"You hate it, don't you?" she said. He delayed his answer, knowing that once he admitted it, it would become a fact.

"I can't afford to hate it," he said at last. Already the farm was half out of his father's hands into those of Tomas Ryan, who was renting the grazing. In a few years more, when his father grew too old to work even the remainder, the farm would be sold to Ryan. And his mother would buy a small shop with the money, and he would manage it for her and keep her and his father. Maybe the shop would make money, even, and he would have a paunch and a gold chain across it, like Mr. Mahaffey's, and the townspeople would touch their hats to him, as his mother dreamed they would, and call him a warm man to his face and an old penny pincher behind his back.

"What can I do?" he said hopelessly, and the stream ran under the bridge, over the brown stones, as it would always run, even when he was not there.

"Oh, my love," Eileen said. "Oh, my poor love." She rubbed her cheek softly against the tweed of his coat, against his shoulder, and half her sorrow was for herself. What room was there for her in that shop life? And if there was, how could she leave her own father and mother, who depended on her for her help? If Fergus had been taking over his father's farm, that lay beside her own father's—but how could she set him against his mother? Wouldn't both he and his mother hold it against her forever if she tried? If it was to be done, he must do it himself.

"It'll be all right, I suppose," Fergus said. But only the club kept his heart alive—the Rahill Athletic Club. John Anthony, the assistant from the shop next to Mahaffey's, had brought Fergus there. It was only an old army hut in the corner of a field, but to Fergus it became like a window in a stone cell. He found that he had a talent for cross-country running, so that almost without effort, within the first season, he was the best in the club. The club and running, gossip about sport, dreams of championships—these things became his real life, and the shop a gray background that he endured. At six in the evening, as he walked out of the shop, his whole bearing changed. He became a man again. The ache of the old dream about the farm lost something of its sharpness, and when he went into the hut, sat down by the stove to wait for the others, the ache seemed to disappear altogether.

It was in the hut that he met Medal Tadg for the first time. He was alone and he heard a hopping, a shuffling, a timid knock. When he looked round, he saw a dirty, foolish-looking head at the door, straw poking dustily from under a shapeless hat. The scarecrow snuffed like a nervous mongrel at a butcher's doorway.

"Can I come in, my darling? Just for a bit of a sit by the stove, God bless you?"

Fergus nodded, half-amused by the old man's face and look. The smell of stables and haystacks came with him, of mud and rain. The old man crouched down on the far side of the cracked iron stove.

"You're a stranger," he said to Fergus, "a new feller here. But a fine one by the looks of you, God bless your eyes. I'm Medal Tadg." He choked and chuckled as he said his own name and then shot a swift, frightened look all round the hut. "Did you hear tell of me? Did you hear my story?"

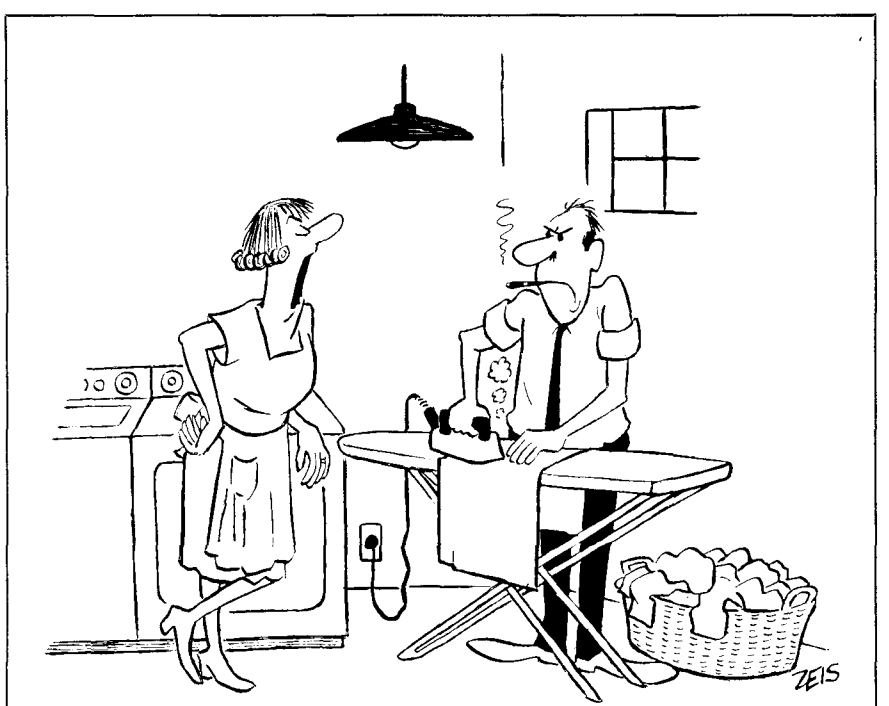
"No," said Fergus, annoyed now that he had let the tramp in.

"Then I'll tell you," said the tramp. He held his filthy, clawed hands to the stove. "I was a runner too—a marathon runner. Aye. And a fine runner—a champion." The old man's voice became a singsong. He no longer looked at Fergus but into the darkness of his own mind, seeing God-knew-what there of youth and green. "The smooth skin I had, and the swift foot for running. Heart's ease it was to me to run, my darling, and the brave ladies cheering and the other men's lungs bursting at my flashing heels. Swift God in heaven, I was the champion of all! Until they chose me to be running in a foreign place, in the greatest match of the wide world—men from its four corners coming in their splendor, in their strength and their shining youth. And I ran with them in the great race of the Grecian people, the marathon itself, ran and ran, and the roadsides black with the cheering men and women. I ran first and foremost, my heart beating for joy and pride."

Quite suddenly the old man began to cry, the tears running from red-rimmed eyes.

"What is it?" said Fergus, shocked. "What ails you?"

"They gave me no medal," the old man whispered. "I fell, and who wouldn't, with the pain of running? So many miles



"Oh, stop complaining—every man should have a hobby."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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it was, in the burning heat of the foreign sun. And someone lifted me up, and I ran on like a blind man and still I won. Yet for that lifting they robbed me of my medal. Shining gold. And they gave it to another man."

There was the sound of voices outside the hut, and as suddenly as he had begun to cry, the old man scuttled out of the door and vanished. A group of men came in, laughing and shouting after the tramp, "How's the medal, Tadg? How's the marathon?" And then to Fergus, "You didn't know, of course, but don't let that old reprobate in here again, stinking the place out. Was he telling you about his medal?"

"Yes," said Fergus. "I suppose it was all rubbish?"

"The worst kind," one of the men said, and they began to talk of something else. But from then on Medal Tadg seemed to consider Fergus as his protector. He even came to the shop a few times, begging for sixpences, until Mr. Mahaffey threatened to call the guards, and whenever he saw Fergus alone, he would come up to him and tell his story all over again, never changing a word or a tone of voice. But sometimes, before he told his story, he would talk about the art of running, almost lucidly. "It's the heart that runs for you, my darling. A man can run when the legs are dead as two stones under him, if his heart is still alive."

It became a joke in the club and even in the town—"Fergus Raftery and his trainer." And yet Fergus couldn't bring himself to drive the old man away—until the night in Finnegan's Bar. Half a dozen of them from the club and a few runners from the university were talking about the coming race. And Medal Tadg had come in, as if he were drawn by the talk of running, and made bold to come in by seeing Fergus there.

The barman wanted to drive him out, but one of the club members, Peter Ross, stopped him, wanting to make Medal Tadg perform for the students. "Watch him cry," Ross said to the one called Fallon. "Tell us your story, Tadg. There's a good fellow, tell us about the medal." The strangers crowded forward, wanting to seem appreciative of whatever local joke was coming.

"Leave him alone," Fergus had said. "Go away, Tadg; they're only making sport of you." But the old man wouldn't go. He began to shuffle, to get into a parody of a runner's starting crouch. "I was a runner too," he said, smiling up at them. "A marathon runner." Suddenly he stopped, sensing that he was being laughed at. "I was," he said, "I was." He turned to Fergus, caught his hand before Fergus could draw it away. "Wasn't I, my love, my swift darling? Haven't you belief in me? Amn't I teaching you all the secrets that I know?" He looked round cunningly. "He knows. He knows."

Peter Ross bent forward toward Fergus and Medal Tadg, his face screwed up with laughter.

"And the boy's a credit to you, Tadg, a living credit, aren't you, my swift darling?" He laughed at Fergus, his mouth hanging open; and without thinking, like a reflex, Fergus hit him full in the face. It was a clumsy blow, but it had Fergus's weight behind it and it stretched Ross his full length on the floor. There was a long hush, broken only by the scuttle of Medal Tadg escaping, terrified, out of the bar. Very slowly Peter Ross climbed to his feet, wiping the blood away from his mouth.

"I'm sorry," Fergus said. "I lost my temper for a second." He didn't even know why he had lost it. He had no enmity for Peter Ross. There was no reason to hit him at all, except that inside him there was always that dark anger, against nothing, against everything—an anger that he felt day and night, easing only when he ran or thought of running, when he was out moving on the hills or the roads. He patched it up somehow with Peter Ross, both of them shaking hands and promising to forget it, but he had noticed in the following days that the others looked at him a little sideways. Even now, before the race, they were keeping apart from him. Or was he keeping apart from them?

He stripped off his mackintosh and gave it to Eileen. She had kept her promise to herself—never tried to persuade him what to do, never tried to make him go against his mother. But he knew what was in her mind, sensing it even from the things she didn't say, from the way she was when she was with his mother, from the look in her eyes when his mother spoke of her plans for Fergus. He had begun to wish desperately that she would say something, bring it into the open so that he could be angry with her, crush down her arguments. But she offered no arguments to be crushed.

What can I do? he shouted at her in his mind. *What do you expect me to do? The farm isn't mine, is it? It's my father's. How can I stop him selling it if he wants to?* But he knew that his father didn't want to sell, that it was his mother who would make the sale, that his father's heart would crack like his own when it was done. *But what can I do against my mother?* he shouted silently, time after time when he was standing with Eileen on the bridge or walking with her across a field on a Sunday.

Can I treat my own mother as an enemy, my mother that loves me, that dreams only for me, that would give her heart and blood for me? What could Eileen have answered to any of that? But she wouldn't give him the chance to be unanswerable. Her silence seemed to reproach him worse than any words could have done—with cowardice, with fear of living his own life. Even now, as they stood facing each other beside his mother, he could see it in her eyes.

A whistle blew, and a man called his name. "I have to go," he said. He trotted over to the line-up, feeling self-conscious with the eyes of the two women on his back. He tried to sink himself into the thought of running. More than forty of them spread in a tight line across the wide angle of the field. Peter Ross, Number Three on their team, whispered something beside him. He bent forward, feeling his muscles, wishing he had warmed up more. His feet were like ice. A remote voice said, "On your marks, get set——" And the sharp slap of the pistol shot against the wind.

He was running, loping across the field, only concerned for the moment to get warm, to get his feet and legs moving smoothly, to drive the thought of Eileen out of his mind. Ten yards to Fergus's right Patrick Fallon was running with long, machined strides, like an illustration from a book, his three teammates beside him. Fallon had been third last year. This year, unless he broke his leg, he would win. The second field. The third. The edge of Bellman's Wood. Already the leader was fifty yards ahead, then a knot of six men and a dozen more strung out, ending with Fallon and his team. Then Fergus, with Peter Ross at his back. Fergus lengthened his stride, moved up beside one, then another of the university runners, until he was level with Fallon. Fallon looked sideways at him, smiled a brief, hard smile and lengthened his own stride. They ran shoulder to shoulder the length of Bellman's Wood, the ground slowly lifting to meet the

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mountain. Fergus felt the first catch of effort in his lungs. No more yet than the comforting tightness of a belt, a hardness. But a warning of what was to come.

Easy, easy, he told himself, *don't let Fallon set the pace, make you blow up. Let him go if he wants to.* He counted ahead of him. Ten white singlets like pieces of crumpled paper toiling up the mountainside—Fallon eleventh, Fergus twelfth. Steeper, steeper; heather beside the track; a clump of gorse; a sheep bounding away in fright. Fallon's shoulders in front of him, holding the center of the narrow sheep track up the mountain ridge, arrogantly filling it. And at the thought of that arrogance, Fergus felt his mind fill with anger, like dark bile. He made a sudden spurt to draw ahead of Fallon, one foot in the heather as he passed him, his shoulder jostling him.

Fallon called something indignant after him, and he could hear Fallon's stride changing rhythm. He felt a kick, half fear, half joy, under his heart and tightened his own stride, gripping the frozen mud of the path with his reaching feet, driving it behind him. He had no hope of beating Fallon in the race itself, a man who had nothing else in the world to do but run and train and wait for his father's land and money to fall into his lap. If he could finish in the first ten behind Fallon, he'd be doing well. But just for this stretch to lead him, make him change his pace—a small, miserable kind of victory, but at least a victory.

A shopboy's victory, a whisper breathed in his mind. *As mean and futile as your life.* And for a second, a foolish, idiot second, he thought of winning—really winning, breaking the tape, the winner's medal in his hand. But as he thought of it, the belt round his chest was suddenly a hard band, like iron. He was mad to be running like this on the climb to the Black Mountain. *Ease up, ease up!* But he heard Fallon at his back. They passed three men who were almost walking, doubled forward. Then another. Ahead of him he could see the leaders again, barely a hundred yards up. He passed a fifth man and found himself running shoulder to shoulder with a stranger, a thin, weather-beaten veteran from one of the Galway clubs.

Fergus looked over his shoulder, and Fallon was there. The climb eased and flattened, and Fallon moved up until the three of them were running level—the Galway man on the track, Fallon and Fergus on either side of him. Very slightly, Fallon drew ahead, and Fergus went with him.

The iron band was tightening on his chest now, cramping him, stopping the breath in his throat. One minute . . . two. And the pain eased a little, coming back, slackening—and suddenly, like a window breaking, letting in the air, he could breathe again, the pain in his chest was gone, and he had his second wind, his second life. He drew level with Fallon again, passed him, set his sights on the fifth man, twenty yards ahead.

All of an instant he was filled with confidence. He seemed to draw the fifth man to him as if he were on a line, and took his place. He looked back, wondering what Fallon was thinking, whether he was keeping up—and saw with a shock that he was a bare yard behind. He was making Fallon's pace for him. He slackened his stride, and Fallon slackened. The man who had been lying fifth drew up, and they ran together in a knot. But still the two were making Fergus set the pace.

"All right," he whispered. "Then I will. Damn them!" The black, empty anger came in him again. Let them see who'd break first, who'd die at the pace he'd set. They were going down into the valley now, almost the halfway mark, before the wide swing back through meadows and rough fields. Down and down. Running dangerously, his feet slipping, skidding down the mountainside into the valley, passing the fourth man—and still Fallon at his back.

His mind closed, became half-tranced, half aware—aware only of his breathing, of the sounds of running feet behind him. He passed a man on his knees at the side of the track, heard the harsh gasping rattle as the man fought with his throat to breathe. And something in his mind said, *Third, third*, but he hardly knew what it meant. Only that he had to run.

Now that the course was curving there were observers at each flag to check the runners, but he didn't see them—only the flags, and heard only the sound of Fallon's feet at his heels. He ran on hatred of Fallon, as though it were fuel to him. He passed two men, and at the next check point a voice shouted, "You're leading! Go it, Rahill, keep it up!" But the words were meaningless. Only the sound of the man behind him. Run and run. Only the pain in his lungs. Run. Run.

Fields—a meadow. The long slope to the river, wide and shallow. The low green bank like a miniature bluff overhanging the silver water. He half-jumped, half-stumbled down from it, and the water gripped his feet like fire, burning cold against the flesh as it soaked through his running shoes. He plunged across. And suddenly the far bank was too high to climb. It was a cliff, a thousand feet high. He fell forward onto it, felt the grass at his stomach, the bank under his lifted knee, and all his desire in the world was to bury his face in the cold grass and lie there forever. But behind him Fallon was in the water.

He lifted himself, stumbled, ran on. A flag, a knot of men. "Go it, Rahill! It's Fergus! Fergus, go it, Rahill. You have them beat!" And it came to him dizzily that he was leading, that only a mile of grass and road lay between him and winning. But a mile, a mile. No one can run a mile. No one can keep another man from passing him for a mile of road. Not even with hatred. Who did he hate? Why was he angry? Run and run, although he had no legs any more—only a body that was in agony. What had someone said? You don't need legs to run. It was mad, but it was true. He had no legs and still he was running. What had he instead of legs? Hatred? Hatred of what?

Hatred of myself, a voice whispered. *Hatred of my life, my cowardice.* Cowardice? How was he a coward? Wasn't he running? Wasn't he working for his mother? *Coward, coward*, the pain whispered in his heart. *You obey your mother because you are afraid. Afraid. Afraid to live, to do what you believe.* Who was saying that? Fallon? Where was Fallon? But he had to run.

"Fergus, Fergus!" Who was shouting? Why were they shouting his name? Pity of heaven, how his heart was hurting! He was staggering from side to side of the narrow road, not able to see, Fallon staggering behind him, their bodies almost touching. Both their faces white, drained of blood, their eyes glazed. There was no one behind them, no one near them. Only the crowd at the road's end, shouting, "Come on, come on!"

Out of the hedge at the side of the road a scarecrow pushed itself, waved its arms.

"Only a little more, my darling, my sweet one, my runner. Only a step, a pace for you, my heart, my soul."

Who was it? Why was he calling, dancing backward like that? His trainer—his trainer.

"Run on your heart, my love, my darling. Run on your heart."

My heart, Fergus thought dully. *Have I a heart?*

"Run on your courage, swift as the hound's foot, my white sweetheart." The figure dancing, jumping, keeping back from him. If he'd lend him his arm, help him, he could go on. But there was a medal. They robbed him of a medal. Because he accepted an arm, leaned on a shoulder. You have to stand by yourself, run by your own strength. That's what a race means.

"Fergus, Fergus"—he could hear his name from somewhere, somewhere close. Staggering forward, this white shadow at his heels. Was it himself? But it was Fallon, the two men staggering like drunken friends. "Fallon, Fallon!" Both their names. A girl's voice calling. Eileen. And for a second his mind cleared, and he saw the tape—twenty yards away. And the twenty yards stretched until it was the distance to the moon. He couldn't cover it. Couldn't move foot or hand. Only fall and die. This was the death they talked about—the runner's death, when heart and soul disintegrate and there's nothing left but the black pit to fall into. Let him fall down and die. A long way off, at the end of a tunnel, he saw Eileen's face.

He swayed on his feet. If he could move his right leg forward, he would stay up. If he couldn't, he would fall. And the whole weight of his life seemed ready to fall with him as he fell. Because he had no courage, no heart. There was nothing left in him. He looked at the ground beneath his feet. Once he had dreamed of something—something. He saw a shadow move past him, Fallon staggering forward. He was done. He was beaten. Why go on? What had he dreamed once? And a fraction of the dream came back, like a candle flame in the dark, and he moved his leg and didn't fall. He began to stagger, half a pace behind Fallon, and Fallon stumbled, and they were level, and the crowd behind the tape began to scream at them, scream meaningless sounds as the two living corpses stumbled the last yards of the race, shoulder against shoulder. And the tape broke for them, and the voices screamed, "Dead heat, dead heat," and they fell across it, fell on the road with their arms across each other's shoulders, their legs still moving as if in their hearts they were still running. Then hands touched them, lifted them, and their heads rolled, and Eileen was close to Fergus, holding his shabby mackintosh.

He lay against the arms that held him, his mind drowned in the shouting, the cheering, the victory, the shared victory, filling his heart like a flame burning. He had thought that he couldn't win and he had won. He had thought that he had no heart and courage, and his heart had kept him going to the tape. He looked at Eileen, at her white face filled with fear for him, and tried to smile.

"The farm," he whispered. "The farm." And her eyes were only bewildered. How couldn't she understand? But there would be time for her to understand. There would be time, for the fight against his mother, against her love that had so nearly destroyed him, so nearly robbed him of his golden medal. He was filled with a great tenderness for his mother at the thought, a great compassion for her, and yet at the same time he felt his heart tightening in him as it did for the beginning of a race—for the race he would run against his mother and against the frost and the sun and the hard land. And he stood with his own strength and let Eileen put the shabby trench coat round his sweat-soaked shoulders.

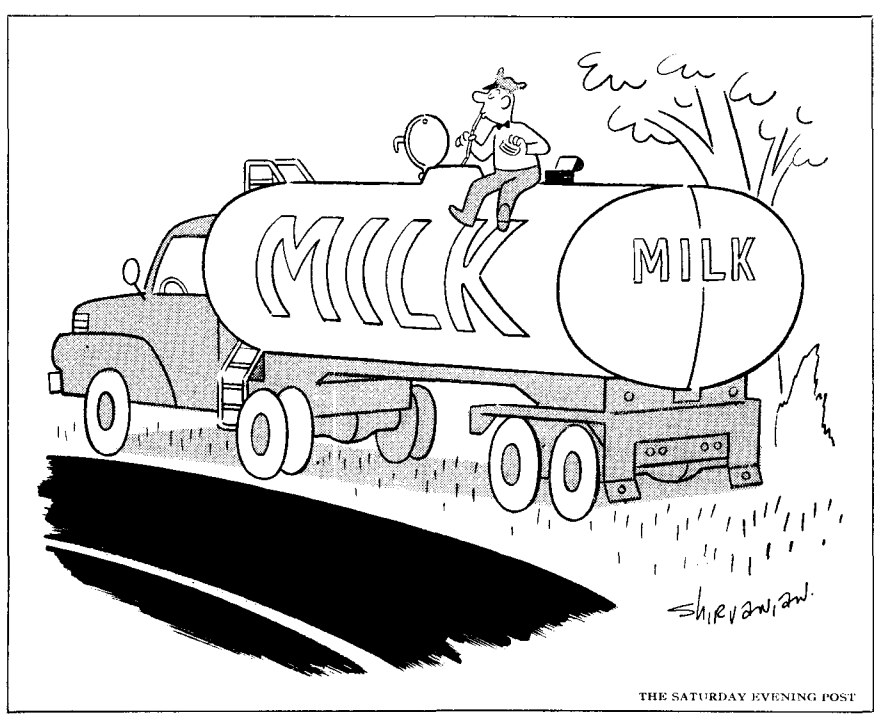
Then men were pulling him again, pulling him away from Eileen, up beside Fallon, in front of a cluster of officials, and there were words and cheering and men thumping his back and the weight of a medal in his hand, heavy, silver, the figure of a runner molded on one face, with a blank space in a wreath on the other side, where his name should go.

"The first of many," Fallon was saying, shaking hands with him, holding his own equal medal. "May it be the first of many for us both." And Fergus stared at him and at the medal and shook his head. What would he be doing running boys' races for a piece of silver when he would have his own land to farm?

There was a hopping, a scuffling, a scarecrow pushing between men, straw under his ruined hat, the tears streaking his dirty cheeks. "Oh, my swift runner, did they give it to you, did they give you your medal, my heart's darling, my racer? They didn't rob you of it at the last?"

"They did not," said Fergus slowly. He looked at the medal in his hand, turned it over, rubbed the blank space inside the laurel leaf with the tip of his finger. "Take it," he said to Medal Tadg. He grasped the old man's hand, opened it, put the medal in the dirty palm, closed the old, clawed fingers over the silver.

"Keep it safe," he said and, turning away, put his arm round Eileen's shoulder, while behind him Medal Tadg stared with unseeing eyes at his closed fist, remembering the sunlight in a foreign place and all the shouting. THE END



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Sing a Song of Terror (Continued from Page 29)

ditchwater, toward a place where the bank looked less steep. The night air was warm, fragrant with the country odors of May.

When he was a few feet in front of his headlights, he heard a sound as if two flat, dry boards had been slapped together. There was a simultaneous tug at the sleeve of his lightweight jacket, a clang behind him and the unmistakable treble howl of a ricochet.

Pritchard, without an instant of hesitation, whirled and scrambled with heavy agility up the bank away from the road, away from the lights, dived headlong into tall damp grass and rolled over and over until he came up against what he thought was a small tree until he felt a sagging strand of barbed wire. He wormed his way under the wire and swiveled around until his head was toward the road and in the partial shelter of the base of the fencepost.

He could not have guessed that old instincts, the old unthinking patterns for survival, could be so quick, so strong, so automatic. He would have thought that all the long years would have hopelessly blurred the animal lessons of the hundred and sixty-one days of combat, the uncounted fire fights and patrols in North Africa and Sicily and up the Italian boot, until Pfc. Dillon Pritchard was 1st Lieutenant Pritchard, second in command of B Company and one of the three original members surviving when the guns stopped. Two wounds and two stars—one bronze and one silver.

Now with the same instinct and reflex which had set him in motion before the sound of ricochet had begun to fade, he knew the rifleman was on the far side of the road and somewhere up the road to his left. He knew his reaction had been good, but there was a heartbreaking difference between the stringy, tireless, battle-tough Dillon Pritchard in his twenties, and the executive weight and softness of Mr. Dillon Pritchard, vice president and sales manager of the Atlantic Industrial Pump Corporation.

The blaze of headlights kept him from acquiring night vision. He listened intently for any sound audible above the drone of insects and burble of ditchwater. He thought of the running girl and reasoned dryly that if they were killing people around here, she could not be blamed for an unwise crossing of the highway. He felt naked and knew he missed the steel helmet over his skull, the weight of grenades on his belt, the clean oily stink of an automatic weapon close to his cheek. He thought, *The war is long gone, lieutenant, and you don't have the tools of the trade, and somebody over there is insane.*

He turned his head, cupped his hand to conceal the origin of the sound and yelled, "Why did you shoot at me?"

There were three spaced shots. He thought he heard one rip through the grass off to his right. He made professional observations. A moment after the final shot, he heard the unmistakable sound of a slug smacking a tree far behind him. *Flat country behind me*, he thought, *for maybe three hundred yards, and then perhaps some woods. Couldn't see a muzzle flash because of the headlights. He wasn't far off target. I'm in that five-degree cone in the line of fire where a rifle has a flatter, sharper sound. Heard that faint greasy snick of a bolt-operated weapon. Probably a sporting arm, thirty caliber. Oh, for one little pistol flare and a grease gun. He isn't going to talk this over and he can start moving in any moment. Damn' maniac!*

Suddenly he was conscious of a faraway drone, coming closer. He looked south and saw a reflected glow of headlights against mist. *Now*, Pritchard thought, *things can change.* But there were two more spaced shots, and a smash and tinkle of glass as both headlights of the tilted sedan were shot out. But the taillights still glowed red against the high grass. He saw the headlights of the approaching truck, moving at high speed. "See my lights!" Pritchard whispered. "Notice the car, boy!" But the big tractor-trailer rig rumbled by, dragging a gale wind that ripped at the grass, leaving a diesel stench on the night air. As he was giving up hope, Pritchard heard the sudden hiss of air brakes, a yelp of tire treads. The rig stopped and then began to move back, whining in reverse gear, moving until it repassed the ditched car. The driver then stopped and moved forward again, easing as far over onto the near shoulder as he dared, stopping with his lights shining on the ditched car.

"Hold it!" Pritchard yelled.

The driver had jumped down and was moving toward the sedan, in the full glare of his own headlights.

"Hit the ditch!" Pritchard yelled, hoping to awaken an old reflex.

The man stopped, peered into the darkness. "Huh? What?"

The two shots were very closely spaced for a bolt-action weapon. The second shot chopped into the fencepost inches from Pritchard's face. Splinters stung his forehead. He rolled violently away and crawled another dozen feet as quickly and silently as he could, appalled by his own carelessness. In his anxiety to warn the truck driver, he had raised his face above the fringe of grass, giving the rifleman an aiming point—a pale oval in the reflected glow of the truck lights. But the rifleman had made an error in judgment too. He could have used an aimed round on that paleness above the grass and then used the next shot on the exposed truckman. The truck driver had been taken down with the first shot in a way Pritchard had seen before, that sudden boneless sprawl only a high spine shot can create.

Pritchard made himself small and still, trying to accept and control that kind of fear which had been his joyless companion during the hundred and sixty-one days of another life—a cold and greasy shifting and slithering of stomach and bowels. Some explosive action would make it easier to endure, like all the times of counting to ten, then bursting out of cover into that low, lean, swift, zigzag run to the next ditch or hollow or outcropping of rock, every surface nerve tensed for the impact of whirring metal. You would dive into the safe place, and the fear would be less for a little while and then it would come back again as the body realized it was going to be exposed again, its precious softness forced to dodge through a cruel rain.

He thought of Martha and of his two daughters and how Martha would react to a death as senseless as this one. The last time he had been home she had said so wryly, "Girls, this man is your father. . . . Darn it all, darling, why can't you be home more? Your women miss you so much. We go on your vacations, but you don't—not any more, not for years. Time isn't an inexhaustible thing, Dill. These are our good years. And we're not using them."

"Next year I won't have to spend so much time on the road."

"I heard that said last year—and the year before. Conferences, meetings, surveys, conventions—it just seems to get worse. But—I love you anyway."

He had seen the hint of tears as she had turned away. There would be tears to spare if this madman killed him—all the tears in the world and a gray regret they had wasted so many of the good years.

He felt a surge of reckless anger, indignation, a sense of outrage. He thought of finding a club, a stone. He pushed the anger back, knowing that anger prejudices survival. The only rational possibility was to move back away from the road, use the old lessons of cover and concealment, and the hard-earned sense of terrain. Use the guile of hunted creatures. Regain night vision, away from the lights. In five hours of darkness even an office-soft man can make a lot of distance. The critical area will be the first couple of hundred yards.

The truck lights were suddenly turned off. He squeezed his eyes shut for long seconds at a time and each time he opened them the world seemed less black. The sky was overcast, but no night is ever totally dark. Slowly he began to make out a row of high trees on the far side of the road and, to the right of them, an angular line of roof. When he heard a nearby scraping sound, he held his breath in order to hear more distinctly and realized it was the scrape of shoes against pavement as the trucker's body was dragged off the road. He heard a crackle and swash as the body was rolled into the ditch.

And then there was a faraway, oncoming whine of a car coming at high speed, coming from the same direction the truck had come. When he saw the first glow of lights, he shut his eyes tightly. He heard a sudden shriek of tires as the car swerved to avoid the unlighted truck, an indignant yapping of the horn and the sound of reacceleration. He jumped to his feet and ran directly away from the road, zigzagging, a forearm in front of his face to take the shock of any unseen obstruction, his back feeling huge, naked, ice cold.

He ran until his legs could not sustain the violent explosion of energy, then dived, rolled sideways a dozen feet and eeled around until he was facing back the way he had come. He estimated he had made seventy yards. His heart was racing, and he could not entirely silence the labored gasping of his breath. He dug into the soft moist earth under the grass roots and thoroughly smeared his face, his hands and the white *V* of collar and shirt front not covered by his jacket. The calculated risk had worked. Evidently the madman had looked at the car lights and lost his own night vision. And the sound of the car had masked the sound of flight.

Suddenly there was a thin, quavering cry that prickled the flesh on the backs of his hands and the nape of his neck. "Gone kill yah!" the man yelled into the whispery, fragrant night. "Gone kill yah!"

Pritchard turned and looked behind him. He seemed to detect a greater darkness which could be a wood lot. He began to move in that direction, worming along on his belly, using elbows, finger tips, knees, toes, staying flat in a remembered way. He used the trick of vision, learned on night patrols, of opening the eyes wider than normal and trying to focus at an estimated distance rather than at a specific shadow, and sweeping vision back and forth across the limited horizon, knowing it is easier to detect movement out of the corner of the eye than straight ahead.

He saw movement and turned and saw a figure come up over the bank. He saw an angle of gun barrel against a faint luminosity of the sky and heard a twang of wire as the man came over the fence. moving into the field with an ominous boldness.

He walked for a short distance and stopped and listened. He walked again and stopped to listen. Pritchard realized his first plan was no good. He had to keep the man under observation and move only when the man moved. He changed direction and began to worm his way north, moving only when his pursuer moved. The man was ranging west, getting ever farther from the road. Pritchard, by moving north, began to widen the distance between them. When his fingers closed on a round stone almost as large as a baseball, he kept it in his right hand as he crawled.

In a little while he could no longer see the man. He took the risk of crawling continuously and he angled back toward the road, knowing that if he could reach it quickly enough, before the man came circling back, he would take the risk of removing his shoes, getting to his feet and running soundlessly in his stocking feet along the pavement until exhaustion slowed him to a walk.

Suddenly he saw a fence directly in front of him and soon realized he had come to a fenceline that was at right angles to the road. He wriggled under the lowest strand. A barb caught in the fabric of his jacket, and he quietly pulled it free. He was sweating profusely, but he did not dare discard the jacket and expose the whiteness of his shirt.

Ten feet beyond the fence he stopped when he saw another roof line against the sky, on his side of the road, perhaps a hundred feet away. He heard another car coming along the road at high speed and he knew the headlights might shine upon him. He saw a darker area off to his right. He moved quickly toward it and worked his way into a clump of shrubbery. He shut his eyes again. The car whined off into the north. Maybe the driver had noticed the dark bulk of the truck parked half on the opposite shoulder and wondered about it. But he had not been curious enough to stop. Cautiously Pritchard backed out of the shrubbery and moved around the clump, putting it between him and the field.

Several feet behind him pebbles clicked under a careless step. He froze, knowing the hunter had somehow guessed his direction and circled around. He could only hope he blended into the darkness of the

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

If you have no trouble resisting temptation, you probably have been brought up right, have a firm will and are being watched.

Directions are what you read to find out what you did wrong.

Most people will not take advice from a stranger, but a few occasionally listen to their conscience.

Nothing makes a new car more attractive than getting an estimate to fix up your old one.

You can usually tell a self-made man. He gets the head too big.

The only person likely to encourage you to take two hours for lunch is your waiter.

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tall bushes. He did not breathe. He heard another small sound and turned very slowly, lifting the rock as he did so. He could not risk throwing and missing. He made out a figure in the darkness about twelve feet away.

In the instant he realized the figure was moving away from him, he sprang toward it, covering the distance in two heavy running steps and, as he was striking with the rock, he suddenly knew the figure was female. Perhaps it was a drift of perfume on the night air or a half-heard rustle of a skirt. At the final instant he managed to divert the fatal arc of the stone and let it fly from his hand as he bore her to the ground. He felt and heard the insuck of air as she filled her lungs to scream, and he clamped his hand over her mouth. She was agile, flexible and very strong. She writhed and spasmed and raked his face. They fought in silence and at last he was able to lock her legs in his and capture her right wrist and lay with his weight on her left arm.

He put his mouth close to her ear. Her hair smelled clean and sweet. "There's a man out there with a gun trying to kill me," he whispered. "Nod your head if you understand." She nodded. "He might be close. I couldn't let you make any noise." She nodded again. "I skidded into the ditch when a girl ran across the road in front of me. When I got out of the car, he took the first shot at me. Was he after you?" A quick nod. "Did you run in front of me?" Another nod. "If I let go, will you be quiet?" An eager nod.

He released her. They sat up. They were on cropped grass, probably the lawn of the darkened house nearby. She started to whisper, but stopped as they both heard the distant crack of a shot and a quavering yell so far away the words were not distinguishable.

"Now he's way off by the crick," the girl said in a thin, trembling voice. "He's kilt about ever'body. What he did, he ——"

"Do you live near here?"

"We're settin' in my front yard of where I live, mister."

"Have you got a phone in there? Is there a gun in there?" he asked, getting up and pulling her to her feet.

She began to weep almost without sound. "They're all kilt in there. There's no telephones along here. There's my pa's gun. I'm scared to go in there."

She whimpered as he hurried her toward the house. They went up two steps onto the shallow porch, and there he reassured her, telling her she would be all right with him, that he wouldn't let go of her hand. The screen-door spring twanged loudly. He moved slowly through the darkness of the house, and she led him to the closet where the gun was kept. They went into the closet, and he pulled the door shut and lighted a match. The girl was about fifteen, he judged. Under the bruises and smudges and scratches was a prettiness, but shock had emptied her eyes. She wore a soiled, torn party dress.

It was enough gun, a heavy old clip-feed, bolt-action Remington, unloaded. She held lighted matches for him while he located the ammunition on a high shelf—a half box and three loaded clips. He snapped a clip into the rifle and put the two others into his pocket. He jacked a round into the chamber.

"Want I should light another, mister?"

"No," he said and opened the door of the closet, and they moved back to the paler oblong of the front door. Just as they reached the door, the hunter called, much closer, "Lorna Lee! Lorna Lee!"

He felt the girl shudder violently. "Callin' me," she whispered. "Out there in the black dark, callin' to me."

"You know him?"

"I sure do know that Bert Tallis."

He moved out onto the porch, pulling her along with him, down the steps and onto the grass beside the path. He sensed she was close to that panic that would send her running wildly into the night again. He put his arm around her rigid body and whispered, "Do as I tell you, or he'll kill both of us."

"All right," she whispered.

"Lie down close to the side of the house, over by the corner of the porch. When you're there, count to thirty in your head and then start calling him."

"I'm not goin' to call to ——"

He shook her. "You have to! Do as I tell you!"

She shrugged and gave a small and forlorn sighing sound and moved away toward the side of the house. Pritchard moved fast in a crouching run. He ran to the east-west fence and along the fence-line toward the road. He slid down into the ditch beyond the fence corner and turned and stood crouched, waiting, ready, in the running water. No matter which way Tallis came, he would be outlined against the sky.

When he had almost given up on her, he heard the treble quaver of her voice. "Bert! Bert Tallis!"

"Lorna Lee? Girl, you stay right where you're at. Don't you run no more, you hear?" The voice came from the fenced lot, surprisingly close. Pritchard could hear no sound. Then he saw a hint of movement, a noiseless shadow moving closer, taking on definition. Pritchard saw the man would go over or under the side fence not more than fifteen feet from where he waited. Pritchard took aim. At that range it was not necessary to see the sights.

He heard the twang of wire and, from the confusing shape of the image, guessed that Tallis was stepping on the lowest strand and raising the middle one so as to squat low and slip through the fence. As the figure started to straighten, Pritchard yelled, "Drop it, Tallis!"

The man gave a yell of rage and fired wildly in the wrong direction. Pritchard fired, working the bolt quickly. He fired until he emptied the clip. And still the man stood there. With clumsy, sweaty fingers, Pritchard ejected the unfamiliar clip and slipped a new one in place—and emptied it, and waited, his ears ringing. There was a motionlessness about the figure, an unnatural stillness. With the third clip in place and a shell in the chamber, he began to move up out of the ditch. He hesitated when he thought he heard another car approaching, but the night was silent. He moved close to Tallis, then sighed and lighted a match and shook it out. He picked up Tallis's gun and walked slowly toward the house.

Evidently the first slug had driven the man back against the fence, and he had hooked an arm around a post. The barbs, hooked in his clothing, had kept him upright. The head and chest were smashed.

He called to the girl. "It's all right, Lorna Lee. It's all right now. He's dead."

She appeared out of the darkness. "Sound like he took a lot of killin'. I hope he had a slow dyin'." She began to sob.

"Is there a car I can borrow?"

"Pa is the onliest one can start the pickup truck, but over there is Charlie Littrell's old car he was bringing me home from the dance in. It's this way, mister."

He followed her around the side of the house. She gasped, stopped, stood rigidly. He saw the faint form on the lawn and lighted his last match and looked down at a boy curled on his side, his face toward the sky, eyes half open, a hole in the exact center of his forehead.

"We were laughing and all," the girl said in a dead voice. "Kissed me two times. That there is Charlie." And then she began a grotesque sound, a hooting and gobbling and gasping. He took her away from the body and rested the guns against the house and took her by the shoulders and shook her until hysteria turned to a dull weeping. He put her in the boy's car. The key was in the switch. He asked her about the house lights, and she said there was a switch just inside the front door on the right. He put the parking lights on in the car and went back into the house. He found the lights. He walked through the four rooms and he looked at them. He collected two blankets and some kitchen matches and went back outside. He left the house lights on. He did not begin to gag until he was back out in the darkness. Tallis had been methodical. He had got every one of them through the head, regardless of age, sex or size.

He put a blanket over the boy and went and threw the other one over Tallis, finding himself unable to touch the body.

"I called you all in to scotch the rumor that I'm mellowing with age."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He turned away and stood heavily and alone for a few moments, dirty and exhausted, his mind numbed, the night air chilling the sweat on his body, and then walked with a slow sad squelch of soaked shoes, walked on weakened legs to where the girl waited for him, sitting erect and remote in the old car, staring straight ahead. He put the rifles on the back seat and got behind the wheel. He questioned the girl and learned that the nearest town, Durston, was twelve miles south and there was a state-police barracks on the near side of town.

He stopped behind the dark truck, climbed into the cab, fumbled with the knobs until he located the lights and turned them all on, including the flashing red of the directional signals. He found the driver, face down in the ditchwater, illuminated by the red pulsations of the directional signals, and saw there was no purpose in pulling the body up out of the ditch even if he'd the strength left for the task.

When he got back into the car, the girl said in a voice thin and flat that carried above the clatter of the car, "We'd been to Durston, to the dance at the school, Charlie and me."

He drove through the May night, the headlights weak, the steering loose. "What was it all about?" he demanded with a weary petulance. "Why did it happen?"

"Ever'body jokes about Bert Tallis. He's back on a sandy road in a shack with a garden patch and runnin' a still that's hid off in the piney woods. Not real right in the head since they sent him back from Korea long ago. Two year, since I was thirteen, he's been coming around saying like he was courtin' me. Pa has run him off the place time and again, and ever'body bad-mouths him and jokes; but he sets on his heels, starin' at me from afar off, makin' my skin crawly like."

There was a dreamy, singsong quality to her voice. "Last month he found out I was dating with Charlie and he came ravin' and shoutin' around, yelling how I was his to marry and he would shoot Charlie dead. Pa run him off for good, saying his Lorna Lee was never to marry any thirty-year-old half-wit man and he should be put away for good and if he come around again, it would be him gets shot, not my Charlie. We made jokes about it.

"Eleven-thirty Charlie got me home, and there was the porch light on, and we started from the car to the porch holding hands. Bert Tallis jumped into the light sudden, with his chin shiny and he shot, and Charlie fell down, and a light come on inside, and pa is coming to the door, yelling something. And Bert Tallis, he turned and shot right through the screen, and pa fell down, and Bert ran right into the house, and there was yelling and shooting in there, and I started screaming and running through the night, hid in the orchard. All the lights went out. He was calling my name soft, coming closer. I went running across the road in front of a car, to go hide in the thick woods. The car went in the ditch. Then there was more shooting and I snuck to the house, calling soft, but there was no answer, and I couldn't make myself go inside my own house. Is there anybody . . . anybody ——"

"No, Lorna Lee. There's nobody left."

He found the state-police barracks and turned in and stopped. The girl began to rock back and forth, moaning. "It cain't be a true thing," she groaned. "It just cain't be a true thing happenin'."

Dillon Pritchard phoned his wife at seven in the morning, before she could hear the news reports. Though he made it as simple as he could, he had difficulty

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getting her to comprehend what had happened.

"But are you sure you're all right!" Martha kept asking.

"Yes. Some scratches and bruises. I ruined my clothes and cracked up the rental car, but I'm all right."

"But, darling, you sound so—so flat."

"I'm very tired, honey. Bone tired. I had to kill a man. It made me sick-tired. I'll be all right after I can get some sleep."

"Will you—want to continue on down to Jacksonville?"

"No. I'm going to call Al at his home and tell him. I'm coming home. I'll get a flight out of Columbia. They brought my luggage here, and I've had a chance to shower and shave."

"Can you get away soon?"

"I don't know. I hope so. They're making up statements for me to sign. And there are reporters here. They're coming in from all the cities in the area. They keep taking pictures and asking questions. How are the gals?"

"Fine. They're just getting up."

"Tell them I'll be home soon, honey."

"We'll all be glad, dear."

"Martha?"

"Yes, darling?"

He thought of the hundred and sixty-one days of combat and all the times it had been such a close thing. He thought of vows he had made, of how he had intended to live his life if he could just get through. And he thought of the waste in the past several years. He remembered vaguely, a few lines he had read a long time ago, something about a man being safe from everything except fate and fortune and kings and violent men.

"Dill? Dill?"

"I'm still here, honey. I'm going to tell Al the gypsy days are over. I'll take no more than four trips a year—short ones."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes. And when I get home, I'll try to tell you why."

"Darling, you are talking to a very happy woman."

When he left the office where he had used the phone, the newspaper people closed in on him again. One tall, earnest, persuasive young man cornered him and said, "Mr. Pritchard, the desk wants I should get a sort of action-type shot to go with the story. So I got this gun I borrowed, so how about you come outside with it and you can kinda crouch and look fierce like you were stalking that nut?" He thrust the rifle toward Dillon Pritchard.

Pritchard put his hands behind him. "You have all the pictures you need. I've given you all the information you need. I'm not going to clown this up for you."

They all looked at him. "What did you get decorated for in the war?" one of them asked. Pritchard thought for a few moments and then gave them that quiet reply which was featured by the wire services because it had a special ring of validity.

"For managing to stay alive," he said gently, "when the odds were against it."

Brunette Today, Blonde Tomorrow (Continued from Page 21)

$22,500,000. Clairol is managed as an autonomous division by Lawrence Gelb, who founded the firm in 1931. Helena Rubinstein introduced a coloring line two years ago and Revlon, the colossus of cosmetics, jumped on the band wagon last October. L'Oreal, the dominant house in Europe, recently invaded the American market. Tressame and Tecnique, new contenders, have impelled such companies as Roux, Noreen, Nestle, Tintair to expand their advertising budgets for the mounting battle against gray and mousy hair. Helene Curtis achieved an additional status of big business when it was admitted to trading on the New York Stock Exchange last spring.

"None of us old-timers in the field ever thought we'd hear hair coloring mentioned in polite company," says Mrs. Iris Goodman, vice president of the Antoine de Paris beauty *salons*, the largest chain in the country (304 branches). "Women used to be so sensitive that they never asked for a coloring job; they wanted a 'treatment.' A new customer who wanted to cover up gray hair always said she had turned white overnight after an emotional shock. That's utter nonsense, of course. Doctors say it's almost unheard of, but we went along with the gag.

"The way things are going now, though, millions of husbands never will see the natural color of their wives' hair. Once a woman starts to tint her hair, she rarely stops. She'd sooner starve than let those gray roots grow out."

The sudden acceptance of hair coloring, after generations of social disapproval, can be credited in part to a prevailing desire to seem youthful. There are innumerable manifestations of this preoccupation—the emphasis on dieting, on slim, casual lines in clothes and the popularity of vigorous sports and hobbies. Besides, women who hesitated to use the risky, unsatisfactory dyes of the past have no fear of the improved products of today.

Yet sales are meager in patrician sections such as Boston's Back Bay, the Long Island Gold Coast, the Main Line in Philadelphia and exclusive residential areas in St. Louis and Cincinnati, where wealthy families have been entrenched for generations. Their resistance to hair coloring reflects the attitude of the Boston dowager who was asked by a *nouveau-riche* stranger where she bought her hats. "My dear," she answered loftily, "I don't buy my hats. I have them."

Lawrence Gelb of Clairol has an explanation. "Women accustomed to money and social position can wear dowdy clothes and let their hair show gray because they don't have to compete for security. They don't have to prove anything. They've got it made."

Hair color is the most obvious sign of advancing years. Graying at the temples occurs in both sexes at the same age level. A recent survey showed that 11 per cent of women less than thirty-four years old already had noticeable touches of gray spreading from the temples to the crown of the head. It is no coincidence that women past thirty-five are the big buyers of coloring preparations.

There was talk a few years ago of launching a coloring campaign aimed at graying men. Clairol looked into drab dyes for closely cropped hair, but the project was shelved after a poll was taken of 1386 men. A majority objected to using colored gook on their hair. They said hair dyeing was effeminate and that a youthful appearance wasn't important to them. Men are as vain as women, of course, but they usually seek satisfaction in their work or in making muscles. Women equate an attractive appearance with security.

The most inflammable wood extant is a chip on the shoulder.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

"A woman goes through an emotional crisis when she realizes she's beginning to look her age," says Gelb. "Hair is the first physical feature to lose the glow of youth. All of us have seen how golden-blond and flaming-auburn hair on little girls fades to mousy brown by the time they're in the early twenties. Many women fly into a panic when they spot the first streak of gray hair.

"Men think a dash of gray makes them look distinguished—until the dash turns into a snowstorm. I began covering up my gray hair in my late forties, and I still do. I'm hardly typical because I'm plugging my product, but I believe there soon will be a big market for men's coloring, because gray hair is an increasing handicap to job seekers. Despite the findings of our poll, I expect men will use tints, as women do, to turn back the clock."

Whatever men do, women using hair tints rarely switch brands; they're even reluctant to try a better product put out by the company they rely on. All tints have been greatly improved in the last decade, yet Clairol still makes 500,000 bottles a year of the 1931 formula for old customers who demand it.

A unique aspect of hair coloring is that in past years it was the only cosmetic or fashion wrinkle rejected for fear of dangerous consequences. Women might ignore doctors' warnings against high heels, tight girdles and décolletages cut below the sternum, but they refused until recently to take chances with what the poets called their crowning glory.

The example of movie queens, who exerted strong influences on many female tribal customs, was ignored. There was no great rush to copy the flaming-auburn hair of Clara Bow, the "It" girl of silent films, or the platinum of Jean Harlow, who achieved the effect by severe bleaching. In 1935, at the peak of Miss Harlow's popularity, Clairol grossed only $375,000; today the annual gross is $30,000,000. After World War II Joan Bennett created a stir by switching from a blonde to a dark brunette, but her fans weren't tempted to imitation. It is admitted in trade circles that the ladies were wise to steer clear of the formulas used in those days.

Veteran newspaper readers may remember reports in the 1920's of damage suits brought by women claiming they had been poisoned by dyes, made bald or turned into freaks with green hair. Not all the claims were based on fact, but there were enough verdicts against manufacturers to scare off the public.

In 1922, spot checks made by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, health commissioner of New York City, indicated that one woman in 8000 was allergic to the metallic dyes in coloring preparations. Victims suffered painful rashes on scalp, face and neck. New York passed a cautionary law that became a model for Federal legislation after Doctor Copeland was elected to the United States Senate. Amending the Food and Drug Act, the law stipulated that warnings be printed on every package of dye; a patch test had to be made twenty-four hours before every application of artificial coloring. If there was no adverse reaction to the test—usually made on a lock of hair behind the ear—the dye was considered safe for the individual. As a further precaution, every state except Delaware and Virginia required hairdressers to qualify for licenses.

It is an open secret that the rule on patch tests is observed about as faithfully as traffic laws. Women who do their own hair seldom bother with the test, and some *salons* are apt to skip it, fearing to lose a new customer during the overnight waiting period. If the better *salons* test newcomers, few test regular patrons before every treatment; yet a woman once tested "safe" may develop an allergy later, after prolonged exposure to a dye.

Despite this laxity, negligence cases have been cut to the vanishing point by the development of oxidation dyes with higher purity than the chemicals formerly used. In 1951 the U.S. Public Health Service found only one woman in 120,000 allergic to modern hair-coloring preparations. Premium rates for insuring *salons* against lawsuits have dropped from 5 per cent of liability in the old days to less than 1 per cent.

After achieving safety the research chemists faced the problem of correcting unsightly results of dyeing and bleaching. Colors were once so garish that peroxide blondes and henna redheads—terms almost obsolete today—were as conspicuous as full beards at a prep school. Blond shades had an orange cast; the reds were brassy. Red and yellow are the only pigments in human hair—there is no such thing as jet-black hair—and the old dyes did not control the red overtones.

Repeated bleaching for blond shades made the hair as brittle as broom straw. Any decided change to a lighter color required several bleaching sessions, costing time, money and exasperation. Brunettes had to let dark roots grow out at regular intervals to let their hair recover for the next attack with the peroxide bottle.

Another objection was that the old dyes coated the hair and gave it a lifeless look. Natural hair has a wide range of related colors that blend into lively highlights. Dyeing gave a flat, enameled effect, which was first relieved by Clairol, a preparation brought from France in 1931 by Gelb, a chemical broker. Instead of smothering the outer surface, Clairol penetrated the shafts of hair, where it covered the pigment. The principle was adopted by other companies, but women were slow to believe any manufacturers' claims. They had suffered, or heard of, too many disasters.

Reputable newspapers and magazines were refusing to accept advertisements. Gelb tells of a typical experience in the 1930's at a leading fashion magazine. He had asked to see Mrs. Jane Doe, the editor, after the advertising manager declined his business.

"Mrs. Doe smiled sweetly and said, 'Oh, we can't possibly endorse hair coloring,'" Gelb recalls. "'Our readers are respectable women.' While she talked, she fluffed her beautifully tinted gray hair."

The New York Times rejected ads until 1938, when Federal law began requiring the patch test. *The Ladies Home Journal* waited nineteen years longer, finally clearing the first hair-dye ad in 1957.

The big break-through began in 1950, when Clairol developed a tint that combined bleaching and coloring in a single operation for most shades. Brunettes who wanted to become blond knockouts still had to put in preliminary licks with peroxide, but prebleaching was eliminated for the great majority who only wanted

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shades slightly lighter than their natural hair. Roux, Tintair and other companies came out with one-process tints that reduced retouching time from a minimum of three hours to a maximum of forty-five minutes. A radical change of natural color, on what the trade called a "virgin head," previously had required at least two sittings, forcing a woman to go into hiding during the transition and to endure with unaccustomed docility the coarse comments of her husband, if any. The new tints made it possible to confront the brute with a *fait accompli* after one visit to the hairdresser.

Fast-acting dyes were the wedge the industry needed to open the mass market to hair coloring. The simplified procedure cut labor costs in beauty *salons*, and competition held down prices for do-it-yourself consumers. In terms of the dollar's purchasing value, products and services are cheaper today than they were before World War II. Home tints and rinses still sell for $1.25 to $1.50, and neighborhood beauticians have stayed fairly close to their old rates to stimulate traffic. Transforming a virgin head costs from ten to twenty-five dollars, depending on the number of sessions and quantity of coloring required. Retouching fees range between five dollars and $7.50. Prices in *chichi salons* are much stiffer—up to $150 for a virgin head—but the stuff comes out of the same bottles that are used in small shops.

All sorts of fantastic stories are told about the time and money some women lavish on their hair. A former movie star pays a man in Hollywood $200 a week, plus travel expenses to Palm Springs, to refurbish her golden locks. A woman in Rochester, New York, flies to Manhattan every other week, spends forty dollars at a Fifth Avenue *salon* for a retouch and returns home the same day.

According to Mrs. Goodman, some psychiatrists prescribe coloring as therapy for patients. "All women go through a period when they'd like to have different personalities, and changing the color of their hair is the quickest way to do it. That's particularly true after an emotional crisis. The best prospects for coloring are divorcees and young widows," she says. The average woman, however, has to sell herself on the idea after weeks of soul-searching.

"You learn to recognize two standard approaches. She makes a beautician her confidant and says, 'My hair looks awfully drab, and I've been wondering whether I should do something with it. Do you think my husband will object if I go to something just a little lighter?' Then there's the madcap bit. 'I've had a brainstorm about turning into a blonde, just for a fun thing,' she says. 'Do you think it will be amusing?' In both cases the customer has made up her mind, but she wants reassurance.

"Another curious angle is the importance of semantics," says Mrs. Goodman. "Women don't feel they're really cheating if a synonym is used for a color change. It was a stroke of genius when Larry Gelb called Clairol a tint instead of a dye. And a color always sells better if a label like 'frosted sunlight' is given to a blond shade, 'sparkling sherry' to a red, and 'velour' to a brown. The trick is to substitute vague terms for basic definitions."

The application of merchandising gimmicks to a new trend is straining the industry's talent for inventing and naming colors hitherto unnoticed in the spectrum. Charles Revson, president of Revlon, describes the task as "an expansion in the use of coloring from a functional cover-up of gray hair to a basic cosmetic for enhancing beauty." According to Walter Mishkoff, vice president of L'Oreal, American women are just beginning to embrace a concept that has been recognized in Europe for years. L'Oreal, founded a half century ago, is the largest manufacturer of coloring in the world, with plants in thirty-five countries.

"European women have a slier attitude toward coloring than Americans," Mishkoff says. "In this country, mothers are upset when teen-age daughters fool around with a blond streak. On the Continent, mamma teaches her daughter to use color cleverly. City girls start with rinses in high school and go on to permanent tints when they reach the early twenties. Drastic changes are rarely made after that. Young women select colors that are becoming to them and make subtle modifications as they grow older.

"The most striking difference is the comparative scarcity of dazzling blondes in Europe. The preference there is for muted shades like ash-blond and beige. European women are smart enough to realize that probably no gal past thirty has natural golden hair. They play it cagey with subdued tones that could be genuine, instead of going in for colors that are obviously artificial."

By the time they are old enough to vote, most American women have hair that is classified technically as brown. No more than 5 per cent are authentic blondes, and that figure dwindles toward zero with advancing age. Genuine redheads run in about the same proportion. Although tints that cover mottled gray hair are the meat and potatoes of the business, bringing 70 per cent of the annual gross, sales of blond shades have increased tremendously. Between 1950 and 1960 Clairol's blond line jumped from 5 to 20 per cent of its volume. Women who previously had gone up to the blond borderline with light, sandy browns are now crossing the line, undeterred by the added expense. Most brown tints require only one retouch a month, but high-fashion blond pastels look sick if retouching is postponed more than ten days or so.

"Nine out of ten women would choose to be blondes if they could do it by pressing a button." Gelb says. "Nothing ever has induced women to favor dark hair."

The preference for blond hair can be traced to a long conditioning process that begins in childhood. Most dolls have blond hair and blue eyes. The princesses in fairy tales are blondes; it's the evil witches who have dark hair. In mythology and literature, blond heroines outnumber redheads and brunettes by ten-to-one. As a girl grows older she learns that blond hair is associated with both purity and irresistible allure, a combination that's hard to beat. Angels and spiritual women are depicted as blondes in classic art. On the other hand, most of the fascinating *femmes fatales* in history were blondes. Cleopatra, a swarthy Mediterranean type, was a plain Jane until she bleached her hair, whereupon she drove the eminent Romans out of their minds. When Caesar's legions returned from Gaul with luscious blondes as trophies of the chase, Roman matrons put limestone on their hair and baked in the sun, hoping to achieve the same effect.

The appeal of blondes is not confined to Western society. A few years ago Clairol began to supply its outlets in Japan and was bowled over by orders for golden-blond tints. Frankly, these albinos look like hell—to both Japanese and foreigners, we hear from Tokyo.

Can women anywhere trust their own judgment in selecting hair colors best suited to their skin tone? The question puts manufacturers in a tight spot, squeezed between professional hairdressers and retailers catering to the do-it-yourself trade. If the manufacturers' advertising stresses the economy and satisfaction of home treatments, beauty *salons* will refuse to use their brands. *Salons* purchase about 60 per cent of the tints produced. On the other hand, concentrating promotion efforts in that area will reduce sales in the lucrative home market.

Revlon and L'Oreal have decided that it is in their interest to guard against possibly outlandish results of home treatments, which might put a serious crimp in business. Both companies sell exclusively to *salons*.

"No woman should be allowed near a bottle of bleach," Charles Revson declares. "It's like feeding whisky to the Indians. She doesn't know when to stop. She starts out intending to lighten her hair just a shade, but within a week she imagines herself as a golden-haired child and winds up looking like something out of a chamber of horrors."

Clairol and Roux sell on both sides of the fence, but their ads emphasize the advantages of professional coloring. "I strongly advise every woman who can't afford *salons* regularly to have the first coloring job done by a beautician," Gelb says. "A professional looks at customers objectively and recommends the colors that look best on them."

All major companies give free coloring lessons to licensed beauticians in metropolitan centers and send traveling clinics to outlying areas. A complete course comprises about twenty hours of supervised training on live models, housewives usually, who volunteer to get free treatments. Models who have been on the list for years reject the old wives' tale that constant coloring leads to thinning hair and baldness, and their views are confirmed by answers to a questionnaire the American Dermatological Association recently sent to its members. The doctors replied that tight hairdos and nylon brushes with square bristles were the chief causes of hair loss—apart from biological factors. They found no fault with rinses, dyes, permanent-waving or setting lotions.

In selecting the hair color most becoming to a woman, experts let skin tone determine their choice. As a woman grows older, her skin turns sallow; but nature offsets the aging process with gray hair, which gives the illusion of a lighter complexion. To get the same effect, tinted hair for women over forty should be light and subdued. The worst example of coloring is seen on an elderly woman who uses the darkest color money can buy; the harsh background accentuates the lines in her face. Only young and very beautiful girls can get away with pitch-black hair.

Here are recommended hair colors to match six different skin tones:

FAIR: Can carry any blond or auburn shade well. If gray hair is a problem, a medium to smoky blond serves the purpose best.

RUDDY: Never use red—never. Ash blond and medium browns are good. For covering gray, a soft brown is the best bet.

NEUTRAL: Usually can stand brightening with deep blond or a coppery brown. Use light brown to cover gray.

OLIVE: Must avoid light, bright colors. Deep auburn and mahogany brown are good. Chestnut brown for covering gray.

SALLOW: Positively no dark shades. Coppery reds and auburn are good; maybe ash blond, but be careful. For covering gray, beige blond.

ALABASTER: The favored few. Will look stunning in anything from light blond to dark, dramatic brown. Gray is never a problem, because this complexion is granted only to those too young to appreciate it.

A few sympathetic words are added for women who have decided to stop using color and let their hair show gray. It is a difficult transition because hair of average length may take a year to grow out and revert to its natural color. To begin, it is advisable to cut the hair short, thus disposing of as much of the tinted part as possible. Vegetable rinses will help to tone down the pepper-and-salt effect until gray rinses can be used.

Whatever the ladies do, it's likely that millions of them will go on breaking the law governing drivers' licenses. Technically, a woman can lose her right to drive in some states if she fails to inform the authorities that her hair is no longer the color given on her license. The women who comply with this law can be counted on the toes of a fish.

Maine is one of several states which take a realistic view of the situation. It does not demand notification of a new hair color. "If such a requirement were adopted and enforced," Stanton B. Weed, director of the Motor Vehicle Department, says with a straight face, "agencies issuing licenses might be buried under the volume of corrections." THE END

"The attending veterinarian—er, physician for this fight is . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Battle Party (Continued from Page 15)

a sudden strain on his left arm. He hadn't mentioned that to the medics. They could be stuffy about such things, he had found.

This was February, and the push for the Po Valley would be starting soon. Dave didn't mean to be left behind when the division jumped off. The star could complicate things, he supposed; it meant that he would lose command of his old regiment, and he didn't like that. Lt. Col. Pappy Harriman would probably be upgraded to that job, and Dave felt that the regiment deserved better than Pappy's querulous, fuss-budget ways.

"Don't pull any Eagle Scout stuff on me, Dave," the Old Man said heavily. "If that shoulder's not right, say so. I wasn't kidding when I said this job is nasty, and I'm not sending a crippled man to do it."

A trace of pleasure showed in Mosby's usually impassive face. He was a slender man with even features which were a little sad in repose and gray eyes that noted much and missed little. The chunk of shell he'd stopped on the Maliore ridge was his second wound of this war. The first had come on the Albano road at Anzio.

"The shoulder's still a little lame, sir," he said. "It's not so bad that I can't go back to duty. What's the job?"

Grimes glanced along the ward. "Too many big, fat ears around here," he growled. "Someplace else we can talk?"

"You've got rank enough to run the ward officer out of his cubbyhole," Dave murmured. "We could talk there."

"Lead the way," Grimes said. "I'll give you the broad sketch—then you can give me an honest answer as to whether or not you're up to it. I want it on the line."

The small office smelled of ether and disinfectants as Duffy lowered his bulk into the chair at the desk. The ward doctor, disgruntled by the arbitrary ways of generals, had departed scowling. Dave leaned his good arm on the desk and waited.

"This is it," the Old Man said glumly. "Corps has decided that Monte Tereccia must be taken before the all-out push for the Po can start. You can guess who's got the job."

"I can guess," Mosby agreed quietly. "Monte Tereccia is going to be a tough nut to crack, sir."

"It'll be an impossible nut to crack unless we get control of Il Bastione first," Duffy said, his voice final. "As long as the German holds the top of that cliff, Dave, he's looking smack down our throats from the minute we leave Maliore ridge. All right—can you get a task force to the top of that rock and clear the rats out of there before the division jumps off next Sunday? That's the job!"

Mosby didn't answer at once. His eyes narrowed a little as he tried to recall the details of that cliff as he had seen it from Maliore ridge last December. Il Bastione—the rampart. It had been well named. An almost sheer wall which rose fifteen hundred feet above the valley floor some five miles northwest from Maliore. It was the key to the citadel of Monte Tereccia, and the Germans knew that—they would not let it go without a fight.

There'd be parachutists up there in dug-in bunkers and with automatic weapons covering all the most likely approaches. And, along the rim, there were O.P.'s ready to call down devastating artillery fire on any hostile force moving across the valley below.

"We'd have to get on top by surprise," Mosby said, speaking half to himself. "An army couldn't take that place by assault—it would be worse than Cassino."

"I agree," Duffy said bluntly, his eyes hard and calculating beneath shaggy brows. "That didn't answer my question, Dave. Can you get a task force up there—and take the place?"

"I think so," Dave said, his voice conveying more assurance than did his words. "My old regiment can do it if anyone can. It's been trained for a job like that."

"Tell me how." Duffy's voice was flat and hard. "You mentioned surprise—what surprise?"

"The only surprise there is will be to go up the face of the cliff itself," Mosby said, his voice matching the Old Man's. "Make the climb at night with enough of a force to hold the top until the rest of the regiment can get up there by that corridor which leads to Monte Tereccia north of that town across the valley, sir."

Duffy let his breath go out. "I figured it that way, Dave," he said quietly. "The question is—can you get enough men up the face of that cliff at night to hold until the rest of the regiment gets there?"

Mosby's impassive face showed the hint of a smile. "We'll know more about that after I've reconnoitered the cliff, general."

"You in shape to climb that cliff?"

"I'm in shape," Dave said.

"How soon can you get out of this place?"

"Give me ten minutes to steal my clothes back and I'll be with you," Mosby said. "The medics may holler—— On second thought, a word or two from you might help."

Any wife who listens closely to what her husband is saying is probably eavesdropping.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"I'll give 'em a dozen," Duffy said. "All bad. One thing I forgot to mention—corps G-2 has come up with a character who claims he climbed Il Bastione before the war."

Satisfaction showed briefly in Dave's face. "That could help," he said. "If we can trust the fellow. He Italian?"

"British," Duffy grunted. "A Leftenant Morehead that British Intelligence has loaned to us. When corps gave us the job of capturing Monte Tereccia, their conscience—if any—must have bothered them. Anyway, they scouted around and found this Percy Morehead who knew the country and sent him up here."

"I gather that you're a little less than enthusiastic over Leftenant Morehead?" Dave asked, amused. "That it?"

Duffy Grimes squinted sourly at him. "Not sure," he said. "I didn't ask Percy how old he was, but he looked to me as if he ought to be back at Eton. The first thing he said after I told him what was up was, 'Oh, dashed jolly! Sounds like a lark, what?' If climbing that damn hill is a lark then I'm Frank Roosevelt."

"A guide's a guide," Dave said soberly. "If he's actually been up the face of Il Bastione, that is. I'll take him up to the ridge tomorrow—see if he can point out the route he took."

"Do it anyway you like," Grimes said heavily. "He's your baby. Come on, let's get the hell out of here!"

Later the ward officer, Captain Lodi, watched them go with a glowering look of sour prediction on his face. Lieutenant Howard, his assistant, came through a side door.

"I had my ear to the keyhole," Howard said cheerfully. "So they sprung your shoulder patient before you were ready to let him go, huh? And with bad words yet!"

"O.K.," Lodi said darkly. "So Mosby's out of here against my recommendations. Give him a few days of snow and cold plus a little more damage to that shoulder of his, and five will get you ten he's fighting pneumococci as well as the krauts. My money is on the pneumococci—well, it's his funeral!"

Howard shrugged, his face impassive. "No taker," he said. "And you're so right, doctor—it's his funeral."

"Generals!" Lodi said. "They make me sick!"

"Shall I take your pulse, doctor?" Howard asked unfeelingly.

The afternoon was far along as the jeep cleared the town and turned northwest on a track heavily eroded by the traffic of war. Clouds hung low over the jagged, snow-capped crests of the Tuscan Apennines and there was a smell of more snow coming. Grimes, in front beside the driver, turned so that he could look at Dave.

"We'll go over the details tonight," Duffy said. "I told my chief of staff to have Harriman down from the ridge." He stopped and swung abruptly back to Sgt. Nick Ballou, driving the jeep. "You got no ears, sergeant. Understand?"

"I'm deaf like a post, sir," Nick said cheerfully. Dave knew and liked the man—he'd been in the provisional Scout Company in Dave's regiment before division had drafted him to drive for the Old Man. "None of my family can hear good."

Grimes turned his attention back to Dave. "I guess Harriman inherits the regiment for the time being, now that you've got a star. I'm not too happy about that, but I've got no full colonel that I can send up there right now."

Dave thought, *I don't like it, either. Pappy Harriman will have to move the rest of the regiment up to support us once we get on top—and Pappy can move like an iceberg and be as stubborn as a mule when he wants to be.*

He didn't say that to Duffy. Instead he said, "I'll handle Pappy, general. The division is to jump off for Monte Tereccia on Sunday, you said?"

"At oh seven hundred hours," Duffy agreed grimly. "Today's Monday, Dave. I hope to heaven that gives you enough time to finish that little chore I've given you. It had better. Army set the timetable as to when the division will go—and anything that Army sets is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

Dave was only half listening to the Old Man's grumblings; already his mind was on the job ahead. "We'll make it do," he said absently. "I'll take Garbo and a few men from the Scout Company to reconnoiter the cliff tomorrow night. Map a way to the top. The assault force should go up Friday night, I think. That will give us Saturday to get the rest of the regiment up there and secure the cliff."

"How big a party will you take up the cliff?"

"That depends on the feasibility of the route," Dave said thoughtfully. "If possible, I'd like to take the second battalion plus the Scout Company to lead the way."

"What the devil's this Scout Company?"

Mosby grinned, the momentary expression making him seem younger. "A provisional outfit I organized before I got hit in December, sir," he said. "Strictly against War Department policy, of course, but I figured it might come in handy."

Duffy glowered. Then he shrugged his heavy shoulders and said, "You'd be surprised how little War Department policy

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is worrying me right now, Dave. How big is this company?"

"It had a strength of something better than a hundred when I left," Mosby said. "Picked men—mountaineering types. They can get to the top of that rock if anyone can—and pull a battalion along behind them. If the organization hasn't been broken up while I was away," he added as an afterthought. He'd just remembered that Pappy Harriman, as exec, had never approved of the provisional company.

Nick Ballou set Dave's mind at ease on that score. "Scout Company's still operating, colonel—I mean, general," Nick said. "Mean, ornery bunch like always."

"I thought you were deaf, damn it," Duffy Grimes said crossly. "Maybe, if I took those stripes off you, you'd learn to keep those big ears of yours tucked in, sergeant."

Ballou's sharp, wind-reddened face showed no alarm; he'd learned that Duffy's bark was worse than his bite. The snow had started to fall now—big, sticky flakes which clung to Ballou's face as he looked obliquely at the general. He hit a chuck hole in the road, and Mosby, grabbing with his left hand to steady himself, felt the ache start anew in his shoulder. He'd have to be careful of that, he thought, and hoped that his face had betrayed nothing to Duffy. Nick Ballou still held the general's attention.

"Sir," the sergeant said brashly, "if the Scout Company's going somewhere special, I'd like to go along with it. I could find another driver for the general's jeep, sir."

"You hit any more bumps and the general will find another driver for his jeep by himself," Duffy growled. "Oh, hell, if you can sell the idea to General Mosby, you can go."

"I'll take him," Dave murmured. "Sergeant, is Lieutenant Garbo still commanding Scout Company?"

"He was like of yesterday," Nick said, well pleased with himself. "I was up to the ridge—talked with the lootenant. He says when am I going to quit gold-bricking in the rear echelon an' come back to work."

"I'd like to see Garbo tonight," Dave said.

"Ballou can go up to the ridge after him," Grimes answered. "It'll keep him out of trouble. Dave, if you pull this off, a lot of good men will still be around when we get Monte Tereccia who'd be wearing mattress covers otherwise."

Dave nodded soberly. He knew what the Old Man meant, and it required no answer. Mattress covers were the only winding sheets that the dead could afford in this war.

The snow was falling faster as the day died, and Nick switched on the jeep's lights, grunting that it wasn't likely that the krauts could see him through this.

It was after 1900 when they came to stone buildings, set back in a shell-scarred olive grove, which sheltered the forward echelon of the division C.P. Dave dismounted stiffly, aware that the ache still gnawed at his shoulder. Duffy Grimes was already stumping away through the snow toward the main farm building.

Dave said, "Get some chow, Nick. Then go pick up Garbo on the ridge. I'll send word for him to meet you at the message center. Try not to break his neck bringing him back."

Ballou's face broke into its easy grin. "Drive like I was hauling eggs," he said. "Sir, I'm glad you're back—an' much obliged for letting me go with you."

"Better save your thanks until we're back," Dave said dryly. "On your way, sergeant."

He slung his musette bag and turned in the direction that Grimes had gone. At the corner of the building a wispy figure took shape through the snow. It was Lt. Col. Pappy Harriman, who had been Mosby's exec and now was in acting command of the regiment.

"So you're back," Pappy said ungraciously in his high, waspish voice. "Well, congratulations on your star, Mosby. I suppose that Washington had to find somebody to promote."

Dave grinned faintly in the darkness—at least Pappy hadn't mellowed noticeably since he'd been gone, he thought. He touched the other's arm, turning him toward the door of the building. "Same old cheerful Pappy," he said.

Harriman's sniff was audible, but he didn't pursue the subject. "What's this new flap about—you know?" he asked peevishly. "If it's some new operation, the regiment's not ready for it. G-three ought to know that. I've told him often enough."

"Maybe the regiment's readier than you think, Pappy," Dave said evenly. "We'll have to hope so, anyway."

The Maliore ridge, along which the forward elements of the regiment lay, climbed gently from the south in a series of long spurs to reach a ragged crest before dropping steeply into the valley on the other side. The regimental C.P. was a few hundred yards behind the crest, located in a series of bunkers dug into the sloping walls of a ravine. The one housing the message center was fitted with bunks and had a stove of sorts inside a blanket door. A lantern hung above the switchboard, and pin-ups, pretty gaudy, decorated the walls. The air was stale from cigarette smoke.

Alonzo Bullwinkle, who was a radio sergeant, was there with Capt. Edgar Capehart and T/5 Collins, who was at the switchboard. Capehart considered communications to be the only really worth-while activity in which the Army engaged.

A desultory, intermittent shelling harassed the ridge as its defenders settled down for the night. A heavy explosion crashed far down the ravine, and its noise came into the bunker as a man ducked through the blanket door. He was Lt. Xerxes Garbo, and he stood for a moment blinking in the light.

Garbo was a man in his mid-twenties with a slow Alabama drawl and a mournful expression on his deeply tanned face which was misleading. He stood six feet four, and he could be incredibly profane in a drawling, unhurried way when he chose. In a fight he was as dangerous as a rattlesnake.

Tonight he wore a deerstalker's fore-and-aft cloth cap, unbelievably dirty and secured by an equally dirty scarf tied beneath his chin. He looked at Capehart with mild eyes. "So, what's the fuss?" he asked.

"You took your time about coming," Capehart said crossly. "I sent Haynes after you an hour ago."

"He found me," Garbo said in his unhurried drawl. "I'm here. What cooks—krauts decide to give up the war?"

Capehart gave him an offended stare. "I'll let you know about it when they do," he snapped. "Division's sending a jeep up here after you. See that you stick around until it comes."

"O.K.," Garbo said placidly.

He moved with his shambling gait to squint appreciatively at one of the pin-ups behind the switchboard. "Now, that I like," he murmured. "That I could go for—but good."

The irritation deepened in Capehart's face. He didn't approve of Xerxes Garbo; the lanky lieutenant didn't take things seriously enough, in Edgar's book. Important things like communications. Two weeks ago Garbo had taken his Scout Company off into the blue somewhere and had been gone for three days without ever a smidgen of communications out of the lot of them.

"Never mind the pin-ups," he said, his voice more peevish. "You any idea why division's sent for you?"

"Nope," Garbo said. "I figure they'll tell me."

Capehart's face brightened. "Maybe you're going to get a chewing out," he said. "I hear Mosby's back from the hospital—they made him a general. I bet he's heard about you going off for three days so that Colonel Harriman was throwing fits ——"

"Fred was disappointed in the Louvre. It didn't have a bar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Garbo leaned an elbow on the switchboard and continued to regard the pin-up with a quiet, approving smile. "Pappy does throw a nice fit," he murmured agreeably.

"You won't think it so funny when somebody hangs a general court around your neck, lieutenant!"

"Don't give me that bushwa," Garbo said, his voice still amiable. "Mosby told me to scout that town at the foot of Il Bastione before he got hit in December."

T/5 Collins plugged in his board and listened. He grunted, "O.K.," and said to Capehart, "S-three wants to see you, sir."

"All right! All right!" Capehart said fussily. "You see to it you don't miss that driver from division, Garbo!"

"Don't nag me, chum," Garbo said. "I'll be right here looking at all the nice pin-ups."

Capehart glowered and went out; he'd been gone for less than a minute when another shell crumped down into the ravine. This one was close enough to jar the bunker and sift dirt from the ceiling. Alonzo Bullwinkle looked at T/5 Collins. "What odds on that one?" he asked.

Collins thought a minute. "One to ten," he said.

"You're on for a dime."

Garbo sat down on one of the bunks, his eyes interested. "What gives?" he asked.

"I just bet a chunk of that shell got the captain," Alonzo said. "I always was a sucker for long odds."

"Hell of a pastime," Garbo grunted. "You could go broke that way, 'Lonzo."

"The law of averages will catch up to that guy someday," Bullwinkle said darkly. "When it does, I'll cash in on it. What you think about Mosby gettin' a star, lieutenant?"

Garbo yawned and lay back on the bunk. "I quit thinking when I joined this war," he said. "Thinking's strictly for the birds. Want a job, 'Lonzo?"

"What kind of a job?" Bullwinkle asked.

"My radioman fell off a cliff yesterday," Garbo said, closing his eyes. "Busted his leg all to hell. I need a replacement about your size."

"Me traipse around with that screwy Scout outfit?" Bullwinkle asked, scandalized. "You think I'm crazy, lieutenant?"

"Just asked," Garbo murmured.

The blanket door stirred again, and Nick Ballou came into the bunker, brushing snow from his field jacket as he came. "Where's Xerk?"

"He's around," Garbo said, staying on his back.

Ballou jerked his head toward the shadowy corner—and showed a cautious grin as he came forward. "Didn't see you there, lootenant," he said. "You ready to go back?"

"Warm yourself, Nick," Garbo said lazily. "What cooks down below?"

"You guys are goin' on a job," Ballou said, peeling off his gloves. "With Mosby. The Old Man said I could go along."

"Go along where?"

"Up Il Bastione, I think," Ballou answered.

"Wheee—you!" Sergeant Bullwinkle said piously. "Who dreamed that one up? He must be nuts."

"The Old Man dreamed it up, and he's not nuts," Nick said. "You think he'd let me go along if there was any danger, 'Lonzo? He couldn't afford to—I'm too valuable."

"You're so valuable that we'll pin a medal on you," Bullwinkle retorted. "We'll do it posthumous—after we sew the Purple Heart onto your mattress cover."

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Nick squinted and spat on the dirt floor. "What's post—whatever the hell it was you said?" he asked, unbothered.

"It means after you're dead," Bullwinkle told him crossly. "And stop spitting on the floor!"

"Why, it leak?" Ballou asked. "Why don't you come along with us, 'Lonzo? You could get rid of a little of that lard you're totin' around."

The switchboard made its buzzing noise, and T/5 Collins plugged in again. He listened for a moment and then said, "What? You're kidding me!" He swung around to give Bullwinkle an indignant look. "A chunk of that damn shell *did* get the captain—it hit him right smack in the tail, Kline says. They got him down to the aid station prying iron out of his butt right now. Well, that's a buck shot to hell," he added in a glum voice.

Garbo slowly unfolded his length from the bunk and reached for the carbine he'd leaned in a corner. "How about it, 'Lonzo?" he asked. "Want to change your mind and come along? It's not every day that a man can climb Il Bastione with a general."

"I'll think about it," Bullwinkle said.

"Do that," Garbo told him, chuckling silently. "The war's in no hurry. Come on, Nick, let's go."

As they went out, the blanket door let in the drifting snow. A wind, sighing up the gully, stirred the pin-ups behind the switchboard and set little eddies moving in the smoky air.

It's just as well that faint hearts don't win fair ladies. They wouldn't be able to handle them anyway.

DAVE MURRAY

A gasoline lantern, hissing faintly, shed harsh light on the littered table in the farmhouse parlor which served Grimes as a map room. Dave Mosby stood by the table, Pappy Harriman beside him. The latter was a short, wispy man who wore steel-rimmed spectacles which slid down his nose and increased the expression of worrying disapproval on his face as he listened.

Mosby put a finger on the blown-up aerial photograph which lay in front of the two. "Pappy," he said, "on Friday night, according to the plan as of now, you'll move the regiment, less the second battalion and the Scout Company, across the valley to here." He tapped a finger on the photograph again. "Your movement will begin when the assault party has cleared Maliore ridge. Got it?"

Pappy squinted and looked as though he'd bitten into a sour apple. "I've got it," he said. "I don't have to be happy with it, confound it, and I'm not!"

Dave let that go. "The regiment will be reinforced by a battery of pack artillery," Dave went on. "Your heavy equipment, radios, extra ammo will go by mule train. You've got to be under cover here in the canyon north of the town by daylight on Saturday morning. You'll wait there until you get our signal that we're on top and covering you—then you come arunning. Got that?"

"I don't like it," Harriman said. "I just don't like it at all, Dave. It's unsound—damned unsound. It's not according to the book at all!"

"Let's leave the book out of this, Pappy," Mosby said, his voice turning a little rough. "I'm not asking you—I'm telling you. So you be across that valley by Saturday morning and when I yell for you, you come up that corridor as though the devil was chasing your coattails! Got it?"

"I still don't like it," Harriman said stubbornly. General Grimes came into the room to join them at the table, and Harriman took off his glasses, polishing them while he looked from Grimes to Mosby with nearsighted eyes. "How do I even know that you'll get to the top of the cliff with the assault party? How do I know that the regiment won't be left across there, sticking out like a sore thumb, while the Germans clobber it with artillery and ——"

"Pappy," Dave said, a harsh finality in his voice, "there are a lot of things in this war that nobody knows about. The plan stands. I'll see you up on the ridge tomorrow."

Harriman glowered—then bobbed his head stiffly. "All right! All right!" he said and left, not bothering with a good night. Dave lighted a cigarette, flipping the match at the fireplace.

"Well?" Grimes asked.

"Not much worse than I had expected," Dave said with a wry smile. "Funny thing—once Pappy accepts the fact that what's got to be done has got to be done, he'll work like a beaver at it. It's the way he operates."

"Hell of a way to run a war," Duffy grunted. "You want to have a talk with that guide now?"

"Might as well."

Grimes yelled, "Caldwell!" and an aide stepped into the room. "That British leftenant out there?"

"Yes, sir," the aide said.

"Send him in," Duffy grunted.

"And send Garbo in as soon as he gets here," Dave said.

Caldwell said, "Yes, sir," to both and departed. He returned after a minute and announced, "Leftenant Morehead, sir," and Dave watched as a stringy officer in British battle dress came toward them, moving with a slight limp as he crossed the room.

A kid of not more than twenty-one or two, Mosby guessed; if he'd climbed Il Bastione before the war, he'd been wearing knee pants when he did it. The boy had a bright, friendly, almost girlish face as he clicked his heels and turned out a faced-palm salute, fingers curled a little and head tipped forward. A thin blond mustache looked out of place on his long upper lip.

"Leftenant Morehead, sir," he said in clipped accents; then he added, as Grimes made him known to Dave, "Glad to meet you, sir. Hope I can be of service."

"I hope so too," Mosby said noncommittally. The other's handclasp was limp, and Dave could understand why the Old Man hadn't been impressed. "You've climbed Il Bastione, leftenant?"

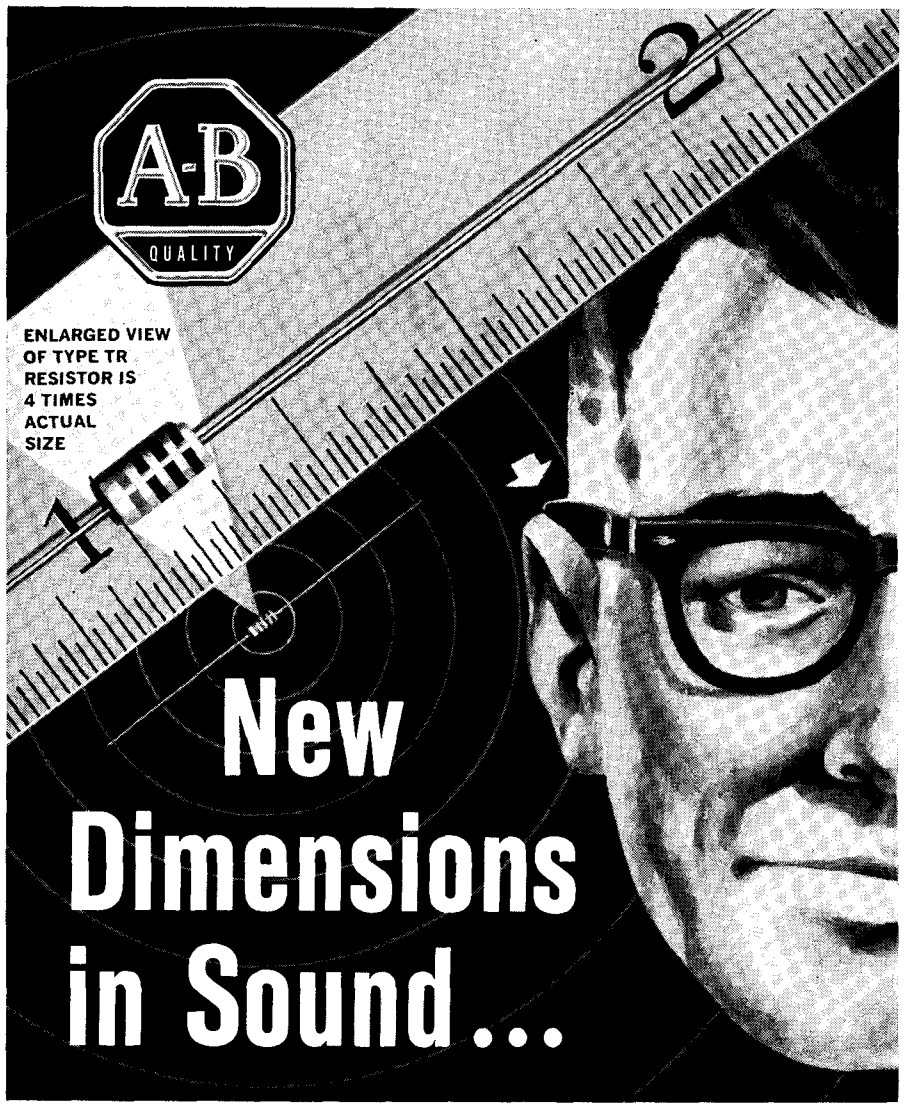
"Oh, quite," the boy said. "Been a bit of a while ago, though. Before the war, you see. Geoff and I were on holiday at Arazzola. 'Be rather a lark to climb Il Bastione, don't you think?' Geoff said. 'Oh, rather,' I told him. So that was it." Morehead stopped and looked back at Dave with his pleasant, slightly vacant stare.

"You didn't happen to bring Geoff up here with you, did you?" Mosby heard himself asking, his voice annoyed.

"No," Morehead said gravely. "Be a bit difficult—poor chap's dead, you see. Copped it at Campoleone Station."

Mosby gave the other a sharper look. "Anzio?" he asked. "I don't suppose you were at Anzio, too, leftenant?"

"Oh, yes," Percy said carelessly. "Commando then—not in Intelligence. Got a bit of a knock too. Sniper chap. Frightful shot, though—bunged me through the knee. Turned out a bit stiff, so they put



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me in Intelligence. Rotten luck for Intelligence, I suppose. Still able to hobble up a cliff, I imagine."

Dave's face was blank as he looked past Morehead to where the Old Man stood by the fire. Grimes was regarding the leftenant with an expression of mingled amusement and disbelief.

Dave picked up the aerial photograph. "Leftenant," he said, his voice skeptical, "do you think you could point out here the route you took going up the cliff?"

"Glad to try, sir," Percy said obligingly. "Ought to tell you, though, that I'm frightfully stupid at maps."

"We need to be sure of ourselves, leftenant," Dave said impatiently. "Because when we get to the top of Il Bastione this time, there's likely to be a bunch of Germans waiting for us there. You see?"

Morehead gave Dave his pleased smile. "Oh, quite," he said. "One of the hazards of the business, I dare say. Makes it interesting, though, wouldn't you say, sir?"

The aide put his head in the door again to say that corps wanted the Old Man on the phone. Duffy Grimes left, and Xerxes Garbo came into the room, moving with his deceptively lazy slouch while he gave his surroundings a tolerant attention. Dave went to meet him, pleasure showing in his face as he held out a hand. "I'm glad to see you, boy," he said to Garbo. "How'd you leave the war?"

"Pottin' right along, sir," Garbo said, squinting at the star on Mosby's collar. "Heard about that. We're going to miss you in the regiment, I guess, general."

Dave felt a quick pleasure at the words, but hid it beneath an unaccustomed brusqueness. "I'll miss being there. Right now we've got a little chore on our hands, Xerk. Do you think that the Scout Company can get up the face of Il Bastione at night?"

Garbo gave the matter thought, his eyes squinted at the littered table. "Might be," he said laconically at last. "We went over there and looked at the place a couple of weeks ago. Pappy damn near had a fit because he didn't hear from us for three days," he added, his face showing pleased reminiscence.

"Good boy! What's the cliff like?"

"Real old tom kitty, general."

"Is there anybody left in the town?"

"Nobody that we saw," Garbo said.

"How far up the cliff did you go?"

"Worked to the top of the talus," Garbo said. "The Cobber found a chimney that he figured might be climbed, but we were running out of grub, so we came home."

Percy Morehead, who had been listening with a polite attention, said now, "Think I know the spot you mean. No good, though. Geoff and I tried it—came to an overhang at about eight hundred feet up. Had to go back. Dashed annoying, you know."

Garbo turned without hurry to survey Morehead with a good-humored tolerance. "Oh, definitely annoying," he said, interest showing in his lazy-lidded regard.

"This is Leftenant Morehead from British Intelligence," Dave said to Garbo. "He climbed Il Bastione before the war—he says. He's coming up to the ridge tomorrow, Xerk, to try and point out the route that he took."

"I call it neighborly," Garbo said, blinking. "Would you be coming along with us now, leftenant, when we climb that cliff?"

"Oh, rather," Percy said, his open face showing happy enthusiasm. "Wouldn't miss it. Be a real lark, what?"

"It could be, chum," Garbo said. "It could be."

"Let's get to work," Dave said shortly.

Later, after Morehead had taken Garbo off for a nightcap, Dave stood with his back to the fire, rubbing absently at his bad shoulder. A quick and unspoken affinity had developed between Xerxes Garbo and Leftenant Percy Morehead, he was thinking; it must be that Xerk saw something in the British kid that hadn't been apparent to Duffy Grimes and himself.

The O.P. on the ridge was in a hole that had been scraped out at the edge of a pine clump. Lt. Jeff Cobber of the Scout Company sat there smoking a cigarette with T/3 Willie Martelino while they waited for Garbo and Dave Mosby to come up. Five miles across the snowy valley lay the deserted town beneath Il Bastione, its empty windows looking out with sad eyes. Willie rubbed his hands to warm them as he looked without interest across the way.

"They ought to be here by now," Cobber said.

"You ever hear of a general being on time anyplace, lootenant?" Willie asked cheerfully.

"This one's different," the Cobber grunted. "Didn't you know—this one's Mosby. They stuck a brigadier's star on him."

"No!" Willie said, shocked. "What goof did he pull?"

"None that I know of," Cobber grunted. "What's the grapevine as to why the company is alerted, Willie? You know?"

"I get around," Martelino said complacently. "The word is we're goin' to climb that damn cliff over there."

Cobber spat into the snow. "That ought to be nice," he said.

Willie would have enlarged on the subject, but Garbo's voice called, "Hey, Cobber. You there?"

"Come on in," Cobber said.

Far down the ridge a black column of smoke crawled into the air; the sound of the explosion came through the cold air moments later. Maliore was open for business on Tuesday morning.

Dave, Garbo beside him, propped elbows on his knees and peered through his field glasses while he studied the route along the face of Il Bastione that Morehead had pointed out to him. It angled diagonally up across the almost sheer wall, following a series of ledges where the strata had eroded unevenly, until—two thirds of the way to the top—it came to the spine of a weathered pinnacle which led to the fifty-foot bastion just beneath the rim. You followed the ledges, Percy had said; when one ledge ran out, you climbed to a higher one and went on.

"Well, what do you think, Xerk?" Mosby asked finally as he lowered his glasses. "Can do?"

"Just might," Garbo said placidly. "I'd want a try at it though before I took the company up there."

Dave nodded, his face showing nothing. "I'd want the same," he said. "You, Morehead and I will go tonight. Pick a dozen men to go with us—they'll stay back in the town while we go up. Not likely that the Germans are sending regular patrols down there, but you can never tell. Or there might be a few strays down there looking for loot."

Garbo smiled as though some thought pleased him. "If it's liquor they're lookin' for, they're spinning their wheels," he said. "The Scout Company took care of that."

Jeff Cobber and Leftenant Percy Morehead sat in the snow a little way back in the trees. Beneath the Cobber's faintly malicious prodding, Percy talked—rattling along enthusiastically while the other listened with hard eyes. The Cobber was a tough cooky who'd never run into anyone like Percy before.

"Geoff and I were on holiday, you see," Percy was explaining. "One day Geoff says, 'Why not ditch old Marston and do a bit of climbing. Be a great lark, what?'"

"Who was old Marston?" Cobber asked.

"Didn't I say? Tutor, you know. A good enough sort, but stuffy, dashed stuffy. Anyway, I say to Geoff, 'Righto. When do we start?'

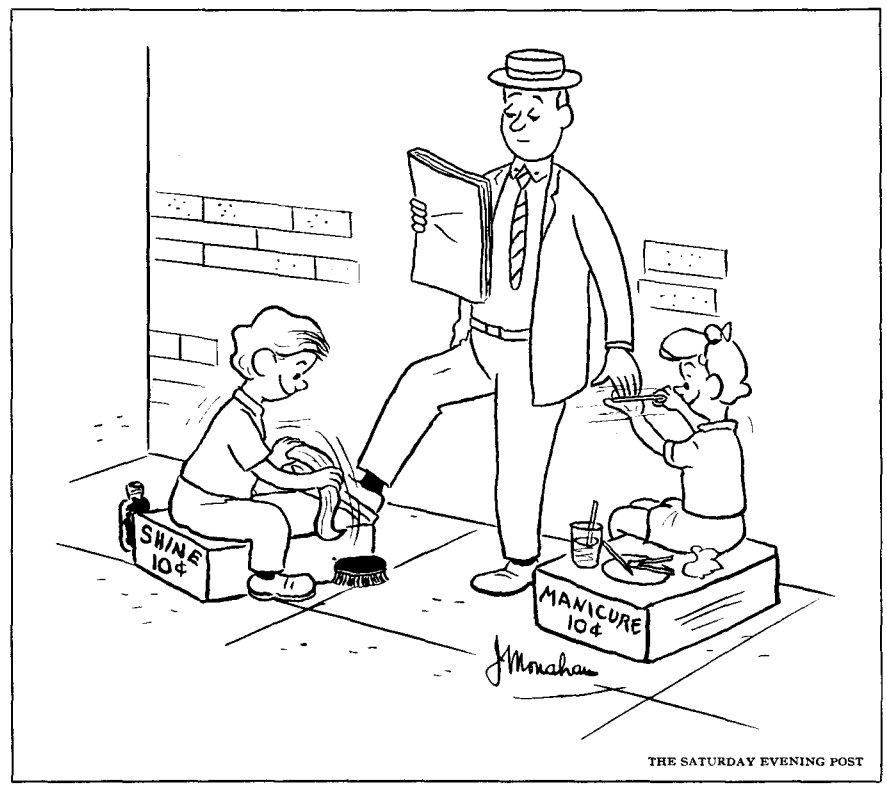
"'Why not now?' Geoff says.

"So, off we popped. Grand lark—sort of stolen fruit and all that sort of thing, you know. Had one nasty minute, though. On the cliff, that was. Part of the ledge we were following broke off beneath old Geoff. Bingo! Like that. Looked down and there he was, hanging onto a bit of a knob.

"'Hallo,' I called to him. 'You all right?'

"'Dare say,' he said. 'Be a bit nasty getting back up, though.' Knew what he meant. 'Normous ways down from there.'"

"So what did old Geoff do?" the Cobber asked, his voice skeptical and roughly edged. "Flap his wings and fly?"



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Morehead looked back at Cobber with his open, good-humored stare. "Pulling my leg, what?" he asked amiably. "Turned out it wasn't too hard after all. Geoff scrambled and I pulled, and pretty soon he is all dinkum back on the ledge again."

"And then you joined Intelligence."

"Oh, much later," Percy said depreciatingly. "Definitely later. No war on then, you see."

"I see," Cobber grunted. "You know, pal, it will be quite an experience for you to climb that mountain with us."

"Oh, wouldn't miss it," Percy said cheerfully. "Never climbed Il Bastione at night, you know. Much more sporting that way. Be a bit of all right, don't you think?"

It was a little after 1900 when the party, Garbo in the lead and Dave Mosby behind him, passed through the regiment's outguards and took a spur which dropped to the snowy valley below. The moon had not yet risen, but the clouds were scattered and the starlight was clear and cold.

The patrol moved fast—these men had been along this way before. Across the way Il Bastione reared its bulk against the night, and boots made crisp sounds against the crusted snow as they reached the valley floor and Garbo led them along bushy ravines which would hide telltale tracks when tomorrow came. In the center of the short column Nick Ballou talked with Sgt. Alonzo Bullwinkle, their voices low.

"Goin' out with the men tonight, are you, 'Lonzo?" Nick asked. "Now, that's nice—I like to see a man earn his pay. Even a fat radio sergeant, yet."

"If I had any sense I'd be back in my sack," Bullwinkle said glumly. "I ought to have my head examined for being here."

"Look at the bright side of it," Ballou said. "Just think of that nice ten thousand bucks of G.I. insurance that your wife'll get when the krauts knock you off, 'Lonzo."

"I got no wife," Bullwinkle said crossly.

They left the valley behind and crossed a brawling stream on a rickety footbridge. There was a little clump of fir on the far side, and Mosby halted the column there while Garbo took a man with him and went downstream to prowl the village. Dave was glad of the breather. His heart was pounding from the swift march across the valley; the hospital had taken more out of him than he knew, he guessed. He put the thought away.

Garbo came back after a little while. "All clear," he said. "Nothing but cats. I never saw so many!"

"Let's go," Dave murmured.

It wasn't much of a village, Mosby saw in the uncertain starlight. Perhaps a dozen houses climbing irregularly up a slope dotted with olive trees. Solid houses standing intact, for there had been no fighting here before the Germans had withdrawn to their Monte Tereccia line as the stalemate started in December.

Yet it was a dead town now, its people fled, for no town is safe when it lies between hostile battle lines. The windows looked down at Dave with empty eyes as he moved along the snow of the single street. There was a feel of decay in this place, he thought; it was the lonesomeness of a spot, once loved and lived in, but which has seen all its essence depart.

Garbo led the way to a house farther up the slope than the rest. "We holed up here when we came over before," he told Mosby, as he led the way up a short flight of steps. "Regular Hotel de Gink, general. All the comforts of home."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Atomic War on Insects

(Continued from Page 37)

he was, Bushland took time to court Mary Louise Nash, a stenographer at the lab. A year later, in 1939, they were married.

Both men, however, subordinated their personal lives to their assigned job: to find a chemical treatment for screwworm wounds. During laboratory hours they did succeed in developing an effective formula. "But neither of us was satisfied with that approach," says Knipling, "because by the time we could treat the animals the damage was done. We agreed that the only way to solve the problem was to get rid of the insect."

To do this they had to learn all there was to know about the mysterious blue fly. The two young specialists spent long hours studying the insect's mating habits. "We found that at about two days of age the boys get interested in the girls," Bushland says. "At three days their activity was so furious that we sometimes had to turn off the lights to slow them down enough for observation. By six days the boys were still chasing the girls, but not catching them. And the same was true when, after about two weeks, the life cycle of both males and females ended."

It was Knipling who found the key to the screwworm mystery. One morning during a coffee break he drawled to Bushland, "It appears that these females mate only once during their lifetime. If we could sterilize the males, we could eradicate the screwworm." This soft-spoken comment was the foundation of the revolutionary theory that later became known as "Knip's pipe dream." There was no way, except perhaps by surgery, to sterilize the flies. At this point Knipling's idea was almost as preposterous as a weatherman's crusade to stop storm damage by abolishing storms.

Knipling was naturally reticent about disclosing his theory to the skeptical world of science. Bushland, however, was eager to get going. His optimism about the new "male-sterile" theory prodded Knipling into discussing it with other entomologists. The response was cruelly deflating. Some of their colleagues reacted with a polite smile; others laughed outright at the young men who suggested controlling the sex life of countless millions of flies, without having any way at all to achieve this. When Knipling explained the theory to a superior, the boss advised, "Forget this crazy idea, Knip, and concentrate on more important things."

Then World War II broke out, and Knipling and Bushland had to shelve their research in favor of urgent military research. In 1942 the Defense Department initiated a high-priority project in Orlando, Florida, on insects affecting man. More than 100 of the best young scientists were pulled in for the job. Doctor Knipling, at thirty-two, was chosen to lead this concentration of talent.

A key member of Knipling's team was Bushland, whose first job was to develop a louse colony. In a hurry to get the job done, he used his own body as a culture medium for the lice. Soon his colony became so well populated that additional human guinea pigs had to be hired.

While Bushland was tending his lice, he and Knipling tested experimental insecticide dusts; within six months they developed the first effective louse powder, using pyrethium. The Army quickly adopted the powder; nine months after the research was started, G.I.'s were being issued the famous MYL powder. The same MYL powder was used to stamp out the typhus epidemic in North Africa and Italy in 1943. And although Knipling and his teammates were not the discoverers of DDT, they did improve the formula so that it would kill bugs and not hurt humans.

For their work in the battle against the bugs, both Knipling and Bushland received the U.S. Typhus Commission Medal. Knipling also won the Army Medal for Merit, for his contribution to the health and welfare of military personnel during World War II, and the British awarded him the King's Medal for Service in the Cause of Freedom.

During this four-year period most of their associates figured that the two men had dropped their campaign to sterilize the screwworm flies. But "Knip's Pipe Dream" emerged again in 1946, when he became chief of the USDA's Insects Affecting Man and Animals Branch. As soon as he was settled in his new office in Washington, he dug out the notes that he had put aside during the war.

Knipling was now Bushland's boss, so it was no accident that he assigned his old friend to the Livestock Insects Laboratory in Kerrville, Texas. This arrangement, they figured, might remove some stumbling blocks in their efforts to prove their pet theory.

While Bushland worked in Kerrville, Knipling kept on trying to convince other scientists of the logic of his ideas. "The beauty of the male-sterile technique," he explained, "is that it sets up a progression. Thus, by dropping sterile males, the fertile-fly population might decrease like this: from 5,000,000 the first generation, to 1,000,000 the second generation, to 50,000 to 1250 to 0." And he pointed out that when chemical insecticides were used, the insect population could, in a few generations, build itself all the way back because the surviving insects remained fertile. But the most important part of the theory—the method by which the flies could be sterilized—had not been worked out. By talking up his idea, Knipling was merely risking his reputation in the eyes of his colleagues.

Finally, in 1950, Knipling's luck changed. Returning from a vacation with his family, he entered his office to find his long-time friend, Dr. A. W. Lindquist, waiting with what proved to be the answer to the problem of how to sterilize the flies. The good news was in the form of an article written by Dr. H. J. Muller, a world-famous geneticist from Indiana University and winner of the 1946 Nobel prize for his discovery that X rays may be used to produce mutations. In the article, Doctor Muller stated that people don't realize the tragic genetic effects that can result from atomic explosions. If fallout is light, it will produce freaks. If fallout is heavy, it will produce sterility. He went on to say, "I know because in my mutation experiments with fruit flies, at the University of Texas in 1927, I gave some flies overdoses of X rays and completely sterilized them."

Knipling immediately wrote the geneticist a letter explaining his own theory of screwworm sterilization. Muller answered, "I know nothing about screwworms, but your theory is sound. I encourage you to proceed." Thus supported by so eminent an authority on the biological effects of radiation, Knipling passed the word along to Bushland.

Bushland, now head of the Kerrville Laboratory, had already developed a method of raising the screwworms on nonliving media, a must before any large-scale program could be attempted. He was delighted with Knipling's report, and eager to get going on this crucial stage of their project. But his staff was fully committed to other research, and there was no money for this extra job.

Two days and two sleepless nights later Bushland had figured out a way to go ahead with the research. He called in D. E. Hopkins, a young assistant at the lab, and made his proposition. "The cards are stacked against us, Hop. No funds and practically no professional support. Much of the work will have to be done after hours and on weekends. But if you help me, I'll list you as co-author on the research papers I write."

"Count me in," Hopkins said. "This might be better than a college education." Hopkins had never been to college, but he was a scientist at heart. During the next few months he devoted long hours to helping Bushland.

The two conspirators began "scrounging, chiseling and even bootlegging funds (diverting money from well-financed projects to this unofficial one)," Bushland now admits.

His first move was to call a friend and ask a favor. It took a little doing, but the friend—a former Army buddy who was then a colonel at Brooke Army Hospital in San Antonio—arranged for Bushland to use the hospital's X-ray machines on Thursday afternoons, the day off for the laboratory staff. "The nurses kind of turned up their noses at my bringing smelly screwworms into the hospital," Bushland says with a grin. Each Thursday Bushland and Hopkins left their work at the regular 4:30 quitting time, and put in what amounted to almost a second full day of work. Those off-the-cuff experiments showed how much radiation was needed to be just enough—enough to sterilize the flies without reducing their sexual instincts. The two men also learned which stage in the fly's growth was most conducive to radiation treatment.

The hospital X-ray machines were furnishing vital research information, and they were free. But they were too slow for Bushland; soon he took off on a "secret mission" to the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Three days later he had talked the Oak Ridge scientists into lending him a small Cobalt-60 gamma-ray source.

The device was obsolete and not currently in use, but it was adequate for Bushland's purpose. Gamma rays are more powerful than X rays, but, says Bushland, "Our screwworms didn't know the difference." Another problem came up when Bushland found that he couldn't afford to hire anyone to operate the new machine; he solved it by going back to Oak Ridge for a thirty-day cram course and learning to work the machine himself. "They later gave us a basement bargain," he says, "and delivered this machine to our Orlando lab for $2000. A new one would have cost $10,000."

In Washington, Knipling was still continuing his search for support, both scientific and financial. He tried the Atomic Energy Commission, which had ample funds for such research, and confronted large universities. Repeatedly the men he approached refused to back up his request; they still called his idea "fantastic and impractical."

Knipling also asked for a Congressional appropriation of $100,000. An allocation came through, but it was for only $20,000—an amount equivalent to cattle losses from screwworm damage in one hour on a hot summer afternoon.

In Kerrville, Bushland and his associates were spending a great deal of time and very little money in discovering more about the sex life of screwworm flies. They confirmed Knipling's earlier premise that the females mated only once. The males, however, were promiscuous; they mated an average of five times. Armed with this intimate knowledge of screwworm biology, the researchers collected native flies from Florida and bred a Casanova strain of males that mated seventeen times each.

The theory had been proved repeatedly in the laboratory; now it was time to try it outside. With high hopes, and very little money, they chose Sanibel Island, twenty miles off the coast of Florida, as a testing ground. It was true that the screwworm population declined tremendously during the experiment. But new hordes of fertile flies had little difficulty in migrating from the mainland and building back the decimated population. The test could not be classified as a success, to the disappointment of Knipling and Bushland.

Then, in 1953, the Department of Agriculture received a plea for help from a Dutch Government official in Curaçao, a small island in the Netherlands Antilles. "Screwworms are eating up our goats. What can we do?" the man asked.

The appeal landed on Knipling's desk, and he and Bushland immediately set to

"My wedding plans are all up in the air, until he proposes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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work on this new chance to prove their theory. One of their associates boarded the next plane to Curaçao and soon was inspecting the screwworm-infested island. It was forty miles off the coast of Venezuela, sufficiently isolated for a valid test without danger of having screwworms migrate from the mainland. "Ideal conditions to test our theory," the envoy wired back.

Bushland, still operating on a shoestring budget, stalled a few months until a new budget year began so that he could "shoot both budgets at once" on the experiment. The testing began in the summer of 1954. Each week 170,000 sterile flies were flown from a breeding station in Orlando to Curaçao, where the insects were released at the rate of 400 males per square mile.

Sensitive to the skepticism of fellow scientists, Knipling began to have misgivings. Finally he called Kerrville and spoke with his old friend. "Bush, if we fail, the Department of Agriculture could suffer for years. I hate to think what some unfriendly Congressman could do with 'the sex life of the fly' to show how we squander money."

"But everything is running smoothly," Bushland drawled confidently. Even Bushland, however, was surprised at the quick results of the experiment. Originally he and Knipling had estimated that the program would take at least six months, maybe a year. But after only fourteen weeks the theory was proving out, and the Dutch were calling the Curaçao success "a miracle." The word spread; soon Florida's beleaguered cattlemen and Congressmen began clamoring for a similar program. At last Knipling could sit back while someone else fought the battle of the budget.

"Which we were glad to do," says J. O. Pierce Jr., then president of the Florida Cattlemen's Association. "Screwworms were the worst in history that spring of 1957. We had 700 calves on our ranch, and 200 or 300 cases of screwworms to be treated each week. I had three jeeps—two men per jeep—riding the pastures every day to treat the infected calves. We had so much ground to cover that horses were too slow."

Nonetheless, Pierce encountered almost as much apathy as Knipling had found earlier with appropriations committees. "To show those fellows in Washington we meant business," Pierce says, "we got the Florida legislature to set aside $3,000,000 for an eradication program, providing the Federal Government would match it. Still we got no action—until I showed the Congressmen some gory pictures of calves that were mutilated by screwworms, and deer that couldn't walk. That really shook 'em."

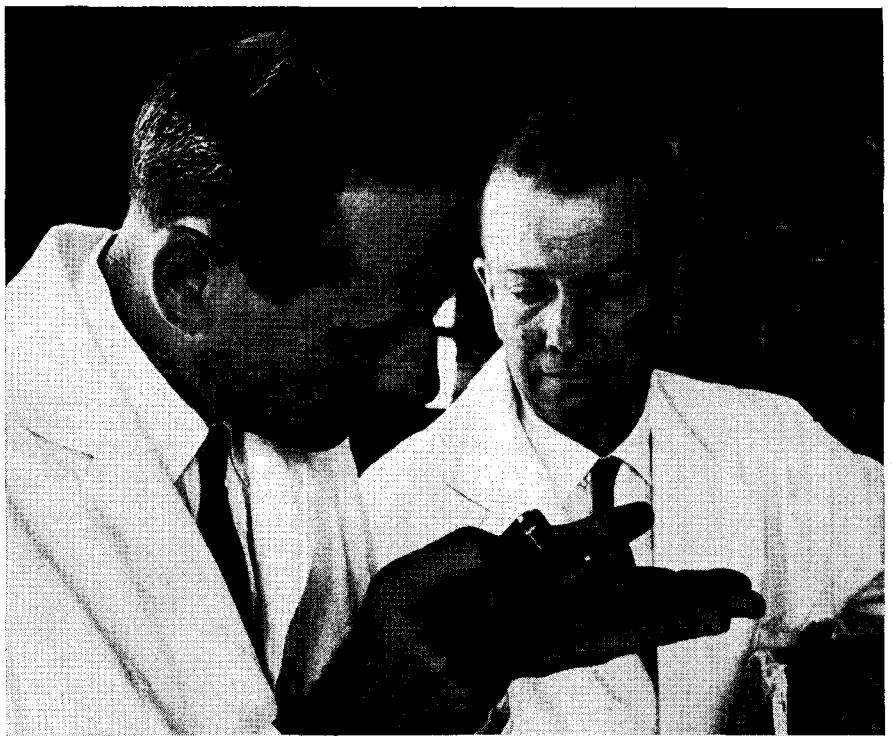
A few months later, a $6,000,000 Federal grant, to be used over a three-year period, was authorized for an unprecedented insect eradication program in the Southeast. The show was now turned over to the USDA's Animal Disease Eradication Division and the Florida Livestock Board, with Bushland serving as a special consultant. For Knipling, whose responsibility was supervising research, the job was over.

The Florida project was well financed, but it was a much more complex proposition than Curaçao had been. One of the first steps was to establish a huge "fly factory"—a million-dollar setup where flies were raised, bred and sterilized on an assembly-line basis. To save the expense of separating males and females, both sexes were sterilized in the factory. The output needed was 50,000,000 flies per week. Moreover, they had to be kept healthy and well fed. They consumed forty tons of meat—horse meat from Mexico and whale meat from California—and 4500 gallons of whole beef blood a week.

"Fly security" wasn't simple, either, since a breeding stock of 3,000,000 fertile flies had to be maintained to keep the cycle going. Every crevice in the three-acre building had to be sealed tight to make sure that not one fertile fly escaped.

When each week's crop reached the pupa stage—a process which takes about six days—the sterilized wormlike insects were placed 400 to the box in lunchbox-sized containers and trucked to waiting airplanes. Early each morning the squadron of twenty planes took to the air on prearranged flight patterns and dumped their cargo over cities, pastures and swamps.

The results were spectacular. Since July, 1959, when the eighteen-month project was completed, not a single case of screwworms has originated east of the Mississippi. The total cost of the mammoth Southeastern eradication program to date has been $7,000,000—a fraction of the amount of damage that screwworms caused each year. The total cost of seven years of research was a mere $250,000, perhaps the best investment ever made in agricultural research.



Drs. Edward Knipling (left) and Raymond Bushland, of the Dept. of Agriculture. Their revolutionary method has eliminated the screwworm from the Southeastern U.S.

The potential for using male-sterile techniques for eradicating other major insects and animals is staggering. At Orlando, scientists are excited about a new chemically treated food that sterilizes female houseflies that have become inured to DDT. British, Dutch and Swiss scientists already are attempting to adapt the male-sterile technique to the tsetse fly of Africa, where it transmits sleeping sickness to cattle and horses, as well as to people. "Control of the tsetse fly would open up enough rich land to ease the world's population problems for years," says Doctor Bushland.

Other insects that scientists think might be vulnerable to the sterility technique include the yellow-fever mosquito, called one of the public-health disgraces of the Western Hemisphere; the anopheles mosquito, which transmits malaria; the codling moth, or "worm in the apple"; the cotton boll weevil, and the tobacco hornworm.

"We have just scratched the surface," says Doctor Knipling. It is true that the possibilities for controlling nature's pests by the use of radiation sterilization are limitless. Even animals and birds, such as pigeons and foxes, are susceptible. The major requirement is that the sterilized males be able to compete with fertile animals, so that normal mating occurs. Only research can show how far the theory can be carried.

As for the two men who struggled and connived to get this revolutionary theory across, the change in their lives reads like a Horatio Alger story. These former country boys are in demand as speakers the world over. When Bushland traveled to Warsaw to address other scientists in 1959, his trip held double significance: While there, he adopted a seven-year-old German boy named Karl as a brother to Margie, whom the Bushlands adopted in Ireland in 1952.

Men from a dozen foreign countries come to consult with Knipling and Bushland. Each week they get letters asking such questions as "How important is the frequency of mating?" or "How do you determine the natural insect population?" Recently Doctor Knipling received a call from the Atomic Energy Commission. "Remember the guy who told you ten years ago that your idea was not a sound principle?" the voice said. "I'm that guy, and I'm wondering now if you would come over and speak to our group on peacetime uses for atomic energy."

Despite his professional laurels, Knipling remains strictly casual at home—in Arlington, Virginia, where he lives with his wife Phoebe and their five children. Phoebe is supervisor of the seventy-five science teachers in the Arlington school system, as well as of the eight-room house which she and her husband built. "It was the only way we could afford a house big enough for seven people, a dog and all of Ed's sporting equipment," she says. "He even insisted on putting a bathtub in the basement so he could test his self-designed fishing lures."

Knipling's neighbors know him as an expert gardener who furnishes them with fresh vegetables which they buy on the honor system. He packages produce in plastic bags and puts them on a table in the front yard. Neighbors help themselves and leave a quarter for each bag they take. Although Knipling claims to do his gardening "primarily for exercise and relaxation," his truck patch adds about $500 to the $15,255 he earns as a USDA executive. The discipline of his own childhood has given him ideas of his own on parenthood. He prefers to be a buddy to his five kids, who say that "Pop never gets excited by *big* problems." They laugh about the weekend when Anita, the oldest daughter, was teaching herself to drive. Somehow someone left the car door open and a fireplug almost ripped it off. The family strategy was to park the car so that "Pop" wouldn't see the door until they broke the news gently.

When Knipling returned from his fishing trip that evening, he noticed that the car was parked crooked. Anita nervously confessed what had happened. "Oh, I don't suppose it's anything that can't be fixed," he reassured her, without bothering to look at the banged-up door. "But fifteen minutes later," Anita says, "he blew his top when he couldn't find the funny papers." As director of the USDA Entomology Research Division, Doctor Knipling's responsibilities extend throughout the Union. His subordinates praise his ability to understand and see through difficult problems and to make decisions. Perhaps his only "fault" is that he is so thoroughly honest and frugal with the taxpayer's dollar. Some of his men feel that his unwillingness to pull strings sometimes causes them to lose out in the savage competition for Government funds and credit.

Knipling, confides his wife, "plays as hard as he works, and he can relax anywhere, especially when watching a Western program on television. He takes a sports or wildlife magazine to bed with him every night and reads himself to sleep."

Bushland is equally conscientious and hard-working, but his colleagues know him as a chance-taker—he sometimes makes radical decisions, at least in the minds of more conservative researchers. Conversely, they marvel at his ability to organize and to get new projects moving. These talents will be put to the test in his upcoming job as director of a new atomic laboratory for agriculture in Fargo, North Dakota. The purpose of the $2,000,000 installation is to investigate chemical residues in food, a problem which became a national concern during the lamentable cranberry scare.

During the Southeastern screwworm Eradication Program, Bushland served as a consultant. This meant a regular commuting jaunt from his job as head of the fifteen-man team in Kerrville to the big test in Orlando. In between, he managed to keep up his huge flower gardens on his two-acre lot in the small Texas town.

Since the phenomenal success of the Southeastern Eradication Program, both scientists have received their share of kudos. Formidable among these was the $10,000 Hoblitzelle National Scientific Award for the team of scientists who made the most significant contribution to agriculture and to mankind during the previous four years. Possibly without coincidence, this award was made last year at Dallas, Texas, near the scene of the original research at the Menard lab. The Hoblitzelle citation read, "One of the greatest achievements in the scientific annals of the world has been accomplished in completely wiping out an entire insect race from a major portion of our country."

Rising to the applause of 2000 people Doctor Knipling stepped up to the microphone and modestly began his acceptance speech by giving credit to other scientists who had helped him through the years. Then the scientist expressed his hope that the success of his "Pipe Dream" might "stimulate other young men to dream a little and to have new ideas; and then to persist until their dreams are recognized or realized." THE END

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These Children Love to Read

(Continued from Page 24)

in teaching. They begin with the alphabet, teaching consonants, then vowels, and their sounds. As English is an alphabetical tongue, this seems sensible enough.

To the guiding lights of Teachers College at Columbia University, however, the phonetic or alphabetical approach is anathema. They virtually heaved it out some thirty years ago, as old-fashioned, in favor of the "look-say" school of teaching. This emphasizes learning whole words at a time, largely by *appearance*, with little attention to the alphabet and phonics.

Because Teachers College at Columbia pipes its ideas to most other teachers' colleges, professional educators throughout the nation fell in line like so many drilling West Pointers. Phonetic teaching became almost extinct—except among a few hardy independents like Miss Carden.

The Carden method relies largely upon the technique which enabled most Americans past forty to learn to read so effortlessly that they can't remember when they began. Although spruced up with linguistics the basic idea remains the same. From the age of two or three, youngsters of a past, luckier era used to learn "*A* for apple, *B* for boy, *C* for cat." They recognized individual letters and "said" their sounds.

"The alphabet," Miss Carden always tells her teachers, "is one of learning's great laborsaving devices. It takes the forbidding mystery out of reading."

Two criticisms most often leveled at the system are that it is "mechanical" and requires "practice"—words that are poison to many progressive educationists. Miss Carden replies with serenity: "Whether typing or using signal flags, our means of communication have been mechanical since the days of the tom-toms. And even *they* required practice."

Having mastered the sounds of letters and letter combinations, beginners under the Carden system hold the key for unlocking new words that they meet. As they read by turning letters into sounds, and spell by converting sounds into letters, they become as sure-footed as mountain goats on two pinnacles of learning—reading and spelling.

The big catch in applying the Carden method, especially in educationally ravaged schools, is that children should *begin* with it. Introduced too late, it can become as labored and mechanical as trying a new way to breathe. Approached early, the phonetic method becomes automatic, free and easy.

Miss Carden begins phonics with kindergarteners. In one of the Carden-method schools, I watched a motherly kindergarten teacher and her pupils make a game of sounding consonants. Having a grand time, they went right on to sounding the vowels in the innards of words. Then, with confidence, they analyzed them on the blackboard and pronounced them—*boat*, *lake*, *nose*, *eat*, *lie*. Soon these tots achieved mastery over some 500 similar one-syllable words. Best of all, there was exhilaration in their faces as they recited. Young as they were, they knew they were learning something to last the rest of their lives.

The average beginner under the method learns to read, write and spell 2000 new words during the first year alone—which, interestingly, is what first-graders in Russia learn. While recognizing that this initial skill-building is essential to the art of reading, Miss Carden's real enthusiasm lies in ensuring comprehension, or "the intellectual character of learning."

Steadfastly she declines to permit children to be distracted by pictures. The textbooks that she designed and published at her personal expense are without any illustrations at all. By present-day florid standards they look flat. This is deliberate. "Pictures," she says, "deprive children of the joy of exercising mental imagery. Make-believe is fun. It is also revealing."

First-graders, reading in their unadorned Carden primers, "I have a pail," love to describe the kind of pail they have. One speaks up, "Mine is little and pink and has a white puppy in it." So far, so good. There is always the child who boasts alarmingly, "Mine is heavy because it is full of snakes." And I heard one child volunteer, "I don't have any pail. My big brother stole it."

Such exercise of imagination tells astute teachers much about the youngsters' emotional make-up. Yet orthodox educators are flabbergasted to see that the method is "child centered." Actually, Carden-trained teachers share an abiding respect for their pupils' desire and ability to grapple with mental work, especially word meaning. Miss Carden invites children to look *behind* the word. One sixth-grader observed, "I'll bet orchestra is of Greek origin." I asked him why. "Because," he said, "the Greek 'ch' is pronounced 'k.'" Checking in the dictionary, he proved he was right, and went on to list other 'ch' words like *Christmas* and *orchid*. "Now *that*," his teacher said, "is comprehension."

By contrast, teachers using the look-say or read-at-sight method show beginners whole words, usually with pictures, and expect them to memorize the word's appearance from the picture association, context or configuration. Thus *monkey* ends in a letter "whose tail hangs down." As the letters *C* and *O* always represent wheels, *bicycle* has two "wheels." Pupils who can't remember words from one time to the next are encouraged to guess. Thus, *fish* becomes "whale" or "guppy"; *cat* dwindles to "kitty."

Primers backstop this method by teaching words through repetition, and the child reading "Oh! Oh! Oh! Tap! Tap! Tap! Rain! Rain! Rain!" usually gets the idea that it's wet outside. So much repetition becomes numbing, to be sure. Even the most loyal educationists quip about the primary teacher who wrapped her car around a telephone pole and cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Look! Look! Look! Damn! Damn! Damn!"

As for the alphabet and its sound equipment, the look-sayers hold that "laboring with letters" is useless for beginners. Only after children have acquired a basic sight vocabulary do their teachers introduce phonics. Then they introduce them lightly and string them out for five or six years. Thus the teachers of look-say confidently assure you that they, too, teach phonics. They do—but about as adequately as a kick in the bathtub teaches swimming.

Whatever the look-say method's shortcomings, a good many children do learn to read and spell eventually. But a disgraceful number of bright children never

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Sylvester parked in a commercial loading zone. When he refused to move so trucks could unload, Officer Wiggins arrested him on a charge of disorderly conduct. After several hours in jail he was released. He then sued for false arrest.

"Both my illegal parking and my refusal to obey the officer were done in an orderly manner," Sylvester contended through counsel. "Although the officer could well have ticketed me for illegal parking, he had no right to jail me for disorderly conduct. Therefore I'm entitled to damages."

"Deliberately defying the law is in itself disorderly conduct," the officer argued back. "Therefore Sylvester is the last person in the world who should come into court and demand damages. His case should be thrown out."

If you were the judge, would you award Sylvester damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sylvester won. A big-hearted jury awarded him $5000, which the judge cut to $2000. The court said that violation of a parking ordinance does not in itself constitute disorderly conduct even though deliberate.

Based upon a 1956 Michigan decision.

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surmount the strained efforts to turn English, an alphabetical tongue, into a language of pictures and configurations, like Chinese. There is too little for the reasoning child to grasp and analyze and too much to confuse him. As one critic sums up, "By the time you teach him three kinds of guesses—picture clues, configuration clues and context clues—what kind of reading do you expect?"

One answer, which stunned much of the teaching fraternity, emerged from an identical spelling test given recently to pupils of a suburban-Denver school and to a Carden-taught school at Garwood, New Jersey. The Garwood students misspelled slightly more than 7 per cent of the words. The suburban-Denver pupils, taught by progressive methods, mangled an awful 63 per cent.

Such comparisons obviously do not endear Miss Carden to true believers in the progressive system or to her own professional alma mater—of all places, Teachers College of Columbia University. She took her master's degree there after being graduated from Vassar. Then, after five years in Europe perfecting her German, French, Italian, Latin and music, this Hawaiian-born daughter of wealthy American parents returned to Columbia to work on her doctorate in education.

At that point, about thirty years ago, Teachers College handed Mae Carden a rude shock. It discarded the alphabet as representing an outmoded "individual discipline." The then-new progressive teaching stressed learning through pupils' *group* activities and spontaneous interest—and whoever heard of a child born with a hankering to learn the alphabet?

Miss Carden argued politely with her professors. "You would create less havoc in education," she maintained, "if you just quietly junked the musical scale or multiplication tables. Fewer children would be affected." But the Teachers College faculty brushed her aside and spread the new mode nationwide.

Dropping her studies for a Columbia doctorate—"Suddenly it seemed to be without validity," she says—Miss Carden set up her own private day school in New York City. There she organized her phonics system and wrote teachers' manuals for her faculty. Then, like William McGuffey, the Victorian creator of *McGuffey's Readers*, she prepared readers for every elementary grade and published them at her own expense.

Public-school teachers also sought her guidance to lead them and their pupils from the maze created by progressive reading methods. By 1949 the demand reached the point where Miss Carden closed her school and wholesaled her instruction to entire elementary-school faculties, service free, manuals at cost. Later the teachers insisted upon paying her. She fixed a charge of fifteen dollars per teacher for fifteen hours, and a little more than a break-even rate on manuals.

In the widespread warring over reading instruction, those favoring Carden have been under fire persistently. Only a resolute minority of school administrators dares to approve the method openly. Most others icily reject all phonics teaching except for the watered-down minimum in the progressive system. The pattern of resistance scarcely varies from community to community. Regrettably it pits indignant parents against obstinate or evasive administrators, leaves classroom teachers humiliated and voiceless and keeps children confused and upset. Miss Carden, rising above the din with patient philosophy, admits that each conflict sends her on a hat-buying spree. At least, she says, she is well-hatted.

The controversy in a small Western city—let's call it Bartlett—is typical. It began when a survey showed that half of the city's high-school students ranked no better than fifth-graders in reading levels. Ten per cent, in fact, were down at third-grade level. Parents hit the ceiling. School officials evaded the issue. Many mothers invited Miss Carden to come and instruct them so they could teach their children reading at home.

Some 100 mothers of the community crowded into Mae Carden's course a year ago. To their amazement one lone maverick school official also appeared. An ambitious young reading supervisor, he was new to the Bartlett schools. That fact is now advanced locally to explain his tactical error in becoming a Carden enthusiast. He admitted to the mothers, "She's doing everything we *say* we do—and better." At his request, Miss Carden stayed on and instructed his primary teachers. The parents were jubilant.

Then without warning thunder rolled. The young supervisor reversed himself and signed a report to the Bartlett board of education terming the Carden method "rigid, authoritarian, and detrimental to children." With the board acquiescing, he directed his teachers to drop it.

The effect was to ignite community indignation. To combat this, school officials sent an SOS to state teachers' colleges and rallied a battery of top reading experts. These calmly assured a mass meeting of 1500 parents that "reading has never been better taught than it is today." More and more of the parents, taking the issue strongly, are teaching their children to read at home.

Bartlett teachers also have refused to abandon the Carden method. When I visited their city, they swore me to protective anonymity. Then they revealed that they used the method behind closed doors. Their own term is "bootleg." As one attractive "bootlegger" told me, "How can I help it? How can you throw away spectacles you've become dependent upon?" These teachers, whose names are withheld upon request, said their reading supervisor never visited their classes nor consulted them before making his bombshell recommendation to discard the Carden method. They and many parents suspect that his superiors "advised" him that his earlier enthusiasm for the Carden method was a grave error.

Yet many enlightened school administrators do recognize the importance and validity of the reading crusader's technique. Miss Carden says the greatest impetus behind the spread of her movement is their resolute good will. She also points with understandable pride to the fact that no top administrator who has introduced Carden into his schools ever has dropped it. In her third-person manner of speech she adds, "Miss Carden never set out to put over a method. School people came asking for it."

By now they are asking for it so widely that Miss Carden herself cannot keep up with the demand. She has been forced to parcel out most of the country to disciples while she concentrates on putting her method into more Eastern schools.

One thing that sent the number of calls soaring was a recent hard-hitting best seller, Terman and Walcutt's *Reading: Chaos and Cure*, which termed the creator of the Carden method "a genius." Demands for her services poured in from virtually every state.

What is happening in California alone reveals both the extent of the reading emergency and the power of an idea. A veteran teacher of Carden is training private-school faculties in San Mateo and Saratoga and instructing classes of administrators, parents and teachers from San Francisco, Oakland, Richmond, Albany, El Cerrito, Santa Cruz, Sacramento and Livermore. Last year Miss Carden personally helped Berkeley schools install her method on an experimental basis. Elsewhere, many teachers dissatisfied with look-say are bootlegging Carden.

A few other effective phonics methods are furthering the revival of basic reading. The elementary schools of Washington, D. C., in introducing phonics this fall, are going to use the Phonovisual method of the famed Primary Day School at Bethesda, Maryland. The Spalding Method of Unified Phonics has been used for years with great success by Catholic schools in Hawaii. Another system, called Hay-Wingo, has long been popular in Illinois. Seattle public schools are observing with interest a private school's achievements with the Beacon Series of Readers. And Los Angeles last year began borrowing from several methods. Fortunately teachers can learn any of the methods in ten to forty hours while on the job, and most phonics manuals and wall charts are very inexpensive.

All of this is highly helpful because of a factor that aggravates our reading crisis. Today's children are exposed to mass communications from the time they first hear a radio or toddle in front of a television set, and the gap between the many words they recognize from hearing and the few they can read and spell grows fantastically wide. Often they begin school at the age of five or six with an aural or recognition vocabulary of 8000 to 10,000 words. Consequently Miss Carden is appalled that the current first-grade primers confine themselves to a sacrosanct list of only 335 words or so.

Flinging aside such artificial restraints, she believes in letting children learn and read as much as they wish. Her second graders go through perhaps thirty books a year, including ones approved by orthodox educators. At the year's end they possess workable 5000- to 6000-word vocabularies—meaning they can actually use these words in reading and spelling—plus, of course, the skills to acquire almost any new word they encounter. Pupils reaching eighth grade under the Carden method are expected to command 20,000-word vocabularies—an all-but-unique goal today.

What children read is as important to Miss Carden as *how* they read. "If all we have to offer children is repetitive, tasteless trivia, why bother to teach the skill?" she comments. To challenge children to stretch their minds, she introduces imperishable children's classics, beginning with Beatrix Potter's *Peter Rabbit* in the first grade. Older children read Tennyson, Mark Twain, Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson in the original versions. Librarians in Carden communities report that their young clients more than triple their reading volume after Miss Carden calls at their school. What impresses the librarians most is the quality of the children's selections.

In writing, Carden pupils are as much ahead of the look-say, or progressive, products as in reading. Where many schools instruct in reading and writing separately, Carden schools teach them simultaneously. As their pupils read early, this means that they also write early. Even second-graders often dash off letter-perfect compositions. I tested this myself by proposing that students in a second grade write about a cat. Here, flawlessly spelled and aptly phrased, is one story.

Nancy's cat is naughty and destructive. Monday he broke my mother's vase of flowers. Tuesday he cut Nancy badly. Wednesday he scratched a little girl. Thursday, as Nancy was walking home from school, he scared her. Friday he hopped up on a table and knocked over a little basket of apples. Saturday he messed up the house.

Later I dictated the same story to a university sophomore, the hapless product of look-say and college remedial English. He misspelled naughty (nauty), vase (vace), scared (scarred) and hopped (hoped). While his errors may not be earth-shaking, certainly my young university friend is not at ease with his mother tongue. From kindness I refrained from telling him that he spelled worse than a second-grader. But somewhere along his way through life the sad fact that he has been educationally betrayed will catch up with him. Then perhaps he'll wish he'd had a date with Miss Carden.

THE END

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Berlin on a Tightrope (Continued from Page 17)

"It's not a question of just Berlin," he said, "or of us West Berliners. If you Americans give way here, you'll lose your friends from Norway down to Italy. You won't have an ally left in Europe. And since it's clear that you cannot afford to lose your friends, you'll stand up to Khrushchev on Berlin. We believe your President Kennedy means what he says. So what is there for us to be afraid of?" His pretty wife nodded approval.

A Lutheran minister, in charge of a large parish in this predominantly Protestant city, pointed out the window to his church across the square, where the handsome steeple pierced the water-color blue of the Berlin sky. "This church was almost totally burned out," he told me. "We have restored it and, I must say, I like it even better than before. This is not the first time my flock has been in danger. If any of my families pulled out of West Berlin simply because of nerves, I certainly would give them a good scolding. Remember his words"—he looked up at a colored print of firm-jawed Martin Luther that hung above his desk—" 'And if the world full of devils were, and even would devour us, we still would not be so afeared. . . .' "

His words, and Luther's, seemed particularly apt in view of the fact that thousands of East German Protestants only recently defied a Communist order not to travel to Berlin for an all-German Evangelical rally. Travel to Berlin they did—and filled the churches with the thunder of their brave old hymns.

A prominent business executive, confronting me across the cluttered desk of his well-furbished modern office, was all confidence and smiles. "I'm still sitting here, as you can see," he said. "Of course I am going to stay. I'm a Berliner! My company has sunk a lot of money into this Berlin. Our engineering works was virtually gone, but we still had the walls and the skilled workers. So we rebuilt. Not only are we here to stay, but we are expanding. We have just finished building an expensive testing area for our turbines. No sense in doing that, is there, if you don't mean to keep on making turbines?"

He went on in a more reflective mood. "Berlin is part of Europe. It would be inadmissible to think of it as part of Asia. So we must stay and work to keep the city from becoming a dead branch that might break off in any little gust of wind."

His reference to Asia brought back memories of the bleak days of 1945, when I saw Soviet soldiers, many of them with Mongolian features, roam through Berlin. Some of them, lying on their bellies atop rickety farm wagons, guiding teams of shaggy horses, looked as if they had just emerged from the Asiatic steppes. Berlin was in bad shape. Its prewar population of 4,300,000, whittled down by death, evacuation and flight, had shrunk to 2,800,000. Of its 1,500,000 dwelling units, fewer than 400,000 were habitable. Its factories were 85 per cent bombed out. The Russians were sole masters of the city. And their conquest will be linked for many years to come with an orgy of arson, rape and plunder.

Even then the Berliner, ill clothed, ill fed and homeless, could be heard muttering, "You can't do this to us!"

He has since won his point. Still, the disaster and what led up to it are deeply etched into the city's face. The steeple of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, decapitated and burned out, has been left standing, like a gruesome warning, in the very hub of West Berlin's most animated district. From my hotel window I look across the street on what was once the city's principal synagogue. It was burned by the Nazis in the "Crystal Week" of 1938. Only bits of the original masonry have been worked into the façade of a small modern building serving Berlin's 7000 Jews—all that survive of 180,000—as a community center. In yet another part of town, you can see the statue of a naked, shackled man—a monument to those courageous Germans who in 1944 conspired to get rid of Hitler and, their plot having failed, were themselves fiendishly got rid of. All this lives on. All this adds up to the Berliner's patrimony.

The common background of shared sorrow throws into sharp relief a million individual tragedies. "My house stood on this lot," a man will casually observe as you walk past a children's playground. A shopkeeper, blond, blue-eyed and good-humored, reveals with an embarrassed twitch that he has lost, between the war and Soviet prison camps, thirteen and a half years of his life. An engineer tells you that, having accepted what looked like a good job in the Soviet sector of the city, where he was born, he served four years in a Red penitentiary on charges of conspiring with the West. Your hostess of the evening shows you her odd collection of glassware, salvaged from five different homes—her own and relatives'—that were bombed out.

Today, with the city's East sector transformed into a Soviet concentration camp, the human drama continues, as it were, off stage. Until last August thirteenth, when the Communists in violation of Berlin's four-power statute sealed off the border between East and West Berlin, the city was the chief escape hatch for the inhabitants of Soviet Germany. Inasmuch as the "green border" between East and West Germany was guarded by Red forces, Germans fed up with life under the Communist regime would simply travel to the Soviet sector of Berlin and from there walk across the line to freedom. A well-functioning refugee service would immediately take charge of them and fly them out to new homes and new jobs in West Germany. Nearly 4,000,000 Germans have thus "voted with their feet" since World War II, among them the most skilled, most vigorous, most enterprising citizens—the kind of emigrants any society would hate to lose.

While some 500 refugees would come across the line during a normal twenty-four-hour period, a crisis would at once increase the flow. Last July, with rumors flying that the Russians were about to close the border, the total rose to 32,000 for the month. And some 7000 registered at West Berlin's Marienfelde Reception Center during the tragic August-thirteenth weekend. Today escapees have to swim canals or make their way through fields or bombed-out building sites to elude the border guards. "This is what Khrushchev must have meant when he proposed to turn West Berlin into a free city," an official of the Marienfelde camp said bitterly. "Not even a cat can cross that line without Soviet approval."

As European cities go, Berlin is something of an upstart. Its pedigree goes back little more than eight centuries. It was supposedly founded, in 1150, by Albert the Bear as a German outpost in the then largely Slavic borderlands—or marches—east of the Elbe. It grew but slowly. The friendly bear, which to this day graces the city's coat of arms, recalls the founder of the settlement in the pine forests. Only when the Hohenzollern dukes, who obtained title to the March of Brandenburg in 1415, consolidated and enlarged their realm did Berlin emerge from anonymity. A well-planned system of canals and roads brought trade and commerce. In 1618 the savage territory of Prussia, farther east, fell to the Hohenzollerns by a lucky marriage. And when, in 1701, Frederick I crowned himself king, the concept of a Prussian state, with Berlin as its capital, took shape.

At the time of the American Revolution Berlin already was a melting pot. Among its 150,000 burghers were Germans from the distant corners of the *Reich*, French Huguenots who had found asylum here and the descendants of Dutch craftsmen invited in by a far-seeing government. Jews, too, had streamed into Berlin, attracted by a relatively generous measure of civic liberty then accorded them. Humming with factories and workshops, embellished by fine buildings and wide avenues, the capital rose rapidly to the position of a first-rate European city. Meanwhile, the Prussian spirit of aggressive militarism saw to it that the king's dominions were constantly enlarged by war. In 1871 Prussia defeated France, and Prussia's monarch, rallying other German princes to his victorious standard, assumed the additional title of emperor, or Kaiser. Berlin became the capital of Germany.

Today's Berliner, then, is a peculiar creature—an end product arrived at by selective breeding and eminently suited for survival. His character combines the Dutchman's obstinacy with the Frenchman's reasoning power, the Rhinelander's light touch with the Silesian's blunt force. He speaks a dialect of his own, replete with Dutch, French and Yiddish morsels. His sense of humor is a happy blend of Jewish irony and Saxon understatement. He is tolerant of human foibles and cursed with a soft heart. But he likes to hide his sentimental side behind tough talk and the harsh, Spartan ways that were part of the Prussian way of life.

It is perhaps no accident that the dividing line, which carves the former capital in two, leaves most of old Berlin, with all its treasured memories, inside the Soviet sector. East Berlin, inhabited by 1,100,000 persons, is smaller by some thirty square miles than West Berlin. Yet the Russians managed to acquire, in the partition of the city, its old and storied kernel. And though they have since committed the political mistake of tearing down the Hohenzollern palace by the River Spree, they hold such landmarks, dear to all Berliners, as City Hall, Cathedral, Royal Armory, State Opera House, Unter den Linden, Brandenburg Gate, the principal museums and the major ministries. The West finds itself stuck with what was once suburban ground—a huge agglomeration of residential and industrial communities without organic form, without a nucleus.

No amount of city planning could possibly gloss over this rather awkward fact. Still, West Berlin—embracing the American, British and French sectors—is gradually turning into something that looks more like a city with every passing year. The splendid thoroughfare of the *Kurfürstendamm*—"Ku'damm" for short—with its hotels and restaurants, its fancy stores and modern office buildings, has taken on the looks and functions of an urban center. And careful planning is imposing a harmonious pattern on the rest. Taking advantage of the many gaps bombs have torn into the skyline, the planners have transformed what once were overcrowded, dank and stuffy quarters into bright, airy towns-within-a-town.

Gone are most of the sinister-looking inner courtyards that were so typical of old Berlin. Spruce-looking rows of modern houses, built largely with the help of public funds, are pleasantly arranged around green parks and flower-studded squares. Here and there a junior skyscraper gives its own accent to a residential section. Six large open-air swimming pools—some of them set in verdant hills made from the rubble left by bombs and shells—bring nature to the city dweller's doorstep. Nearly 1,500,000 trees have been planted since World War II, 60,000 of them along streets. Even the poorest of the postwar houses has its own "greenhouse"—a double picture window between whose panes the tenant grows exotic plants. Thousands of balconies add their profusion of red, blue, pink and yellow flowers, with the bright-red geranium, Berlin's traditional favorite, well out in front.

It is as if the West Berliner, finding himself immured in his own city, has taken it into his head to turn what is left to him

"Want to better yourself, eh? That shouldn't be hard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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into a flowering garden. By contrast, East Berlin remains a wasteland—the dead and rotting body of a royal city, its many ruins hollow-eyed and unattended, and its one postwar showpiece, Stalin Allee, a hideous caricature of Moscow. There is no traffic in the streets to speak of; few people are about; the shops are bare. Most West Berliners, even before August thirteenth, kept out of East Berlin.

"I don't know what gets me there," one schoolteacher explained, "but every time I cross back into West Berlin a rock drops off my chest, and I can breathe again."

And yet, for all the blessings of its remarkable new lease on life, Berlin had a great fall, and in his heart of hearts the West Berliner knows it. The glittering late '20's, when greater Berlin was not only the world's third largest city—after London and New York—but one of Europe's intellectual and artistic centers, won't return. Foreigners who in their youth flocked to the German capital to sample its free-wheeling theater, its daring architecture, its brilliantly edited press and its gay social life now find Berlin a sorry shadow of its former self. No longer a metropolis, it has become provincial.

There is something slightly pathetic even about the west sector's much vaunted new prosperity. The window displays of the delicatessen stores, in particular, strike the outsider as the somewhat labored fulfillment of a dream—hallucinations of abundance seen by a starving prisoner. Only a clientele that had to go without for many years would wish to see so many hams and sausages, so much smoked salmon, caviar and exotic fruit, so many kinds of pickles and preserves piled into gorgeous, fragrant heaps. You can find titbits from the far ends of the world, including Hong Kong and Japan. In this beer-drinking city which before the war had barely heard of whisky, you now buy twenty different kinds of Scotch, bourbon and rye.

"Our sales were a good index of how human nature works," the manager of a large West Berlin department store explained. "The Berliner's first desire was to fill his belly. Next came clothes. By 1950 people started buying household goods. And only then came the refinements. Today we can't find enough Oriental rugs and genuine antiques to satisfy demand."

However, the inherent grimness of the situation prevents frivolity. Although there are some millionaires of very recent vintage here—especially in the booming garment trade—they know better than to display their wealth in public. You'll see few fancy cars in West Berlin and fewer mink coats. Champagne is rarely drunk in public places. All the more garish aspects of the West German boom are absent in Berlin. This is the front.

One former luxury that has become a near necessity is a vacation trip to Western Germany, or points beyond. Even the most relaxed Berliner admits to an occasional attack of claustrophobia. "Here we live in the automobile age," a doctor said, "and you can't say to your wife, 'Let's jump into the car and drive to Potsdam this evening.' It's only sixteen miles away, but it lies in the Russian zone." Anybody who can possibly afford it "comes up for air" at least once a year. The Bonn government encourages group travel to West Germany by paying the bus or railroad fare across the Soviet zone.

Berlin had long been Germany's leading manufacturing city, and West Berlin, with an industrial output of some $2,500,000,000 a year, still outproduces any other German city, east or west of the line. The Siemens electrical-and-engineering complex alone employs 46,000 workers; A.E.G., with its subsidiary, Telefunken, is not far behind. All day the freights and barges keep up their shuttle between West Germany and West Berlin, bringing in raw materials, taking out finished goods. And the West German government, vitally interested in the city's economic health, compensates for the long, expensive haul with generous tax reductions.

The presence of a huge industrial working class has left its impress on the city. For decades before Hitler's rise to power, the German capital was known as "Red Berlin." Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had his hands full, back in the 1880's, with the rambunctious Berlin Socialists whom he accused of trying to assassinate the Kaiser. In 1920, two years after the last Kaiser's flight to Holland, the Berlin city council was composed of 125 "Reds"—Socialists and left-wing Independent Socialists—as against eighty-four non-Marxians. And in the last nearly free elections before Hitler, in March, 1933, the city still gave 46.2 per cent of its vote to Socialists and Communists and only 34.6 per cent to the burgeoning Nazi Party—whose share of the all-German vote, Berliners like to point out, was then a critical 43.9 per cent.

Indeed, some serious observers here maintain that Berlin's reputation as a proletarian stronghold was the true reason behind Joseph Stalin's acceptance of four-power government for the defeated city.

"He evidently thought the Western Allies would soon get tired of trying to cope with a predominantly Communist, pro-Soviet population," one civil servant told me. "Instead, look what has happened! I think," he added with a grin, "they ought to send us all the Communists in France and Italy. A few weeks in Berlin would cure them."

Today the red rash has almost completely disappeared. True, the Socialists, with 52.6 per cent of the electorate behind them, are West Berlin's majority party. It is their popular, ambitious leader, Mayor Willy Brandt, who in the current national elections is running against aged Konrad Adenauer for the West German chancellorship. But the once hotly revolutionary workers' party has long since shed its Marxian zeal and settled for a mildly left-of-center, middle-class philosophy.

As for the Communists, you'd have to comb the city block by block to find one. Though West Berlin—in contrast to West Germany—still tolerates a Communist Party, the Communist fringe amounts to less than 2 per cent of the electorate. Even in such traditionally crimson districts as the Wedding, a working-class district which, before Hitler, voted 53.6 per cent Communist, the Communist percentage today is down to 3 per cent. This consists mostly of party veterans too old to change their creed.

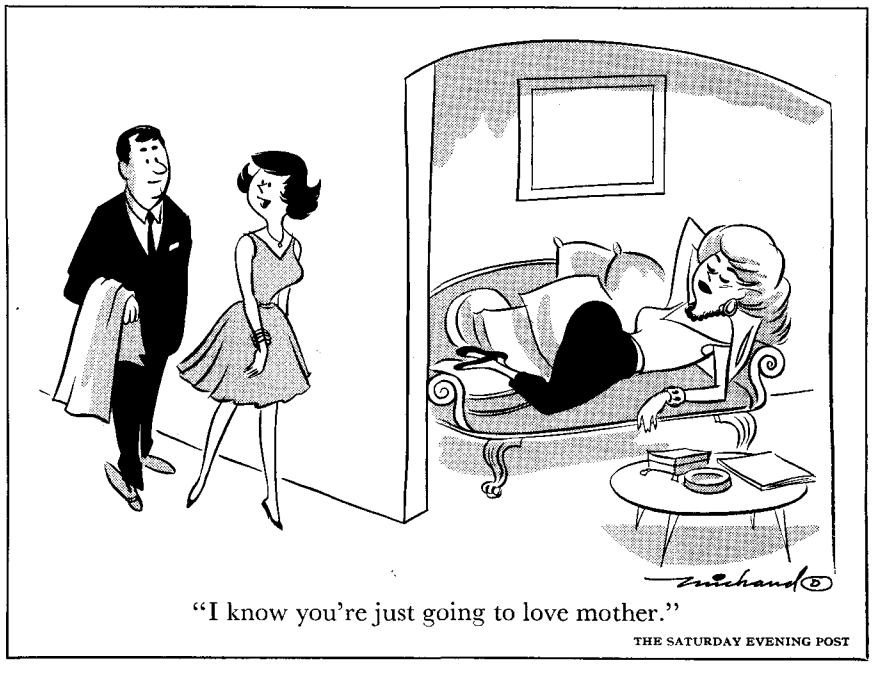
At least part of the credit for this wonder cure must go to the West German Labor Federation whose local leaders from the start have skillfully exploited the proximity of the Red "workers' paradise." The chairman of the Federation's 250,000-member West Berlin branch, Walter Sickert — a forty-two-year-old former locksmith—received me dressed in a gay sports shirt and brandishing, in the best union-boss tradition, a large cigar.

"Before Hitler," he told me, "the German labor movement was made up of bits and pieces. Trade unions were tied to political parties. Today we are united and strictly nonpolitical. And do you know where unity was easiest to achieve? Right here in West Berlin! Our workers here can watch the so-called unions in East Berlin, where bosses are hired and fired by the party, and where they don't know the meaning of free speech. Communist agents often come to our meetings. We let them have their say, of course, but our members usually laugh them out of court. A little comic relief won't hurt us.

"You see," Sickert went on, "we think of ourselves as the West's spearhead in the struggle to keep Berlin free. You may have heard that wages in Berlin are lower, in some categories, than in West Germany. Well, it's our own fault. We wanted to help our industries get back into production, so we lay low for years, pressing no wage claims. I used to tell our people, 'You can't cut a cake before you've baked it.' But the industrial build-up was about complete by 1958, and we are gradually catching up."

It struck me that the way this city had quietly closed ranks as members of a free society, without the help of a Gestapo or a GPU, was perhaps the most impressive aspect of the Berlin story—something that might give even Khrushchev food for thought.

Surrounded by a hostile host, the West Berliner waters his geraniums, reads his newspaper and sleeps eight hours every night. He finds nothing particularly admirable about his courage, and maybe he is right—for has not man, throughout the ages, survived in pretty much that fashion? THE END


"I know you're just going to love mother."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW CONTINUED

EAST

No. 1 TEAM:	PENN STATE
RUNNERS-UP:	SYRACUSE, ARMY, PITTSBURGH, NAVY, BOSTON COLLEGE, HOLY CROSS, BOSTON U., RUTGERS
IVY LEAGUE CHAMPION:	YALE
RUNNERS-UP:	CORNELL, COLUMBIA, DARTMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA, BROWN, PRINCETON, HARVARD

BEST OF REST: Colgate, Villanova, Delaware, Bucknell, Lehigh, Lafayette, Buffalo, Temple, Albright, Hofstra, West Chester, Gettysburg, Muhlenberg, Lebanon Valley, Juniata, Johns Hopkins, Western Maryland, East Stroudsburg, Lock Haven, Bloomsburg State, King's Point, Wagner, Pennsylvania Military College, California State, Susquehanna, Montclair State, Slippery Rock, Westminster, Rochester, Carnegie Tech, Hobart, Lycoming, Geneva, St. Vincent, Fairmont, St. Lawrence, Hamilton, Union, Ithaca, Swarthmore, Drexel, Alfred, Upsala.

NEW ENGLAND: Connecticut, Massachusetts, Tufts, Amherst, Trinity, Coast Guard Academy, Middlebury, Wesleyan, Bowdoin, Williams, Maine, Colby, Southern Connecticut State, Northeastern, Springfield, American International, Bates, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Worcester Tech, Norwich, Bridgeport, Vermont.

EASTERN STARS: Linemen—Mitinger (e) and Robinson (e), Penn State; Vignali (g), Pittsburgh; Brown (t), Syracuse; Ellerson (e) and Kuhns (t), Army; Kroll (c), Rutgers; Hewitt (g), Navy; Sikorski (e), Boston College; Desmarais (c), Holy Cross; Perreault (t), Boston U.; Swinford (g), Harvard; McKinnon (c), Dartmouth; Asack (t), Columbia; Bursiek (g), Yale; Foulke (t), Bucknell; Richter (e), Gettysburg; Semcheski (t), Lehigh; Ross (g), Villanova; Dooney (g), Wesleyan; Pignato (t), Northeastern; Abodeely (t), Amherst; Thompson (t), Tufts; Arbuse (t), Rhode Island; Lightner (g), Coast Guard Academy; McHugh (t), Southern Connecticut State; Roth (g), Muhlenberg.

BACKS: Davis, Syracuse; Rushatz, Army; Shreve, Pennsylvania; Vasell, Columbia; Kochman, Penn State; Tino, Cornell; Crump, Boston College; Hennessey, Holy Cross; Leckonby, Yale; Traficant, Pittsburgh; Tremblay, Boston U.; Keating, Colgate; Simms, Rutgers; Terpack, Princeton; Rohrbach, Brown; Doleschal, Lafayette; Iacone, West Chester State; Barbarito, Connecticut; Zoia, Hofstra; Dallaire, Coast Guard Academy; Lawrence, Amherst; Little, Gettysburg; Szumczyk, Trinity.

SOPHOMORES: Huettner (c), Syracuse; Leeson (b) and Martha (b), Pittsburgh; Rosdahl (g), Penn State; Wood (b), Cornell; Harris (e) and Vancura (b), Dartmouth; Deflore (b), Columbia; Niglio (b) and Egloff (b), Yale; Timperio (t), Boston U.; Clifford (e), Villanova; Brown (b), Delaware; Lewis (b), Massachusetts; Pownall (b), Temple; Shaw (e), Gettysburg; Lundie (c), Hofstra; McPherson (c), Northeastern; Noveck (e), Connecticut; Soule (c), Maine; Stanley (b), Williams.

Penn State vs. Syracuse on October 21st is the game likeliest to decide the Eastern title. Both squads are equipped to alternate powerful units which utilize running more than passing. State is superior at the ends and at quarterback, but can field no breakaway threat to approach Syracuse's rampaging Ernie Davis, unless knee surgery restores Roger Kochman to 1959 form. The consistent Davis has gained 1563 yards the past two seasons.

Army enthuses over the run-pass-handoff potential of junior quarterback Joe Blackgrove on wide plays as an adjunct to fullback Al Rushatz's inside wallop. Pittsburgh's lack of backfield speed, its end-tackle doubts and tough schedule presage less success than in 1960, when seven properly distributed points could have changed a record of four victories, three defeats and three ties to 9–1–0. Navy, without player-of-the-year Joe Bellino and sixteen other seniors from the team finishing No. 4 nationally, entrusts its pro-type attack to an untested but hardy crew. Boston College returns ten regulars, Holy Cross nine, some of the best ones juniors. Boston U., with four ex-quarterbacks now halfbacks, will throw more. Colgate mends a defense shattered for 267 points last year. Better passing may bring Villanova out of its two-year depression.

Only Yale could lose ten starters and be favored, if slightly, to retain the Ivy League championship; that's because its unbeaten, untied 1960 squad was so far ahead of Ivy rivals that many substitutes, including lefthanded quarterback Bill Leckonby, acquired considerable game experience. Jordan Olivar, starting his tenth season, has been Yale coach longer than any predecessor, and is looked upon as a miracle man by many others in the profession because he, along with three of his top aides, is on the job in New Haven little more than three months a year.

Cornell, installing the "lonely end" formation under new coach Tom Harp from Army, has nimble sophomores. For Columbia to click, its seniors, particularly passer Tom Vasell, must escape injury. Dartmouth depends heavily upon top performers from its unbeaten 1960 freshmen. Pennsylvania's highly flexible offense exploits fine runner-passer-punter Porter Shreve. Brown's improved running backs should make Jack Rohrbach's passing even more productive. Single-wing Princeton's main worry is at center. Harvard, thin at quarterback, is further weakened by the ineligibility of halfback Hobey Armstrong.

Rutgers, Middle Atlantic Conference champion, expects to repeat if an adequate interior line can be developed around All-Eastern center Alex Kroll. Delaware bounces back with good sophomores. Lehigh and Bucknell must hump to stay in front of fast-improving Temple. Buffalo boasts unusually fast backs. Lafayette again may win some close games on Walt Doleschal's field goals.

At West Chester State, perennial Pennsylvania College Conference champion, they're wondering what fullback Joe Iacone can do for an encore. He wears the crown as the nation's leading rusher with 1438 yards gained last year.

SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	MARYLAND
RUNNERS-UP:	DUKE, N. C. STATE, NORTH CAROLINA, CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WAKE FOREST, VIRGINIA
SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	V.M.I.
RUNNERS-UP:	VIRGINIA TECH, FURMAN, WEST VIRGINIA, THE CITADEL, GEORGE WASHINGTON, RICHMOND, WILLIAM AND MARY, DAVIDSON

BEST OF REST: Lenoir Rhyne, Presbyterian, Wofford, Newberry, Appalachian State, Washington and Lee, Hampden-Sydney, Emory and Henry, Western Carolina, Catawba, Elon, Randolph-Macon, Guilford, Maryland State, Winston-Salem.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Collins (e), Maryland; LeCompte (g), North Carolina; Gassert (t), Virginia; Berry (g), Duke; Wilder (t), N. C. State; Andree (c), Clemson; Moss (t), South Carolina; Hull (e) and Martin (t), Wake Forest; Jepson (c), Furman; Guida (e), George Washington; Frye (e) and Haupt (t), Lenoir Rhyne; Fohs (c), Washington and Lee; Lewis (g), Wofford; Oxendine (t), Catawba.

BACKS: Gabriel, N. C. State; Arrington, Leggett and Wright, Duke; Condie, Maryland; Farris and Carson, North Carolina; Eastburn, Citadel; Gambrell, South Carolina; Futch, Wake Forest; Soudt, Richmond; Jones and Traynham, V.M.I.; Hale, William and Mary; Campbell, Furman; Roma, Wofford.

SOPHOMORES: Shiner (b), Maryland; Futrell (b), Duke; Serenko (t), North Carolina; Bosher (b) and Koszursky (b), N.C. State; Rudelitsch (b), Wake Forest; Anderson (b), South Carolina; Breen (t), Virginia Tech; Tucker (b), V.M.I.; Colvard (b), West Virginia; Hilton (e), Richmond; Drummond (b), George Washington; Coxton (b), Davidson; Buckner (c), Citadel; Sapinsky (t) and Weaver (b), William and Mary.

Maryland, which is neither a favorite nor a long shot, is Pigskin Preview's pick to grab the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. The tallest line in college football, though not the heaviest, features senior Gary Collins, acclaimed the "crowded end" because of his repeated leaping pass catches amid swarming defenders. Collins is outstanding on defense, too, and also punts. The air arm of coach Tom Nugent's "I" formation, reinforced by sophomore marksman Dick Shiner, complements a skilled ground crew headed by Dennis Condie.

Duke never had more good backs, but they're operating behind a small line. If Joel Arrington, Mark Leggett and associates are to get running room, quickness must keynote Duke's action, fore and aft. North Carolina State hitches its wagon to superb passer Roman Gabriel, six feet, four inches tall and weighing 220 pounds, almost certain to be the No. 1 draft choice of the pros because of his instinctive split-second reactions; he is responsible for over 50 per cent of N.C. State's offense and rarely throws an interception.

North Carolina, hounded by interceptions and other frustrations last year, is improved, especially at tackles. Clemson has so many experienced linemen that capable end Gary Barnes has been moved to halfback, where he's needed more. At South Carolina, new head coach Marvin Bass finds two adequate lines and good over-all speed, but no reliable punter. Wake Forest, without passing-ace Norman Snead, is converting to a ground attack. Virginia under refreshing new head coach Bill Elias proclaims its twenty-eight-game losing streak will end against William and Mary on September twenty-third.

Backfield speed could bring V.M.I. a third straight Southern Conference title. New coach Jerry Claiborne is toughening Virginia Tech's defense. Furman starts eight seniors. West Virginia counts on rookie Fred Colvard to spark its attack. The Citadel parades good halfbacks. George Washington's new coach Jim Camp accents the short pass. Ace halfback Earl Stoudt makes Richmond dangerous. William and Mary renovates its passing. Davidson's 1960 defensive platoon is intact. Lenoir Rhyne, beaten once in its last thirty starts, should repeat as NAIA champion.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	ALABAMA
RUNNERS-UP:	L.S.U., MISSISSIPPI
ABOVE AVERAGE:	TENNESSEE, GEORGIA TECH, AUBURN, FLORIDA, KENTUCKY, GEORGIA, TULANE, VANDERBILT, MISSISSIPPI STATE
NO. 1 INDEPENDENT:	MIAMI

BEST OF REST: Memphis State, Florida State, Mississippi Southern, Louisville, Chattanooga, Middle Tennessee State, Murray State, Tennessee Tech, Southeastern Louisiana, Louisiana Tech, McNeese State, Southwestern Louisiana, Howard, Delta State, Northeast Louisiana State, Northwestern Louisiana, Florence State, East Tennessee State, Morehead, Jacksonville State, Western Kentucky, Tampa, Mississippi College, Centre, Carson-Newman, Maryville, Sewanee, Austin Peay State, Florida A. & M., Tennessee State, Albany State.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Neighbors (t), Alabama; Hutchinson (e), Kentucky; Wilson (t), Auburn; Winston (g), L.S.U.; Case (t), Georgia; Smith (e), Mississippi; Guthrie (g), Georgia Tech; Binkley (c), Vanderbilt; Beaver (t), Florida; Gonzales (g), Tulane; Miller (e), Miami; Farmer (g), Chattanooga; Finn (t), Louisville; Alexander (t), Southeastern Louisiana; Schmittou (e), Tennessee Tech; Burton (t), Murray State; Miranda (c), Florida A. & M.

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BACKS: Stovall, L.S.U.; Glass, Tennessee; Libertore and Hoover, Florida; Trammell, Alabama; Burson, Auburn; Graning, Georgia Tech; Woolum, Kentucky; Stein, Tulane; Johnson, Vanderbilt; Wright, Memphis State; Slaughter, Louisiana Tech; Fuell, Mississippi Southern; Johns, Miami; Henley, Chattanooga; Feely, Florida State; Thompson, Northwestern Louisiana; Arnold, Tennessee State.

SOPHOMORES: Lothridge (b), Georgia Tech; Hurlburt (b), Alabama; Dunn (b) and Dill (c), Mississippi; Brown (e), Florida; Faircloth (b), Tennessee; Kent (b) and Rawson (b), Auburn; Cox (b), Kentucky; Kenny (c), Vanderbilt; Cook (b), Mississippi State; Calamari (g), Tulane; Mira (b), Miami; Roberts (b), Florida State; Kortas (t), Louisville; Williamson (c), Louisiana Tech; Ledet (g), Southwestern Louisiana; Murphy (b), Morehead State; White (t) and L. Whaley (b), Middle Tennessee State; Dollar (b), Austin Peay State; Fioravanti (b), Murray State.

The best Southeastern teams can't get much better defensively. Alabama and L.S.U., holding opponents to less than six points a game last year, now give more attention to offense. Behind another mean line, Alabama has doughty quarterbacks Pat Trammell and Jack Hurlburt, a propulsive runner in Ray Abruzzese, an expert field-goal kicker in sophomore Tim Davis—and 'Bama doesn't play L.S.U. or Mississippi. L.S.U.'s predominantly junior backfield contains the league's best combined runner-receiver-punter-defender, Jerry Stovall. Well-stocked Mississippi, again blessed with speed, gears for more scoring help from its halfbacks until prize quarterback Perry Lee Dunn gets the varsity "feel." An extraordinary Ole Miss asset is the stability of its coaching staff; John Vaught has had the same assistants for fourteen years.

Georgia Tech shows a newborn aggressiveness, especially noticeable in its big guards and tackles, and an added weapon in sophomore Billy Lothridge's passing, sure to be useful through another hard schedule. Tennessee, heavier than ever, must mount an aerial attack to loosen opposing defenses if strapping tailback Glenn Glass is to reach his peak. Auburn will miss Ed Dyas's field goals, but its huge senior line and Jimmy Burson's distance gallops could attract a bowl bid after five years of NCAA probation. Florida, 1960's solid surprise, counts on halfback strength to offset guard weakness. Improved Kentucky's Jerry Woolum-to-Tom Hutchinson short passes may be college football's surest overhead gainer. Georgia's first new coach in twenty-two years, Johnny Griffith, has a stout line but below-average backfield. Husky sophomores bolster Tulane. Vanderbilt retools an offense which scored only one touchdown in 1960 league play. Luckless Mississippi State hasn't settled on a quarterback.

Miami's revamped backfield should generate the running force needed to supplement Bill Miller's pass catching. Florida State plans to throw even more than last year's twenty-a-game average. Memphis State quarterback Jim Wright could make it at many bigger schools.

MIDDLE WEST

BIG TEN CHAMPION:	IOWA
RUNNERS-UP:	OHIO STATE, MICHIGAN STATE
ABOVE AVERAGE:	MICHIGAN, PURDUE, MINNESOTA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, NORTHWESTERN, INDIANA
NO. 1 INDEPENDENT:	NOTRE DAME

BEST OF REST: Detroit, Xavier, Ohio U., Bowling Green, Miami U., Dayton, Kent State, Southern Illinois, Western Michigan, Toledo, Marshall, Youngstown, Muskingum, Wittenberg, Baldwin-Wallace, Ohio Wesleyan, Otterbein, Wooster, Northern Michigan, Western Illinois, Northern Illinois, Heidelberg, Denison, Marietta, Hillsdale, Butler, Albion, Hope, Central Michigan, Evansville, Ball State, Western Reserve, John Carroll, Wayne State, St. Olaf, Coe, Cornell, Indiana State, DePauw, St. Joseph's, Carleton, Wheaton, Valparaiso, Grinnell, Bradley, Wabash.

MIDDLE WEST STARS: Linemen—Van Buren (c) and Thorson (g), Iowa; Bell (t), Minnesota; Echols (t) and Onesti (c), Northwestern; Schopf (t), Michigan; Brandstatter (e), Michigan State; Armstrong (c) and Ingram (g), Ohio State; Richter (e), Wisconsin; Sczurek (g), Purdue; Olsavsky (e), Indiana; Buoniconti (g), Notre Dame; Croft (t), Bowling Green; Nelson (g), Xavier; Stute (t), Ohio U.; Lomakoski (t), Western Michigan; Thibert (e), Toledo; Goosby (g), Baldwin-Wallace; Benbow (t), Butler.

BACKS: B. Ferguson, Ohio State; Hollis and L. Ferguson, Iowa; Glinka and Raimey, Michigan; R. Miller, Wisconsin; Ballman and Hatcher, Michigan State; Stephens, Minnesota; LaMonica, Notre Dame; Gross, Detroit; Triplett, Miami U.; Timura, Dayton; Merb, Ohio U.; Tranquill, Wittenberg; S. Miller, Muskingum; Musuraca, Denison; Del Stumbo, Ohio Wesleyan; Swingle, Western Reserve; Bullocks, Southern Illinois; Gould, Albion; McHenry, Wabash.

SOPHOMORES: Warfield (b) and Snell (b), Ohio State; Garrison (t) and Evashevski (b), Michigan; Snowden (b) and Butka (b), Notre Dame; Snorton (e), Michigan State; Holland (b) and Smith (b), Wisconsin; Wells (e) and Hogan (b), Purdue; Logan (b), Northwestern; Kasopis (t), Iowa; Henze (t), Detroit; Mollman (g), Xavier; Donley (c), Dayton; Whittaker (e), Bowling Green; Jones (c), Denison; Dean (c), DePauw.

The Big Ten again can lay claim to being the strongest football conference, top to bottom. One reason is the steady flow of first-rate material from the area's 3000 high-school squads. Another is extensive recruitment of good Negro athletes. These include five of Iowa's eight returning regulars—end Felton Rogers, Detroit; tackle Al Hinton, Saginaw, Mich.; quarterback Wilburn Hollis, Boys Town, Nebr.; halfback Larry Ferguson, Madison, Ill; and fullback Joe Williams, Rahway, N.J. The other Big Ten co-champion, Minnesota, has backfield stars Sandy Stephens and Bill Munsey, both from Uniontown, Pa.; Judge Dickson, Clairton, Pa.; and linemen Bobby Bell, Shelby, N.C.; Carl Eller, Winston-Salem, N.C.; and Roland Mudd, Braddock, Pa.

Minnesota's primary defense may sag without 1960 lineman-of-the-year Tom Brown, and its attack suffers from the lack of a competent passer. At Iowa, though, new head coach Jerry Burns, who as an assistant was Forest Evashevski's "eye in the sky," calling many of the shots from the press box, inherits prime material from highly successful Evy. Iowa has a slashing, versatile backfield, which could equal last year's twenty-six-points-per-game average, as well as a quick, hard-hitting line led by mature center Bill Van Buren and bruising guard Sherwyn Thorson.

Platoon-geared Ohio State is the big barrier to an unbeaten season for Iowa. The Buckeyes miss playmaker Tom Matte, but hammering fullback Bob Ferguson is now flanked by fast sophomore halfbacks behind another impressive forward wall. Michigan has even faster and more seasoned runners, plus adept quarterback Dave Glinka; its worry is the marked drop-off in ability after its first unit.

Michigan State cloaks its striking power with novel deception—a "bi-line" system in which all plays can go from either a balanced line or a line unbalanced either to left or right. Purdue has two or more lettermen for every spot except quarterback. Illinois, 1960's keen disappointment, will field one of the youngest teams in Big Ten history as only two first-stringers return. Wisconsin's assets are exceptional speed, consistent kicking and a handy touchdown battery in pitcher Ron Miller and catcher Pat Richter. Northwestern is best fortified at center and tackles. Indiana, still on NCAA probation, may derive a psychological lift from the Big Ten's ruling that its games will count in the standings.

Notre Dame has finished no better than ninth nationally since 1954. Strength in numbers—sixty-three linemen, forty-one backs—is offset by another schedule severe enough to render doubtful much improvement. Last year Joe Kuharich's injury-plagued squad won its first and last games and lost eight in between, bringing unhappiness to those people who felt Terry Brennan wasn't doing well enough when he won six out of ten in his farewell season in 1958. But there are now some blue-chip sophomores who were active in the varsity's 50–7 spring-game victory over the alumni and are set for a much sterner test—the Oklahoma opener.

Speed-conscious Detroit touts runner-passer Jerry Gross to be one of 1961's total offense leaders. Coach Ed Doherty of Xavier is trying a hybrid offense, crossing the wing-T and "lonely end" formations with a man in motion. The continued upsurge of Ohio U. and Bowling Green brings new prestige to the Mid-American Conference. Little Muskingum's big poser: how to replace the nation's top scorer of 1960, Bill Cooper.

MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG EIGHT CHAMPION:	KANSAS
RUNNERS-UP:	MISSOURI, OKLAHOMA, COLORADO
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	TULSA
RUNNERS-UP:	WICHITA
ABOVE AVERAGE:	IOWA STATE, OKLAHOMA STATE, NEBRASKA, KANSAS STATE, CINCINNATI, NORTH TEXAS STATE

BEST OF REST: Northeast Missouri, Iowa Teachers, North Dakota, St. Benedict's, Pittsburg State, Missouri Valley, Northwest Missouri, William Jewell, Drake, Washington U., Southeast Missouri, Central Missouri, Emporia State, Fort Hays State, North Dakota State, Augustana, South Dakota, South Dakota State, Luther, Parsons, Ottawa, Baker.

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS: Linemen—White (t), Oklahoma; Romig (g) and Hillebrand (e), Colorado; Henley (g), Missouri; Parker (t), Oklahoma State; Celoni (g), Iowa State; Carlson (g), Nebraska; Middleton (c), Tulsa; Turner (e), Wichita; Byers (t), Cincinnati; Tetrault (e), North Dakota; Isham (c), Washington U.

BACKS: Hadl and McClinton, Kansas; Russell, Missouri; Weidner and Woods, Colorado; McClellan, Oklahoma; Hoppmann, Iowa State; Dillard, Oklahoma State; Thornton, Nebraska; Escandon, Tulsa; Oblak, Cincinnati; Perkins, North Texas State; Dumler, Wichita; Stalpes, North Dakota State; Nichols, Drake.

SOPHOMORES: Weber (b), Missouri; Van Burkleo (b) and Goldsby (t), Oklahoma; Clay (b), Iowa State; Somerville (b), Colorado; Coleman (b), Kansas; Wesley (b), Oklahoma State; Nason (e), Tulsa; Claridge (b), Nebraska; LeBlanc (b), Wichita.

Although invaluable halfback Bert Coan is out for the season with a broken leg, Kansas retains plenty of scoring punch in brilliant ball-carriers John Hadl and Curtis McClinton, and a tested, mobile defense. Oklahoma, improved by position switches and select sophomores, should rebound sharply from 1960's shocking total of six defeats; aggressive captain Billy White is a tremendous tackle. Only four of Missouri's Orange Bowl starters are back, but the called-up reserves mesh together well in executing coach Dan Devine's devastating fast sweeps behind mass blocking.

Among Colorado's twenty-seven lettermen are guard Joe Romig, rated its best-ever lineman, and Olympic quarter-miler Ted Woods, coming into his own as a halfback. Iowa State won't mind being kidded as "Ohiowa State" if among the fifteen Ohioans on its roster there's a fullback to approach departed Tom Watkins. Oklahoma State exploits its swift backs with wide running plays. Speed is the main need of both Nebraska and Kansas State.

Glenn Dobbs, succeeding brother Bobby as Tulsa coach, can get it wholesale. He hired as an assistant Bo Bolinger, who brought along eleven transfers from University of Denver when that school quit football. All are eligible immediately, the most welcome being clever passer Ramiro Escandon. Defending MVC champion Wichita integrates forty sophomores. Cincinnati's new head coach, defense-minded Chuck Studley, junks the platoon system and picks his eleven best all-round players. North Texas State's sudden 1960 slump may carry over unless its passing perks up.

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SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE CO-CHAMPIONS:	RICE, TEXAS
RUNNERS-UP:	ARKANSAS, BAYLOR
ABOVE AVERAGE:	TEXAS A. & M., T. C. U., TEXAS TECH, S. M. U., HOUSTON, ARIZONA
BORDER CONFERENCE CHAMPION:	ARIZONA STATE
RUNNERS-UP:	NEW MEXICO STATE, WEST TEXAS STATE, TEXAS WESTERN, HARDIN-SIMMONS

BEST OF REST: Texas A. & I., Arlington State, Abilene Christian, Arkansas Tech, Trinity, Arkansas State, Lamar Tech, East Texas State, Sul Ross, Howard Payne, Southern U., Prairie View, Grambling.

SOUTHWEST STARS: Linemen—Plummer (t), T.C.U.; Burrell (e) and Cornett (t), Rice; Schoenke (g), S.M.U.; Collier (e), Arkansas; Eilers (t), Texas A. & M.; Isbell (g), Houston; Burton (t), New Mexico State; Locke (g), Arizona State; Snodgrass (g), Arkansas State; Brownlee (c), Ouachita; Richardson (e), Jackson State.

BACKS: Bull and Goodwin, Baylor; Alworth and Dudley, Arkansas; Byer, Texas A. & M.; Saxton and Cotten, Texas; Gibbs, T. C. U.; R. Jackson and Cox, Rice; Turner, Texas Tech; Furman, Texas Western; Thompson and Hernandez, Arizona; Bolin, Houston; B. Jackson, New Mexico State; Jones, Arizona State; Oates, Hardin-Simmons; Williams, East Texas State; Robinson, Grambling; Seals, Prairie View.

SOPHOMORES: Appleton (t) and Carlisle (b), Texas; Linnstaedter (b), Texas A. & M.; Grizzle (e), Arkansas; Crutcher (b), T.C.U.; Parks (e), Texas Tech; Rhome (b), S.M.U.; Pilot (b), New Mexico State; Zeman (t), Arizona; Harrison (e), Arizona State; Pedro (b), West Texas State; Williams (b), Hardin-Simmons; Weir (b), Arkansas State; Logan (b), Trinity; Hill (b), Southern U.

With its abundance of fancy steppers, the Southwest Conference again could produce four bowl teams. Rice, Texas, Arkansas and Baylor reap delayed dividends from their two weeks of extra bowl practice last December and are primed with even greater touchdown potential. As for defense, any foe will be lucky to earn more than one touchdown.

Rice coach Jess Neely has a habit of ruling the roost every four years, and this squad is rangier and racier than the Owls of 1949, 1953, and 1957. Ball-hounding Texas, paragon of pursuit, has its own dangerous dasher in springy James Saxton but may be sub-par in kicking, especially without Dan Petty's field goals.

Defending champion Arkansas primes urdy Paul Dudley as a twin engine for fleet Lance Alworth at halfback, striving for increased scoring to ease the pressure on its vigilant defense. Baylor believes it has the league's best pass receivers and college football's ablest runner-blocker-tackler-defender in robust Ronnie Bull.

Texas A. & M. could spring an upset or two on sheer power. T.C.U. rebuilds around towering passer Sonny Gibbs, who stands six feet, seven inches and weighs 230 pounds. Texas Tech under new coach J. T. King has exceptionally fine kicking. S.M.U. again may lose every game. Houston is well manned. Arizona, lining up a big-time schedule, boasts a fireball backfield.

Arizona State has enough experienced hands to win the Border Conference title. New Mexico State, 1960's highest-scoring major team, has a veteran line and fifteen straight victories. West Texas State is loaded with junior-college newcomers. Texas Western's left-handed passer John Furman has pro scouts in a tizzy.

Arizona and Arizona State are joining New Mexico, Utah, Brigham Young and Wyoming from the Skyline Eight Conference in forming a new league, yet unnamed, which begins competition in 1962. By then, Colorado State U. and Utah State may be added.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION:	WYOMING
RUNNERS-UP:	UTAH STATE, UTAH
NO. 1 INDEPENDENT:	AIR FORCE ACADEMY

BEST OF REST: New Mexico, Colorado State U., Brigham Young, Montana, Montana State, Idaho State.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Adams State, Colorado State, Colorado Mines, Colorado College, Western State.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Olsen (t) and Miller (t), Utah State; Pine (c), Utah; Heard (e), New Mexico; Newman (c), Air Force Academy; Kohls (g), Colorado State U.; Brady (c), Brigham Young; Palazzo (g), Adams State.

BACKS: Lamson and Bisacre, Wyoming; Larscheid, Utah State; Baucom, Air Force Academy; Lee, Utah; Santiago, New Mexico; Keys, Colorado State U.; O'Billovich, Montana; Gardner, Colorado College.

SOPHOMORES: Isaacson (b) and Rodwell (b), Air Force Academy; Wasco (b), Utah; Delaney (e) and Hopkins (t), Wyoming; Munson (b), Utah State; Thomas (g), Colorado State U.; Ness (b), New Mexico; Christison (b), Montana State.

It's a three-way championship scramble in the Skyline Eight's final season. Wyoming's ground defense may be below 1960's best-in-the-nation standard, but its offense expands with triple-threat Chuck Lamson's sharper passing. Utah State's rushing attack, netting more yardage (3120) than any other major team last year, again features powerful tackle Merlin Olsen's downfield blocks for runner Tom Larscheid. Utah returns fourteen of its top twenty-four players and could take it all, though fullback is a trouble spot. Junior-college transfers infuse New Mexico and Colorado State U. Brigham Young has a complete new coaching staff. Montana lacks line reserves. Independents Montana State and Idaho State meet in a key game Oct. 28.

Graduation of standouts Rich Mayo and Mike Quinlan moves two sophomores to starting posts in Air Force Academy's backfield. With a unit system impractical, a four-year veteran like halfback Don Baucom may log more playing time than last year's 415 minutes. The airmen face a nationwide schedule; a five-five record would be creditable.

PACIFIC COAST

BIG FIVE CHAMPION:	U.C.L.A.
RUNNERS-UP:	WASHINGTON, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
NO. 1 INDEPENDENT:	OREGON STATE
ABOVE AVERAGE:	OREGON, CALIFORNIA, WASHINGTON STATE, STANFORD, FRESNO STATE, SAN JOSE STATE, IDAHO, PACIFIC

BEST OF REST: Humboldt State, Nevada, San Francisco State, Long Beach State, Los Angeles State, Santa Barbara, Sacramento State, San Diego State, California Poly (Pomona), Whittier, Redlands, Chico State, Occidental, Linfield, Whitworth, Willamette, Oregon Tech.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Skaggs (g) and Mansfield (c), Washington; Barnett (t), Oregon; Campbell (e), Washington State; Shirk (t) and Hull (c), U.C.L.A.; Williams (g), Southern California; Cottle (c) and Pursell (e), Stanford; Brown (g), Fresno State; Donohue (e), San Jose State; Flanagan (t), Humboldt State; Carolan (e), Idaho; Abraham (g), San Francisco State.

BACKS: Baker and Kasso, Oregon State; Bob Smith and Alexander, U.C.L.A.; Mitchell, Washington; Melin, Washington State; Gold and Pierovich, California; Sears, Stanford; Anabo, Fresno State; White, Humboldt State; Hall, Pacific.

SOPHOMORES: Profit (e), U.C.L.A.; Renfro (b), Oregon; Anderson (g), California; Brown (b) and Beathard (b), Southern California; Kupp (t) and Iverson (e), Washington; Whittle (b), Oregon State; Barnes (b), Stanford; Sperry (c), Humboldt State; Mendez (b), San Diego State; Evans (c), Whittier.

In the Big Five this year three schools will battle for the role of host team in the Rose Bowl. The contest almost certainly won't be decided until the last two weeks, when U.C.L.A. faces the other contenders—Washington and Southern California—on successive Saturdays. Two strapping lines and sufficient backs enable U.C.L.A. to embellish its power with the kind of deception that abetted Bill Kilmer last season in becoming the first major-college single-wing tailback in nine years to lead the nation in total offense. Two Smiths—Bob and Rob—replace the now-departed Kilmer.

Washington has lost nearly all the heroes who twice clobbered Big Ten teams in the Rose Bowl, but the defense remains sound and Charlie Mitchell is an all-the-way running threat. Southern California, loaded with good halfbacks but thin in the middle of the line, has a difficult intersectional schedule.

California's schedule is even harder, probably the hardest; the Bears are at least a year away from break-even seasons. Air-minded Stanford, the Big Five tailender in 1960, hopes star sophomores will end its eleven-game losing streak.

Top independent Oregon State, adding the T formation, might win 'em all if it hurdles Syracuse in the opener and flashy runners Terry Baker and Don Kasso stay healthy. Oregon U. has veteran linemen and is excited about its rookie backs, especially Mel Renfro, clocked in 9.6 seconds for the 100-yard dash. Washington State returns end Hugh Campbell—whose sixty-six pass catches and 881 yards gained last season set national records—and also his pitcher, Mel Melin.

(Off-the-field prediction: Washington State, Oregon and Oregon State ultimately will be asked to join the Big Five.)

San Jose State has some enormous linemen. Well-stocked Fresno State is a good bet to meet Bowling Green (Ohio) in the Mercy Bowl game Thanskgiving Day at Los Angeles for benefit of the families of California Poly players killed in last October's plane crash. Humboldt State, also a prospect for this bowl, attracts many student-athletes through its forestry, fish and wildlife courses.

My preratings of the top twenty teams and the players most likely to attain All-American recognition appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual selections:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Joe Romig, Colorado.
BACK OF THE YEAR: Roman Gabriel, North Carolina State.
SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Henry Huettner, Syracuse.
SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Billy Lothridge, Georgia Tech.

While we are in the picking business I offer this as the trade joke of the year. It concerns a player who was having classroom difficulty. Dismayed when his mid-term report card showed one D and four F's, he went to his coach and asked for advice on how to improve his grades. The coach pondered the boy's marks for some time.

"Son," he said at last, "it looks to me as if you're putting too much time on one subject."

THE END

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Portrait of a Collaborator

(Continued from Page 23)

you have spared from toil—have not lost their cunning. And now, if our son is to have two good eyes, there is work to be done."

Mounting his motorcycle, he went down the hill toward the town and within fifteen minutes was in the private office of *Maître* Rolland, the notary. "What can I do for you this fine day, Toni?" asked the latter, a man in his middle forties, whose Christian name was Marc. He was the godfather of Toni's son, who had been named for him.

"Many years ago," began Toni, "I left with you a parcel containing three paintings. I did not think I would ever want to see them again, but I could not bring myself to destroy them. Now I need them. You see, Marc, I have decided to become a rich man."

"So you have come to your senses at last," said the notary. "I am happy to hear it. It is a scandal that a man with your gifts should earn a bare pittance in the way you do. How do you propose to become rich?"

"Do you remember a night during the war—the night in the mountains when the German patrol nearly caught us?"

"Shall I ever forget it? I did not expect to see another dawn."

"Nor did I, Marc. That, I suppose, is why I told you the story of Paul Lavallière, the son of Aristide Lavallière, the banker. I have never told it to anyone else. Do you remember it?"

"Indeed, yes," said the notary. "I shall never understand how he escaped being shot as a traitor after the war. Money saved him. You know, I suppose, that his father died during the war and that Paul is now head of the bank and one of the richest men in France? He and his wife, the former Gabrielle Delaunay, have a villa on Cap d'Antibes."

"I know that too," said Toni, his eyes becoming hard. "Have you ever seen her?"

"Only once," said the other. "She must have been gloriously beautiful in her time."

"She was," said Toni. "Fetch my parcel from the safe, and I will show you just how beautiful she was."

In silence the notary went to his safe, cut the string which bound a large parcel and drew from it three paintings, all of the same woman, a tall, slender brunette with the brilliant, flashing beauty of the Spanish gypsy. "That is she," said Marc Rolland, whistling softly. "Beauty such as that would drive a man out of his senses."

"It drove this man out of his senses, Marc," said Toni soberly, "and he has only just recovered them.

"I see," said the other, scrutinizing the signature on the paintings, "that they were painted by Neil Savory. For a short time he enjoyed a spectacular success. I wonder what happened to him."

"I am Neil Savory, Marc."

"Then what in heaven's name are you doing living like a peasant? You are a genius!"

"The next three months or so will decide that," said Toni. "Meanwhile, lend me some money. I need to buy brushes and colors. I have a plan and, with your help, I intend to pay an old debt on which payment is long overdue."

"Toni," said Marc in an awed voice, shivering at the ferocity he saw blazing from the other's eyes, "I am glad it is not to me that you owe the debt. There is murder in your heart."

"Yes, Marc, murder, but not with a gun or a knife. My weapon will be a paintbrush!"

In the year 1934 the artistic world of Paris was singularly unimpressed by the arrival in its midst of a young New Englander named Neil Savory, who had not long previously celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He brought with him a vast fund of optimism, what was left of a two-thousand-dollar legacy after paying his fare, some undeveloped talent and a name. The name was that of Pierre Morel, whose pupils were then beginning to touch the hem of fame. Pierre Morel and John Savory, Neil's father, had been friends as young men when they studied together at the Sorbonne. "Because you are your father's son," Morel told Neil, "I will accept you as a pupil. But it must be understood clearly that if you have not that degree of talent which I regard as minimal, I will waste no time on you."

A month later the master took the pupil aside and said, "You have talent. I will teach you all I know." A year later he said, "You have, I believe, genius of a kind, but you are careless and undisciplined. Those are faults which only you can correct. See that you correct them."

At the end of two years Morel invited Neil to dine with him. "You are," he told Neil, "a better painter than I expected you to be, but less good than you might have been. You will become a painter of beautiful women, the kind who never lack painters eager to paint them. For that reason, my friend, I doubt whether you will ever achieve great material success, for most of those who commission portraits are not like England's Oliver Cromwell, who, when he commissioned Lely to paint him, said, 'I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it.'"

"I will never debase my art in order to flatter people," replied Neil stoutly.

"Fine words, my young friend, fine words!" said Morel with a smile. "But if you intend to live up to them, my advice to you is to choose your landlord, your grocer and your butcher with meticulous care, selecting those who have a great fund of patience and forbearance."

With Morel's help, Neil obtained a few commissions. His portraits of men were at best mediocre. His women were better, but not sensational.

It was in 1938 that he met a young Italian dancer named Maria Pinto. Their meeting, which occurred in the studio of a friend, transformed both their lives. Neil fell in love with Maria. She had the dark, flashing beauty of a gypsy, the grace of a leopard and the morals of an alley cat. She might have loved him in return but she loved herself better.

For six months, while there was light to paint, Neil worked feverishly. In that time he completed three pictures of her, one a formal head-and-shoulders portrait, the other two full length. Neil knew that they were good, but he was not prepared for the burst of fame they brought him. Offered for them a sum which would have kept him in luxury for several years, he could not bring himself to part with them. Soon he had more commissions than he could accept. He was near the top of the ladder at an age when most men are groping for the bottom rungs.

Maria, too, achieved fame. On the advice of her agent, she changed her name to the more glamorous Gabrielle Delaunay and, because she had talent as well as the fame the portraits had brought her, leaped swiftly from obscurity, swelling with pride to see her name in lights.

She and Neil soon quarreled. Gabrielle was after bigger game. Neil had served his purpose. Gossip linked her name with that of Paul Lavallière, the son of Aristide Lavallière, the banker, who was then rich, but only moderately so.

Morel's summation of his pupil's ability proved uncannily accurate—Neil was too honest ever to become a really top-flight portrait painter. His beautiful women were truly beautiful, but when the aging wives of rich industrialists sat for him, he painted them as they were, complete with crow's-feet, the lines of discontent etched indelibly on the canvas. It was not intentional cruelty; he could not do otherwise. One woman so portrayed threw a fit when she saw the finished portrait and threatened to sue Neil for holding her up to ridicule. "If the portrait does not please you, madame," he said with a shrug, "you do not have to take it. I am sorry."

Her husband came to see Neil. "Between ourselves," he said, "I consider the portrait excellent. You and I, monsieur, see my wife through the same eyes. I will pay the agreed fee."

"I want to see you again when you've saved up some more money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Tell me," said Neil, "are you buying this portrait in order merely to suppress it, or do you want it for itself?"

"If I refuse to take it, monsieur, you are free to do with it as you please," replied the husband. "My wife desires most passionately that others shall not be permitted to see it."

"Then madame's wishes shall prevail," said Neil calmly, ripping the canvas off the stretcher and putting it into the iron stove which heated the studio.

Thereafter, Neil would paint only beautiful women, which was not altogether disadvantageous, because if Neil Savory accepted a commission, the acceptance had the effect of setting the seal upon a woman's beauty. But they would not pay the fees which the plain women would have been prepared to pay if Neil had been able to paint them while wearing the rose-tinted spectacles of flattery.

Then came the war. In September, 1939, Neil completed a portrait he was working on and, when this was done, found other commissions canceled and no more in sight. He had lived carelessly, without thought for the future, and had very little money.

In these changed circumstances, Neil found that he had some talent as a caricaturist. The editor of a Paris newspaper liked his work and paid him enough for living expenses.

Then Hitler marched into Paris. America being still neutral, Neil was left at liberty. On the day the Franco-German armistice was signed, Neil drew a wickedly amusing but grossly obscene caricature of Hitler, which he exhibited that same evening to some friends who had gathered in his studio. One of the party had a brother who ran a small printing plant. He asked Neil to let him have the sketch for reproduction. Many thousands of copies were printed and appeared all over Paris, on poster hoardings, on Métro stations, in cafés and elsewhere. One was stuck on the back of a German Army truck. It caused the only laughter heard in the capital during those dark days.

Foolishly Neil had signed the sketch and, having a fair idea that his American nationality would not be much help to him in this crisis, cast about for the means of quitting Paris. More than all, he needed money.

Gabrielle Delaunay, meanwhile, had married Paul Lavallière, who on several occasions, personally and through intermediaries, had expressed a desire to acquire the three portraits of his wife. Neil's refusal to sell had been interpreted by both Gabrielle and Paul as meaning that he was still in love with the subject. That this was laughably untrue did not matter, but it made Lavallière more determined than ever to gain possession of the portraits. Men are like that.

Neil's refusal to sell them was based on nothing more complicated than a reluctance to part with things of great beauty and what he believed were the finest portraits he had painted.

Now, having a fair idea what would happen to him if he fell into the hands of the Germans, Neil did not allow these considerations to weigh with him. He telephoned Gabrielle, telling her that if her husband still wanted the portraits, he was prepared to accept the price offered. Gabrielle was delighted, and it was agreed that Neil would bring the pictures to the Lavallière apartment after dark that same evening.

Neil arrived with the pictures under his arm at the agreed time. Gabrielle and Paul were waiting for him. What Neil did not know, and had no means of knowing, was that Paul and his father had been collaborating with the Nazis for several years before the war, allowing the

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bank to be used to finance various Nazi schemes. Paul now declared his hand. "Since I made my last offer to you, Monsieur Savory," he said coldly, "the value of paintings signed by Neil Savory has declined sharply. The best offer I can make today is exactly one tenth of the last. If you do not accept, it I shall have no choice but to telephone the Gestapo to tell them that the perpetrator of this"—he unfolded a copy of the obscene sketch of Hitler—"is in this apartment. Well, do you accept?"

Neil looked at Gabrielle, whom he had once loved, and a chill settled round his heart, for her lovely face was wearing a grin of triumph. She was enjoying the situation. "You do not seem to realize, Neil," she said softly, "that Paul is being most generous when you consider that he can have the pictures for nothing. The Gestapo, one supposes, is not very gentle toward people who insult the *Führer*."

Neil's reply to this is not printable. As Paul crossed the room toward the telephone, Neil jumped him, breaking an arm and hurling him into the fireplace, where his head struck the marble surround. It was necessary then to silence Gabrielle's screams. He left her gagged, arms and legs tied with a silk curtain cord, her black eyes blazing hatred at him. With the pictures under his arm, he made his escape.

A friend sheltered him that night, putting him in touch with a Resistance group, through whose good offices he was smuggled out of Paris and into unoccupied France. Here, feeling that he now had a personal stake in the war, he became a part of the organization helping first British and later American bomber crews to reach Spain.

Working closely with Neil at this time was a Frenchman of about his own age named Antoine Duvivier, a fair Norman by origin, the son of a French chef who had spent many years in America, where Antoine himself had been born. These two became close friends, and when Antoine was killed in 1942, Neil took his papers and assumed his identity.

This was done with the full knowledge and consent of Neil's chief, who realized that Neil's French, only a trifle short of perfect, was still not that of a born Frenchman. The danger of this had been that in contacts with Resistance groups to whom he was not personally known, his accent could have caused him to be suspected of being a traitor who had infiltrated the ranks. Now, as a Frenchman who had spent most of his life abroad, his accent was no longer suspicious, and the fact that he spoke English perfectly made him valuable for many purposes.

Political ideologies meant nothing at all to Neil, and he was not in the least concerned when he learned that many of his comrades were avowed Communists. Men of all kinds of political faiths were fighting side by side for the sole purpose of harassing the invaders in every way possible. Politics could come later.

Soon after the Allied landings in Southern France, Neil discussed with his chief the advisability of going to the nearest American Army unit, declaring himself an American and doing whatever he might be ordered to do. His chief said, "If you do that, you will be put into uniform and become a private soldier. You will be taught to salute prettily and you will be just one more cog in a big wheel. Of course, you will be better paid, and the food will be far better than we eat. But it is my opinion, Toni, that with us you are worth a hundred times as much."

This view prevailed. Then Neil met and fought with Marc Rolland, and from their meeting sprang the kind of friendship which endures.

The official end of the war in Europe was not the end for the Resistance groups, some of which continued for a short time to operate independently of Allied orders and policy. Collaborators who believed they had covered their tracks well were sought out and summarily executed, which put those responsible outside the law. Neil's own group did not disband until three months after the war had ended. Then, ill and weary of killing, Neil went south to Antibes with Marc Rolland, whose parents lived there.

It was nearly six months before Neil was nursed back to health. Bad and insufficient food, together with exposure to mountain weather, had affected his lungs. It was then that he thought of his three pictures, which he had left with a peasant family in the wild valley of the Ubaye, not far from the town of Barcelonnette. When he was well enough to travel, he went back there to claim them.

Josette, the daughter of the family, whom he remembered as a mere child, was now a lovely girl of seventeen. Her father had been shot. Her brother had not returned home. Josette, doing the

... ...

Treatment

By May Richstone

When husband or children
  Or kith or kin
Have a glint in the eye
  And an obstinate chin,
Maybe the wisest
  Thing we can do
Is give them a darn
  Good listening-to!

... ...

work of two men, was trying to keep the home together. While Josette looked after her mother, Neil took the remnants of the flock of sheep into the wild mountain pastures to graze. For a time the life suited him well. Alone with the sheep, he had time to think. Then, inevitably, he fell in love with Josette and married her. When her mother died, Josette agreed to sell the sheep, and on the proceeds they left the mountains, going down to the milder Mediterranean climate. Neil at that time was having a recurrence of lung trouble.

Marc Rolland, now a notary in Antibes, helped Neil and Josette to acquire a tiny peasant property on which they settled. To provide a means of livelihood, Neil, still wearing the identity of Antoine Duvivier, made enough for their needs by making charcoal sketches of tourists in the restaurants and cafés of the Riviera.

In his fashion Neil was happy; Josette was blissfully so. Two children were born to them. The years passed swiftly. In 1954 Neil awoke to the realization that he was now over forty years of age. He knew that it was not too late, if he bestirred himself, to make something of his life; but ambition had died in him, and he let things drift.

There were times when he thought longingly of America, but he had few ties there, and to have declared himself now would have been to cause a great upheaval. Neil Savory was dead. Better let him stay that way. Antoine Duvivier was a happy man, leading a simple, uncomplicated life, with few cares. If young Marc's eyes had not begun to fail him, there is little doubt that Antoine Duvivier would have been content to let sleeping dogs lie.

Josette, simple peasant that she was, was also a woman and, coming upon Toni—for simplicity's sake, let us continue to call him that—gazing raptly at the three portraits of Gabrielle, she drew a woman's conclusions. "I hate her," Josette said viciously.

"So do I, *chérie*," said Toni. "But you may believe me that she is only important because through her our son will regain his sight. I have never been unfaithful to you—not even in thought. Believe that, and all will be well."

Josette tried to believe this, but the months which followed were the unhappiest she ever remembered. Toni arrived at the house one day with two easels, brushes, colors and a palette, working with an almost ferocious concentration in an effort to regain his lost skill. The cottage was too dark, so he was compelled to work out of doors while the light lasted. When his hand and eye were properly co-ordinated, he began to copy the three portraits. Josette watched in amazement as he worked. Ignorant as she was, she understood that his was a rare talent, but her dreams were haunted by the dark beauty who sprang to life on the blank canvases and, because she loved Toni, trusting him against every instinct she possessed, she remained silent.

They were done at last, and Josette was happy to see them go. She no longer had to share her man with the dark beauty. Toni set out one day with two parcels under his arm, one containing the originals, which went back into Marc Rolland's safe, and the other the copies. Then Marc Rolland, who had contacts everywhere, took over.

Toni quietly resumed his old life, making lightning sketches of tourists in the cafés, which brought in money for day-to-day living. Josette realized with joy that, despite her fears, the dark beauty had not come between them. Nothing else mattered—except the need to have her son's sight restored to him.

There was a flutter of interest in Paris art circles when there appeared in a journal devoted to the arts an article stating that the Raynaud Galleries had acquired the three portraits of Gabrielle Delaunay, painted almost twenty years previously by the talented young American, Neil Savory, who, it was believed, had perished during the war while fighting with the Maquis. That was all, but it was enough.

Monsieur Étienne Raynaud, whom Marc Rolland had known as a gallant man during the war, was not surprised on the day following the appearance of the article, to receive a call from Monsieur and Madame Paul Lavallière, who asked to inspect the portraits. The intervening years had not been kind to Gabrielle's beauty. She had coarsened. The beauty was still there, but the evil which it had once concealed was now visible. Gazing at herself as she had once been, she sighed deeply and knew that at all costs she must possess the portraits, even if only to hold Paul, whose affairs with other women were making her look ridiculous.

Officially and legally Paul and Gabrielle had been cleared of collaboration charges, largely because Paul, when he saw that German defeat was inevitable, had used his position of trust with the Nazi authorities to betray valuable information to the Allies. Money had talked too. Urgent business kept these two in Brazil for two years after the war, while men skilled in the use of the whitewash brush did their work. When they finally returned to France, charges made in their absence were withdrawn. But the stench of collaboration was on them, and they were shunned by decent French people.

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"They are beautiful things, are they not?" said Monsieur Raynaud silkily.

"I always feel they were the best thing he did," said Gabrielle, "but then I am naturally prejudiced. He was a friend of ours, you know. Indeed, I believe we were the last people he saw in Paris before he disappeared into the Resistance. The Gestapo was hunting for him because of that superbly naughty sketch of Hitler. Paul and I helped him to escape."

"What are you asking for the three, Monsieur Raynaud?" asked Paul, who was thinking of their last meeting with Neil Savory and thanking his gods that Savory had not survived to tell the true story.

"The price is one hundred thousand dollars, Monsieur Lavallière," replied Raynaud casually.

"Absurd!" snapped Paul. "Granted the man was good in his way, but he was not a Renoir."

"I will not attempt to press you," said the art dealer with a shrug, "but I shall be astounded if by this time tomorrow I have not sold them."

"What does money matter, Paul?" interposed Gabrielle. "Buy them!"

"Have them sent to my house," said Paul, who, because of his own treachery, hated Neil Savory and wanted no reminder of him. "If you will call at the bank in an hour's time, a draft will be awaiting you."

Soon after this, a big reception was given at the Lavallière house in the Avenue Foch. In the ballroom, where the reception was held, the three portraits, displayed under soft lights, were the center of attraction. Gabrielle herself, who had spent the preceding six hours under the ministrations of a team of beauty specialists, posed beside them for the photographers. "Neil was a dear boy," she told the reporters moistly. "At one time, you know, we were very close; but we both had hot tempers and we quarreled. Then dear Paul came on the scene and swept me off my feet. He caught me on the rebound," she added archly. "But I have never regretted that, for we have been so happy."

A titter of laughter ran round the room, for among those present were some who knew what a cat-and-dog life they lived. But it soon passed. Waiters arrived to fill empty champagne glasses. Paul Lavallière, quelling a momentary impulse of shame at his own perfidy, toasted the memory of "that great painter and gallant gentleman whom I was proud to call my friend—Neil Savory!"

The toast was drunk in silence, all standing.

The breath of posthumous fame touched Neil Savory briefly. The press revived his story, or what was known of it, and until something more amusing turned up, his name was on many lips. Then, simultaneously, every editor in Paris received an identical letter, signed by Marc Rolland, an obscure notary in Antibes. Here it is:

Sir: I have just had brought to my attention a reproduction of three portraits of Gabrielle Delaunay, now Madame Paul Lavallière, purporting to be the work of the young American painter Neil Savory, alongside whom I had the honor during more than two years to fight the invaders of our beloved Fatherland. Neil Savory entrusted me with the original portraits, which have been in my possession continuously since the war.

It is, therefore, my duty to declare that the portraits, reproductions of which have recently appeared in the press, are forgeries. If my statement, which I do not make lightly, is challenged, I am prepared to produce absolute proof of its truth.

I have the honor to remain, sir,

MARC ROLLAND
Notaire.

Étienne Raynaud announced instantly that he had described the portraits on the bill of sale as "purporting to be the work of Neil Savory." Their authenticity, therefore, did not affect the sale. Nevertheless, the buyer of the portraits had expressed no doubts upon the matter. He believed them to be genuine.

"What are we going to do?" asked Gabrielle, horrified by the turn of events.

"I do not know," replied Paul, who needed to think, "but I sense that there is more in this than meets the eye."

"But, Paul," persisted Gabrielle, "how can this man have proof? I know the paintings better than anyone else alive and I say that they are the originals. It follows then that this notary's paintings are forgeries."

"My experience of notaries," said Paul gravely, "is that as a class they are not given to making idle statements. This man says publicly that he has proof—proof, a word which a man of the law does not use lightly. My instinct tells me to ignore the matter."

Paul Lavallière's instinct did not mislead him. To reporters who pursued him everywhere, he said, "I have no comment to make except that I am perfectly satisfied with my purchase. If the paintings are forgeries, my wife and I are the only sufferers. We do not complain."

But it wasn't to be as easy as that. The keen nose of the press smelled something deeply buried. A committee of experts, together with the leading art editors, was set in being, and an invitation was issued to Marc Rolland to come to Paris and, unless he could prove his statements, withdraw them.

The notary's reply to this was an immediate acceptance of the implicit challenge. In face of all this furor, the focal point of which was the portraits now in his possession, Paul Lavallière could not well refuse to allow them to be submitted to expert scrutiny. It must be realized that the banker had no doubts whatever of the authenticity of the portraits. Nor had his wife. The differences between the originals and the painter's own copies were too small to be remembered over such a long period of time. "Art belongs to the whole world," as one writer pointed out, "not merely to one man by virtue of purchase. It is not important that Monsieur Paul Lavallière is satisfied with his purchase. What is important is for the world to know whether in fact a forgery has been perpetrated and, if this proves to be the case, that the forger be exposed and punished."

In the main hall of the Raynaud Galleries, which had been lent for the occasion, Marc Rolland appeared on the raised dais where the three pictures stood on easels under intense bright lights. He was quite at ease.

"The late Neil Savory," he began in a strong voice, "painted three portraits of you, Madame Lavallière, in the year nineteen thirty-eight. Is that correct?"

"That is correct," replied Gabrielle.

"First, let us study the picture on the right," Marc continued. "It depicts the beautiful Mademoiselle Gabrielle Delaunay, as she was then, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, Maria Pinto, paddling in the sea, her skirts raised modestly to her knees. In the background, hazily depicted, but clear enough for our purposes, is a Provençal villa with steps down to the sea. I have here a photograph of that villa, gentlemen. I will project it onto a screen for comparison." He snapped the button of a projector. "Do you agree, gentlemen, that the same villa appears in both the painting and the photograph?"

There was a roar of assent. "I have here, gentlemen, photocopies of affidavits made by the owner, the architect and the builder of the villa. Read them for yourselves. All three, unless you dismiss the affidavits as forgeries, state that the villa was not built until nineteen fifty-two. How then does it appear on a picture painted in nineteen thirty-eight? Strange, is it not?" There was a brief pause while the affidavits were circulated.

"Now we come to the second picture," Marc continued. "A truly lovely thing, although a forgery. In it is depicted the same subject, arranging a bowl of variegated anemones. But here again, the forger was careless. The owner of a Vallauris pottery comes forward and states in a sworn affidavit that the bowl itself, which was made in his pottery, was not even designed until nineteen forty-nine, and the first bowl sold in nineteen fifty."

"Yes, I can just see us—breakfast in New York, lunch in London, dinner in Paris, and heartburn in Rome..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Once more the affidavit went the rounds.

"Now, gentlemen, we come to the last of the three paintings, another lovely thing. Our forger, despite his carelessness in matters of detail, had a great talent. Let us grant him that. We see here the same lovely woman—just her head and shoulders. Around her neck is a barbaric necklace made of silver coins of an unusual design. They must have been rarities in nineteen thirty-eight because their design is identical with that of the new English five-shilling piece, which was not issued until nineteen fifty-three."

Paul Lavallière's face looked congested, as though he were about to have an apoplectic fit. Gabrielle, standing beside him, dropped in a dead faint.

"Give the lady some smelling salts," said Marc calmly. "I have not quite finished, and it is essential, as you will agree, that she should hear the rest."

Paul tried to take his wife away, but she insisted on remaining.

"I will leave the portrait for a moment," continued Marc, "while I circulate among you copies of an affidavit made six days ago by Neil Savory and attested by me. In it the painter, who, unfortunately for two people in this room, was not killed, gives us on oath the substance of what occurred at his last meeting with Monsieur and Madame Lavallière. It is a revealing document."

There was a dead silence while those assembled read the sworn statement. Paul and Gabrielle read their copies.

"And now, gentlemen," said Marc, "I am almost finished. I direct your attention once more to the head-and-shoulders portrait and in particular to the necklace—than which, in view of what Neil Savory has to say of the lady, no adornment could have been more appropriate. See, gentlemen," he said in ice-cold tones, taking from the table a stick like a conductor's baton, "count the coins with me, one by one, and their significance will be clear to you."

The voices rose in a chant as they counted. When they came to the end of them, Marc held up his hand for silence. "I wonder, gentlemen," he said slowly, every syllable uttered viciously, "what the forger had in mind about Madame Lavallière when he adorned her lovely neck with 'thirty pieces of silver.'"

What the press called the mystery of Neil Savory will remain a mystery. Although expected to do so, he did not appear at the inquest after Paul Lavallière had shot himself in his office at the bank. Gabrielle, too, has vanished.

Toni and Josette Duvivier still live simply in a somewhat larger and better equipped house on the same site. Josette, who cannot be bothered with newspapers, knows nothing of the story of Neil Savory, who is not even a name to her. Her hands are still cracked and callused with toil, which does not trouble her at all, for they are the living proof of a love which has not faltered. It is even in her heart to think more kindly of the dark woman of the paintings through whom, in some inscrutable way she neither understands nor wishes to understand, her son's eyes were healed by the skill of a surgeon in faraway New York, on whom daily she asks God's blessing.

Toni Duvivier has become a portrait painter. He has made only a modest success because, for Josette's peace of mind, he does not paint young and beautiful women. Little Marc has inherited some of his talent.

On the rare occasions when Toni talks in his sleep, Josette smiles, hugging her happiness to herself, for he talks in French now, a sign to her that there are no more mysteries. THE END

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Lair of the Falcon (Continued from Page 25)

ragged spots of flowers, lichens and stunted willows. And off to the south a canvasback duck set wings and glided down onto one of the small open-water areas.

His eyes followed the length of the valley southward. A mile or so on, he saw the small cabin of the trapper he'd spoken with earlier in the day. Once again Bill felt a stir of suspicion.

The man had been surly, openly antagonistic. He had made it plain that he had no more use for game wardens than for a grizzly with a toothache. To Bill's question he had said that the old falcons had gone. Beyond the fact that the man's presence made him a natural suspect, however, there was something odd about Joe Lamb. Something that Bill couldn't quite put his finger on.

Bill reined in hard on his thoughts. After forty-five years in the field, he told himself, you should know you don't win popularity contests by being a warden. And you didn't judge a man out here just because you didn't cotton to him at first sight. Many of these loners were hard to strike up acquaintance with, but once they got to know you, there weren't any better friends. Wanting to be fair, Bill decided to visit awhile longer with Joe Lamb before pushing on north.

He got to his feet, took a last look at the empty nest and started the steep descent to the valley.

Joe Lamb was seated on the cabin step as Bill approached. He glanced up, stared for a moment, then turned again to the stick he was whittling. Bill slipped his pack and rifle to the ground. Lamb, a powerful, heavy man of forty-five, shifted his bulk and said nothing.

Bill decided it was maybe up to him to do the talking. "No doubt about it, Mr. Lamb," he said, "the old birds are gone, like you said. And they're gone for good, too, for someone robbed the nest."

The trapper grunted and continued whittling. Bill decided to try again. "Were any of the gyrfalcons white, Mr. Lamb?"

A sly smile appeared on Joe Lamb's face. "Ya mean the old birds, warden? I ain't seen no young 'uns at all, ya know."

"Now I wasn't trying to put words in your mouth, Mr. Lamb," Bill answered evenly. "Like I told you this morning, we're making a count to see how these gyrfalcons are doing."

"Well, warden, both of them old falcons was gray. Don't reckon I've ever seen a white one."

"Likely enough, Mr. Lamb. White ones are pretty scarce, but they do happen every once in a while; maybe just one in every three broods and the rest all grays."

"Now a bird like that would be worth a lot of money, wouldn't it, warden?"

"I wouldn't know much about that, Mr. Lamb. Does it interest you?" Bill's voice was guarded.

The trapper was staring at him, open hatred suddenly flaring in his eyes. "Maybe it does, warden. How are you gonna find out?"

Bill realized then that the man had been baiting him and that the trapper didn't give a damn what he might think or suspect. The man was speaking derisively again. "One of them falconer fellows," he said, "that was pokin' around last spring said them gyrfalcons was worth a lot of money back in the States. So I reckon a white one, seein' that they're so blamed rare, would be worth a sight more, now wouldn't it, warden?"

The change in the man was astonishing. A moment before he had been violently angry, now again he was as contained and cold as a panther watching a deer. It bothered Bill. He rubbed his chin, wondering why. "Well, Mr. Lamb," he answered after a long moment, "from what they tell me, most falconers don't traffic in falcons for money. They know it would ruin their sport. But I reckon there's always a few bad ones—a few lobos that would buy a falcon from a poacher even though they knew it had been taken without a permit."

Joe Lamb mouthed an obscenity. "To hell with yer damn permits," he yelled, violent again. "First thing I know, you damn wardens will even be tellin' me how much deer I can kill."

"Well, sonny," Bill answered evenly, "let's put it this way. If we don't give some of this game protection, pretty soon there won't be any left for you to bother with."

Joe Lamb spat a stream of tobacco juice that splattered a foot from Bill's leg. The warden's eyes hardened, but he said nothing. He picked up his pack.

The trapper laughed a cold, inane laugh. Discarding the stick he had been whittling, he began paring a broad, black thumbnail. A moment later he glanced up, his small eyes squinting. He reminded Bill of a boar bear.

"Ya gonna strike out checkin' more nests, warden?"

"Yep, Mr. Lamb, that's what I aim to do. Why?"

"Reckon you'll be going north along the range then—like that falconer did last year once he'd found out the baby birds had already flown from this here nest?"

"Yep, I'm heading north, Mr. Lamb," Bill replied, wondering what the man was getting at.

"Reckon that falconer told you right where there's a nest up there, now didn't he, warden?"

The question was so unexpected, so blatant, that for a moment Bill hesitated—hesitated just long enough to reveal that he did know the location of the nest.

A smirk of triumph and contempt crossed Joe Lamb's face. Then suddenly it turned expressionless again, and again a feeling of uneasiness crept over Bill. There was something very strange about this man. Something way out of kilter about the way he changed—his hatred flickering out like a rattler's tongue, then as suddenly hidden behind this cold-eyed mask.

Puzzled and concerned now, Bill slipped his pack over his shoulder, preparing to leave. As he did so, he noticed for the first time a small, partly screened shack behind the cabin.

"What do you have out there, Mr. Lamb," he asked, "a pigeon coop?"

"Yes." The answer was soft, cold.

"That's rare out here, Mr. Lamb. Reckon I could buy a pigeon or two?"

"No." Again it was softly said, but with utter finality. The trapper was motionless, tense, coiled. Head cocked, he stared at Bill from the corner of an eye. There was no emotion now, no hatred; only the cold, calculating detachment of something about to strike.

That pigeon coop might just contain the missing young gyrs. Bill dared one more question. "Got any pigeons in there now, Mr. Lamb?" he asked softly, pointedly.

"Warden, you ain't got no search warrant to be here. Get out."

"Glad to, sonny," Bill answered quietly. "But Allakaket being only a half day away, I reckon I'll get that search warrant, once I'm through with what I'm doing, and take a long look at that pigeon coop of yours."

The trapper exploded again, violently. "Get the hell out of here, warden," he screamed. "Get the hell out of here now! And if I catch you pokin' around here again, I'll hunt you down like a deer."

The man's anger was nearly out of control. And Bill, looking into the wild hostility of the trapper's eyes, realized now what it was that had bothered him. The man was insane. Despite his ability to talk sense, even to think with obvious cunning, hatred had destroyed a part of him. In this man's mind a human life was now no better than the life of an animal. This man was a killer.

Blood trickled from the trapper's hand onto the ground. Overwhelmed with rage, he had closed it over the sharp, open blade of the knife he was holding. Even now he was unaware that he was cutting himself to the bone.

Shaken at the sight and sensing it would be dangerous to provoke the man further, Bill turned and walked away, heading toward the distant peaks to the north.

"You won't be the first man I've gunned, old man," Joe Lamb cried after him.

And hearing, Bill knew that it was probably so. There were many up here who were fugitives from the law. Like rogue elephants they lived alone, outcasts, year after year, until brooding hatred replaced reason with madness and murder.

It was late the next morning and many miles from the trapper's cabin when Bill spotted a falcon. The bird suddenly appeared over a mountain peak a short distance ahead, and for an excited

... ...

Children and Rain

By Barbara A. Jones

While you and I shut out the rain,
Discreetly dry behind our shutters,
They're racing through it, faces up,
And sailing boats along the gutters
And hearing how it drips from trees
And greeting earthworms with emotion
And watching little craters form
In sand, by polka-dotted ocean,
And checking rainspouts where they gush;
And, blinking, gasping, front-hair plastered,
They're running barefoot through the pools
And through the meadows, damp and astered,
And watching sewers backing up
And loving every drop and minute;
For they alone, in all the world,
Have sense enough to stay out in it.

... ...

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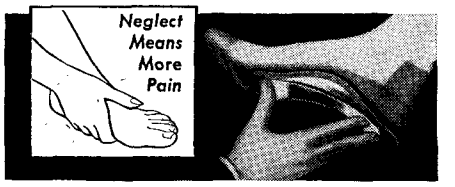

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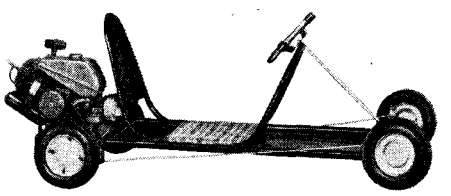

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moment Bill thought he had stumbled upon an unexpected gyrfalcon nest.

The distance and the bird's height had deceived him, however, for his binoculars revealed that the bird was much too small—it must be a peregrine falcon, probably a male.

The falcon was plainly hurrying back to the nest with food, for he carried a small dead bird in his talons. As Bill watched, he circled high above a cliff 100 yards away, opened his talons and allowed his prey to fall. The carcass dropped, and suddenly from the dark face of the cliff the bird's mate, a large female, blue as the sky, darted out, seized the body in midair and carried it back to her nestlings on the ledge.

A moment later the female reappeared and cast herself into the air. A few strokes of her powerful wings and she had caught a thermal current. Up she went, rapidly, effortlessly, her wings spread and motionless.

Then she was out of sight. Bill sat down, his back against a boulder, and raised his binoculars. He found her again, thousands of feet up, just as she started a half roll. Down she came, like a lash of lightning, across the face of the cliff; then up in a crescendo of motion as her terrific velocity carried her far into the sky once more. Bill whistled softly in admiration. Why, the bird must have hit nearly 200 miles an hour in her headlong dive!

Her mate joined in the play, and for half an hour Bill watched the two birds as they flew, climbing into the sky until they were specks, then plummeting down with incredible speed. They were still playing—chasing each other now, falling like leaves in mock attack and evasion—as Bill rose again to his feet. It was time to move on.

He had just bent down to pick up his pack when he happened to glance down his back trail. A man suddenly leaped to concealment behind some boulders a half mile back.

"Joe Lamb!" Bill exclaimed, startled. There was no question of it; that huge bulk was a dead giveaway. Evidently the trapper, not figuring Bill to lose time bird watching, had let himself get too close.

There's no doubt what that guy wants, Bill thought. Once you lead him to that gyrfalcon nest, old man, Joey Lamb will try to get those birds, one way or another. Most probably, he reckoned, the trapper would wait until he had finished his census count and then take the young birds after he'd left.

Then another thought came, and Bill made a thoughtful whistle of alarm. Supposing Lamb figured he'd been seen? He knew Bill carried a rifle and would protect the young birds, even if it meant guarding the nest for days. But would Lamb wait for days? Remembering the look in the madman's eyes, Bill knew the trapper would not—not when ambush and murder would more quickly get him what he wanted.

The thought came as something of a shock. Old man, he told himself, you've met some ornery characters, man and beast, in this business, but this one is the first you need have no doubt about. This fellow just hates you enough to shoot you full of holes if you get in his way.

Well, what now? Should he simply forget the nest and circle back to Allakaket, only a day to the east. He disliked the thought and pushed it away. Hell, man, he rationalized, you've come this far on these old legs. Why leave when the job's half done? You've got a gun, and Joey back there is going to respect that and keep his distance. He may be crazy in one way, but he's no fool.

He turned it over in his mind. Could he outdistance the man? Could he move on fast enough to reach the gyrfalcon nest, make his count and then get out before the trapper discovered him? Bill chewed on it for a while. He decided it was the only way. "Well, shake a leg, old man," he muttered. "There's a hell of a stretch to go."

Twice during the afternoon he stopped and pretended to tie his boot lace while checking his back trail. But he saw no more of Joe Lamb.

Toward evening he stopped to make camp. Hoping to persuade Joe Lamb, if he was still following, that he had every idea of bedding down for the night, he made his preparations as elaborate as possible.

He finished his meal and crawled into his sleeping bag near the fire. The gray world about him began to darken. Then with the suddenness of mountain sunsets, the last flecks of gold were gone, and night, moonless and dark, had fallen.

He lay there watching the dying fire, alert and listening, although he felt Lamb would keep his distance at least until the gyr's nest was sighted. But then he had to admit that he didn't know what the madman might do.

He gazed out into the night. Somewhere out there a man was watching him, maybe even stalking him now. And that was bad—the not knowing, the fear of the unseen, as old as time itself. Bill felt it and shivered.

After the embers died, he quietly rose, repacked his gear and crept out into the darkness. He made no effort to cover his trail. There was only one route: along the base of the mountains. But of course it was the only route for Joe Lamb to follow too.

The following noon Bill located the peak on which the falconer had found the gyr nest the year before. Bill took off his gear, propped himself against a rock and carefully screened the southeast slope with his binoculars, searching for the telltale "whitewash" of the young birds that would reveal the location of the nest. But there was no evidence of a nest anywhere. Very likely, he told himself, the old birds had merely relocated a short distance away. He felt confident he could find the nest—if he had enough time. His best bet, he reckoned, was just to sit still and wait for the old birds to appear. If the nest were anywhere in the vicinity he should see the falcons returning with food for the young or soaring from the nest. He made himself as comfortable as possible, keeping his binoculars handy.

There he stayed hour after hour. No gyrfalcon flew in from a hunting flight; no gyrfalcon soared for exercise or play. Bill grew nervous. Time after time he lifted his binoculars, not to look for errant falcons now, but to check his back trail, knowing that if the trapper were still following he'd have had plenty of chance to close the distance. But he saw nothing of Lamb.

The long day was drawing to a close. Trapper or no trapper, there were plenty of grizzlies around, so he figured he'd best get to higher ground for the night. Rising wearily to his feet, Bill stretched, tired to the bone, then began the ascent. He would have another stab at finding the nest in the morning.

An hour later he was high on the east face, chewing a cold biscuit in the darkness. No coffee tonight, old man, he told himself. Can't risk a fire that Lamb might spot. Before he bedded down, he checked his rifle and placed it beside him.

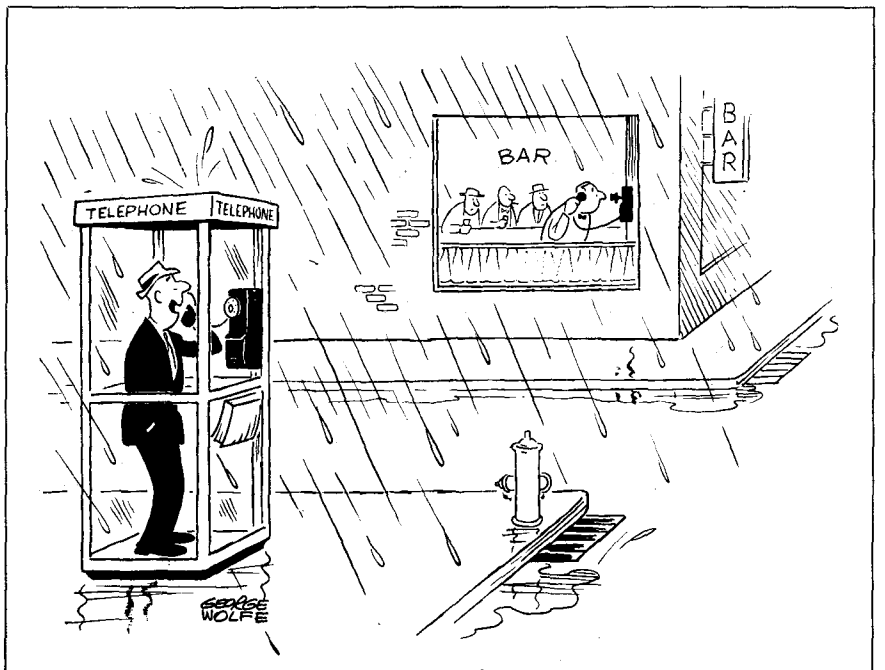
He had been awake just over an hour, hiding among the rocks, when he first saw the tercel gyrfalcon, the male. The bird was climbing rapidly with quick, ducklike wingbeats, up along the northern slope. As Bill watched, breathless, the falcon circled, then landed on a ledge not fifty yards above where the old warden crouched.

He raised his binoculars for a better look. The great gyr was preening his feathers, shining in the morning sun. Bill watched admiringly. Though he had seen them, watched them many times before, the sight still stirred him. Here he saw the raw strength of the wilderness he loved. This was the wind, the fire of the sun flickering in the falcon's eye, in the pulse of his wingbeat. Here was the greatest of falcons, one of the swiftest living things in the world. Here was the true king of the sky.

For a moment longer the gyrfalcon looked imperiously down on his wild domain. Then, with a whip of his long wings, he was gone, sliding down the sky, out across the valley on his morning hunt.

Bill watched until he was out of sight, then turned his attention to the northern slope, where the gyr had first appeared. Likely enough, he told himself, that was where the nest should be.

How long the search might take him he had no way of telling, but he decided to chance it, knowing that the female bird would fly if he got anywhere near the nest and thus reveal its location.



"Do you make deliveries?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The mountain's northern face was an almost vertical mass of chimney rock, with only one possible approach to the area that might hold the nest. A narrow ledge, starting on the eastern slope, meandered across the northern face like a goat path about halfway up. It looked like rough going, but maybe he could make it.

It took him thirty minutes to work down to where the ledge began. There he saw better what he was up against. The path was precariously narrow in places, and the footing looked anything but good, but he knew he was going to try it. The going would be easier, though, if he could leave his pack and rifle behind. But what about Joey Lamb?

He took his binoculars from the case and carefully searched the area south, from which he had approached the mountain. Checking and rechecking, he studied every detail of the country, until he was satisfied that the trapper was nowhere in the vicinity. Bill hesitated another moment, then slipped a coil of light rope from his pack, placed the pack and rifle on the rock and walked out on the ledge.

Luck was with him. He had covered only 200 feet when the female gyr, spotting him, flew from the nest in alarm. Good! It was only 100 feet beyond him and just a few feet above the ledge he was on. Ten minutes later he was standing before the gyrfalcon's nest and her brood.

One of the rarest, most beautiful sights in all nature met his eyes. A snow-white falcon occupied the nest, along with three gray ones. Bill let out a whoop, without even feeling silly. It was the first time he'd ever seen a white one close-up, and he was captivated by the sheer magnificence of the bird. "Hey, old man," he said aloud, "look at this one." He marveled at the bird's white plumage, the great, dark-brown eyes that gazed intelligently, curiously back at him.

In spite of his interest he felt uneasy. He knew he'd better finish his work and get on out. Bending down, he examined the small bones that littered the ledge below the nest. All were from either ptarmigan or grouse, and Bill separated them into two piles and began to count.

So intent was he in determining the kind and number of prey that had been taken by the adult birds that he failed to notice the female gyr hovering high above him, wings half folded, preparing to dive.

Down she came, like a bomb. The scream of air through her stiff pinion feathers warned him. Instinctively he ducked, and the meteoring falcon missed his head by inches.

On down the side of the mountain she fell, gathering momentum for a throw up and another attack. Bill stood watching, wondering how best to evade her next onslaught.

Better get the hell out of here, old man, he thought. The gyr looked as big as a small eagle. He'd seen them break grouse clean in two with such a dive, striking their prey with a half-closed foot and the rear talon. She could hurt him badly if she hit him; maybe even knock him from the ledge. He turned to go.

Suddenly something struck his left arm with terrible impact. A split second later he heard the crack of a rifle shot reverberating from the valley below. Dimly, through a haze of shock, Bill realized that he had been shot.

A second shot whined past his head as he dropped to the ledge. Still stunned, unbelieving, he lay there for a long minute. Then he peered cautiously over the ledge to see Joe Lamb running toward the east face of the mountain.

But where in hell had he come from? Why hadn't Bill seen him when he

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checked his own approach to the peak? Then he knew. The trapper had simply followed the mountain range as he had feared he might. And, traveling at night to avoid discovery, Joe Lamb had gone on past the peak in the early-morning darkness, not knowing that Bill had stopped and camped on its upper reaches. Then, when Bill had crawled over to the gyr nest, the trapper had easily spotted him from his position ahead. Obviously he had seen Bill find the nest and was now on his way to the ledge.

A jab of pain reminded Bill of his arm. He looked at it. The bullet had passed cleanly through his forearm, leaving a small bluish hole from which the blood was trickling slowly. He could move his fingers; evidently the wound wasn't too bad. Taking his handkerchief, he wound it around his arm, thankful that the bullet hadn't been one that spread on impact.

Then, for the first time, the full realization of his danger hit him. An armed madman was coming up the trail bent on his murder. And what could he do about it? There was no time to get his rifle, and undoubtedly the maniac would find it when he reached the ledge.

A flutter of panic began in his belly. He swallowed hard, shook it off and laughed, somehow finding it funny that an old man could still feel terror. He looked about him. The ledge he was on continued for another 200 yards, narrowing as it went. Maybe that large boulder, jutting out across the ledge some fifty yards ahead, would conceal him, but it was no real answer. Once Joey Lamb had the young falcons in his bag, he'd flush warden Bill Steward from behind that rock, and that would be the simple end of it.

The trapper must be well up on the east slope by now. Bill guessed that he had no more than ten minutes before the madman would appear at the beginning of the ledge. Then it would be too late, for the trapper could see him from there. He'd be hunted down and shot like an animal.

Steady, old man, he told himself, knowing he couldn't afford fear.

He looked over the ledge again. The slope below was difficult but possible, at least to a small shelf fifteen yards below. But beyond that was a straight drop of hundreds of feet. No soap.

For several minutes he lay there, trying to discover possibilities. Somehow he must get that rifle away from Lamb. Somehow he must put the trapper in the same pickle he now found himself in. But how to trick the greedy cuss?

Greedy? The word clicked in his mind, and he saw it. At best it was a faint chance, but it was the only one. Taking the coil of rope from his pocket, he formed a small, tight noose in one end. Rising, he then approached the gyr nest and carefully seized the screaming white falcon by the legs. Tucking the bird beneath his left arm, he placed the noose over its head and on back over its wings. Certain now that the nestling was well fastened, he lowered the protesting gyr over the ledge and down to the shelf below. He tried to shake the noose from around the bird, but after two futile tries he simply threw the line on down past the ledge where Lamb wouldn't see it. Time was getting dangerously short.

He started on along the ledge toward the boulder he had picked out. It was rough going. The path narrowed to inches in places, and he had to hug the cliff face with his one good hand for support. A foot slipped once, but finally he reached the boulder and slumped, exhausted, on the ledge behind it.

He could see the white falcon on the rock shelf below. The mother bird, over her fright of the gunshot, was now flying back and forth a few feet above her nestling, plainly at a loss as to what to do. At that moment the trapper appeared, rifle in hand, at the beginning of the trail. He stopped and looked about, searching for the warden. He laughed wildly. "You're up there, warden," he cried. "I know it. I'll hunt ya. I'll come on ya!"

The madman wiped the spittle from his chin. Shifting his rifle to his left hand, he began making his way toward the nest. As he neared it, the female gyr left the white nestling on the ledge and began stroking powerfully aloft.

Abandoned, the young bird began to scream again. The trapper heard it, and then, curious, walked to the edge of the trail. Peering down, he discovered the white falcon, that to all appearances had fallen from the nest to the shelf below.

Joe Lamb was suspicious. He glanced carefully about him, suspecting an ambush. Raising his rifle, he pointed it directly above him and fired. Nothing moved. He fired again with the same result.

Satisfied now that Bill had either fallen from the ledge or legged it out, the trapper placed his gun on the trail and began crawling down toward the white falcon. Bill felt a rush of hope. The first part of his plan was succeeding. *Damn you, you greedy cuss,* he implored silently, *get on down there. Get clear on down there, sonny, and give me just a chance at that rifle of yours.*

He waited until the madman reached the lower ledge before he made his try. Then he inched out from behind the boulder, onto the ledge, keeping as low as possible. But the trapper, now finding the rope tied to the falcon, looked up and spotted Bill just as he started. With an obscene scream of anger Joe Lamb dropped the bird back onto the shelf and started up toward his rifle.

All a woman has to do to remove a dull soap film these days is tune in another channel.

RUTH E. RENKEL

Bill knew that his chances of getting to the gun first were slim. Still, having committed himself, there was nothing else to do. Desperate, clawing with fingers that were now raw and bleeding, he moved with every ounce of strength toward the rifle.

Then the adult falcon struck. Enraged, the great bird closed her wings and fell like a lance toward the trapper, who was nearest the nest. Screaming her machine-gunlike "kek, kek, kek, kek" as she came, the gyr hurtled toward the hapless man. Her closed fist hit his back with terrific impact; the rear talon lancing through his heavy jacket, deep into his flesh. Joe Lamb screamed in pain.

As the gyr threw up for another attack, Joe Lamb managed to scramble a few more feet toward his gun. Again the angry gyr screamed her stacatto battle cry and dived on him. Lamb checked, hugging the rocks, protecting his face and head with his arms. The gyr hit his shoulder with such force that he staggered and almost fell from the cliff. Again she threw up, and again and again she fell upon him, slowing him as he struggled upward.

A second before Joe Lamb pulled himself over the ledge, Bill reached the rifle.

Too breathless to speak, Bill leveled the weapon at the man, motioning for him to descend again and bring up the young falcon. Lamb hesitated, eying the adult bird hovering high overhead, apparently hesitant at the idea of attacking the two men together.

There was nothing hesitant about the look in Bill's eyes. Lamb began lowering himself over the ledge.

Overhead the falcon began drifting into position, but Bill yelled wildly and fired a shot into the air, and she drifted on.

A few minutes later Joe Lamb returned, carrying the young falcon in his sack. Bill motioned for Lamb to replace the white bird in the nest. Sullenly, but without a word, the trapper did as he was ordered.

Then suddenly the man turned. Somehow, in his madness, he found the whole thing unfair. He cursed loudly. "You tricked me," he screamed. "You with that white bird. That was a dirty, damned trick."

Bill grinned at him and gestured with the rifle for Lamb to precede him. "Get, sonny," he commanded. "Let's get back to that pigeon coop of yours. You feed them young gyrs good before you took after me?"

Joe Lamb fell for it. "Yeah, damn you," he roared, without thinking that he was incriminating himself, "they got plenty of feed."

Bill laughed. "Well, Joey, reckon just a day will get us to Allakaket then. The law will take care of you while me and a witness hike over the hill and pick up them young gyrs of yours." Bill motioned again with the rifle. "Get going, sonny," he commanded.

The man started a violent protest. Bill pointed aloft to where the falcon was hovering. "Be quiet, sonny, and move on, before I let her at you again."

Joe Lamb was beaten. Cowed, he turned and without a word started down the trail.

The Tragedy of Tibet (Continued from Page 18)

soldiers the Chinese soon took over the major towns and the most populated valleys. However, they stopped short of a full-scale offensive to eliminate all resistance. Northwestern Tibet is a wide, barren, windswept plateau. But the rest of the country is made up of heavily-forested, high mountains. There are many cliffs, almost vertical. Most of the Tibetans still in arms are Khambas or other tribesmen in their element at an altitude above 12,000 feet—where it is hard enough for the Chinese to climb, let alone fight. So, for the time being at least, the Chinese do not control all of Tibet.

When the Chinese arrived, there were nearly 2500 monasteries in Tibet, with 110,000 monks and nuns. These monasteries, together with a few noble families, owned most of the arable land. The monasteries were the granaries of Tibet. Thanks to their careful management, Tibetans used to boast that they had enough food in reserve to feed the population even if the crops should fail for three years in a row. Tibet had never known famine until the Communists came.

The Communists accused the monasteries of being centers of the revolt, and there is some truth in the charge. But they had a greater motive for destroying the monasteries. All life in Tibet revolved around Lamaist Buddhism. Tibetans carried small charms, amulets and images about their persons. They began and ended their day with prayers and the lighting of butter lamps. Each Tibetan family's ambition was to send at least one son to a monastery, and most Tibetans attended monastery chapels regularly. Determined to destroy Tibetan culture, the Chinese made the monasteries their priority target.

Thousands of monks were swept into concentration camps, and a systematic program of degradation began. It is when they talk of these events that Tibetan refugees break into tears. They relate how venerated lamas were dragged before "People's Courts." There Communist agents in the audience—often Tibetan criminals freed to bear false witness—would stand up and shout: "You murdered my father," or "You raped my sister." The accusers then would beat the lamas, spit on them, pull out their hair and kick them.

When the accusers had worked themselves into a fury beating a lama, a Chinese Army officer standing nearby would pretend to intervene. But the beating would go on, and the Chinese would announce that he had no power to quell the just anger of "the people."

A refugee who has witnessed many such scenes told me: "If you did not know that it was all staged, you would think that the Chinese wanted to be kind and merciful, and it was only the Tibetans who were doing this, and for good reasons. Maybe some visiting peasants from the countryside were fooled, but everybody in our town knew the act for what it was."

Other Tibetans told me how the Communists put the monks in long pits and told them to pray for their food. After the victims were weakened by hunger, they would be exhibited to the townspeople as evidence that there is no God. In other places Chinese soldiers with their boots on would sit on altars, smash clay images and tear up sacred manuscripts. "If there is a God, why doesn't he destroy us?" the soldiers would demand.

The Tibetans, I was told, really believed that through some miracle the soldiers would be punished. They were puzzled when nothing happened. But they finally came up with an answer that satisfied them. The explanation I heard from several refugees went something like this: "We had not been good enough in the past. If we had really been true believers, these evil men would certainly have been punished."

Before the Communists came to Tibet there were 20,000 monks in three main monasteries near Lhasa—Drepung, Sera and Ganden, the three jewels of Lhasa. But now, worship at these monasteries is forbidden, and the few Tibetans who have been inside—mostly laborers—tell conflicting stories of how many monks are left.

The Chinese apparently intend to turn some of the principal monasteries into museums. Part of the thirteen-story, 1000-room Potala Palace, which crowns a hill overlooking Lhasa, may become a museum. However, the most beautiful

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images and the most valuable manuscripts have been taken to Peking.

About 5000 monks and lamas, along with members of what the Communists call the "upper strata"—the former noblemen, landlords and traders—have been herded into the Dhrabchi concentration camp a few miles north of Lhasa, on the road to Sera monastery.

This was previously a Tibetan military camp. It is now surrounded by a high wall, and the inmates, both men and women, live in large barracks, sleeping in rows on the ground. Some of them are taken out daily to work on the roads or other projects. There is another concentration camp near Norbulinka, the former summer palace of the Dalai Lama. There also was a camp, surrounded by electrified barbed wire, near Nachen. The inmates built a 7500-k.w. power station on the Kyi Chu River. This was officially opened in the middle of last year. Early this year work started on a second power station at Ganden Chonkor, on the Pembu River about thirty miles northeast of Lhasa. Refugees believe the Nachen camp has been moved to this site.

Monks at the Nachen Hydroelectric Plant were roused at dawn and given a cup of hot water and a handful of peas and chaff to eat. The Tibetans used to eat *tsamba*—parched barley flour eaten in cakes or as a gruel—along with meat and cheese, and they drank strong tea flavored with large amounts of butter. They grew a poor variety of peas for use as fodder for the mules and horses. For more than two years this animal food has been their only nourishment, according to Tibetan refugees.

After a hard day's work, sometimes in freezing temperatures, the monks were forced to attend evening lectures and indoctrination classes lasting until after midnight. Subjects for discussion often were: "Who are the upper strata?", or "Who is responsible for the feudal serfdom?" They were expected to blame themselves and the Dalai Lama. Very rarely would monks speak against the Dalai Lama, and this did not make their lot any easier.

By now the Communists have completed the second part of their program—the monastery system is destroyed. The third part of the Communist program was the enslavement of the populace as a whole. Lhasa has been divided into four zones: North, East, South and West. Each zone is under a branch of the Lhasa Municipal Communist Party and further divided into areas under local "People's Committees." But to make controls even tighter, these are broken up into groups of ten persons, each under a captain responsible for all they do. He is either a Tibetan collaborator or a Chinese.

Group captains were ordered to make lists of everyone's possessions. Everything in excess of a bare minimum had to be surrendered. People were allowed to keep only two sets of clothing, one for summer and another for winter. The Chinese wanted to unearth gold, jewelry or religious objects, but most of all they wanted to discover any hidden weapons. A refugee I interviewed said the Chinese scared Tibetans by saying they had air, water and land instruments which could detect all hidden objects. Some people in Lhasa fell into the trap—they produced a few guns and bullets, were promptly accused of being counterrevolutionaries and were thrown into prison.

The Communists introduced a rationing system early in 1960 and promised everyone about thirty pounds of grain a month. That is a meager diet, by normal Tibetan standards, but still enough for subsistence. However, all of the many Tibetans I talked to said the full rations were never available. The Chinese deliberately tried to starve the people, both as a punishment and to get them to consume hidden supplies.

The lands of the monasteries and the former nobles were distributed to the peasants, who were given title to about half an acre each. But these penniless farmers had neither implements nor seed. The Chinese told them that, since they were the owners of the land, they must find their own seed. The peasants were seen in Lhasa trying to sell their belongings to buy seed.

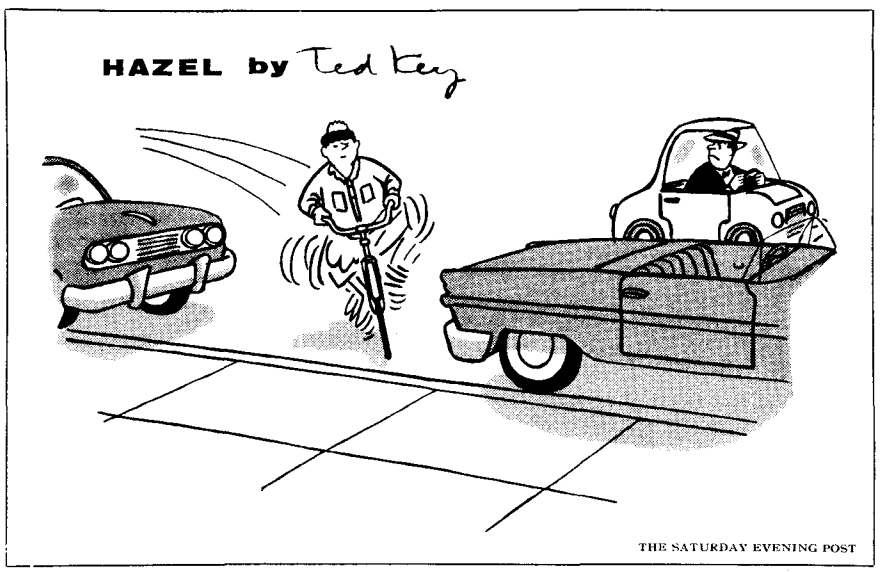
The Chinese have opened several schools, but the Tibetans have to be forced to send their children. They are afraid that the children will be enlisted in the "Young Pioneers" and taught to spy on their parents or, what is worse, will be taken away to China. The Chinese repeatedly carry off children from twelve to sixteen years old—about twenty at a time—and they are never heard from again. Presumably the Communists hope to process a new generation of Tibetans who no longer believe in their culture or the independence of Tibet. Mothers who are refugees in India are driven almost insane by thoughts of children who have disappeared.

The worst Tibetan criminals in the Chinese view are the so-called "upper strata." Many of these have been put into the most dreaded prison of all—Taring House, the former spacious home of a Tibetan nobleman now in India. The Chinese do their brain-washing there. Sometimes various sentences are pronounced for prisoners from Taring House, Dhrabchi or Norbulinka. They range from a few to twenty years in prison, including a certain period to be spent at hard labor. Few have much chance of surviving this initial period.

A Tibetan who escaped from a slave gang working on a mountain road told me his Chinese guards made a practice of setting off dynamite blasts without warning. If a man was injured, but could still work, he would be put back to work. But if a bone was broken and he was helpless, the guards would simply toss him down the cliffside. Prisoners who died or collapsed from hunger and exposure were left where they lay. When about a dozen of them had accumulated, a pit was dug and they were all thrown in—the partially alive as well as the dead.

Because of last year's land reforms, which left large areas unsown, the influx of hundreds of thousands of Chinese and civilians, and perhaps the food crisis in China itself, Tibet is now experiencing the first famine in its history. One refugee, who arrived in India recently, pointed to a tin containing fifty cigarettes and said it would serve as a measure of the amount of food a Tibetan now gets for an entire day. "You can't believe how bad it is," he went on. "When an animal dies the Chinese take it, but sometimes they throw away the bones and people fight for them. They boil them and eat what they can of the stew. There were some women who had been put to work scraping the hides of sheep. They were secretly trying to get the scrapings. (He made a gesture of a person with his chin on his chest trying to slip something into his mouth.) When a Chinese guard saw them he took the scrapings away." The famine is so severe that even the Chinese soldiers are reported on short rations.

The famine, along with the continued sabotage and harassment by the roving guerrilla bands which infest the northeastern mountains, has forced the Chinese to suspend work on their most grandiose project—a railroad to run from Lanchow, in China, to Lhasa. The railroad would cover a circuitous 1500 miles and climb through passes above 15,000 feet. If ever completed it would be a monument to the Communists' ability to use slave labor. The Chinese bragged they would complete it by the end of 1961. Now they merely say work is postponed, with no time set for completion.



Early this year the Chinese also announced a postponement of "reforms" for five years. They said Tibetans were not ready for socialism and that there would be a return to the earlier "people's democracy." The Chinese now say the people are free to carry on their religion and to engage in petty trade. No one believes them. The Tibetans think this is a trick to discover whatever wealth, food or religious symbols they have managed to hide. However, in at least one respect, life is easier: Tibetans are still regimented but the nightly indoctrination sessions have ended.

A similar relaxation has occurred in China itself. "This is a standard Chinese maneuver," said a well-informed Indian. "They believe in progress by shocks and jolts. Today a campaign of terror, tomorrow a campaign of smiles. They eased off in China with the slogan, 'Let 100 flowers bloom,' and followed with the communes and the 'Great Leap Forward.' Now they are easing off again. This keeps everybody off balance, which is what the rulers want."

The two and a half years since the flight of the Dalai Lama have been marked by frantic, feverish military preparations. In addition to the three earlier roads linking Tibet with the Chinese provinces of Sinkiang, Tsinghai and Kansu, a fourth has been rushed through. It skirts the northeastern frontier of India and goes to Yunnan province. There is also a circular highway which links all the important towns of Tibet; there are at least eleven branch roads striking south to the borders of India, Nepal and Bhutan. Before the Communists moved into Tibet, only two automobiles had been seen in Lhasa. Both had been dismantled and carried across the mountains from India on the backs of mules and men. Now the Chinese mass hundreds of trucks for regular convoys. Small tanks have been seen, and refugees tell of new airfields under construction.

Today there are about four times as many Chinese in Lhasa as Tibetans. Most of the Chinese are soldiers. The Tibetans call them "yellow Chinese" because of their uniforms, to distinguish them from the "blue Chinese"—the blue-uniformed Communist Party members.

Garrisons of from 100 to 500 soldiers have been strung out along the entire 2500-mile southern frontier. Trenches and underground emplacements have been dug at all strategic points.

"Why all this feverish activity?" I asked an Indian official whose main job during the past ten years has been to keep in touch with events in Tibet.

"They say they are preparing to defend themselves against American imperialists," he replied. "But disregard that. Will the Chinese invade India? No, they are not so stupid as to openly involve themselves in aggression. Besides, they know they cannot conquer all of India in one swoop, using Tibet as a base. But a war of liberation? Yes. That is what they will call whatever they do. When they first marched into Tibet they spoke of liberating it. They now claim some parts of India and would like to liberate these areas too. First they liberate one area and then use the local population to liberate the next.

"The Chinese are an ancient nation," the Indian, who spent some years in Peking, continued. "They think in terms of centuries. They take infinite pains and have infinite patience. In Tibet they are preparing for action elsewhere, perhaps in Laos or Vietnam. They are sending their technicians to the Middle East, Africa and Cuba. They will plan and wait—and strike when they find a weak point."

The Chinese openly proclaim that they intend to aim at the entire world. I asked a young man who left Lhasa a few months ago if the Chinese gave any reason for what they are doing. "They say that until the whole world becomes Communist, the agony that is in the world will not end," he replied.

From refugees' accounts of the old Tibet, the people on the whole were well fed and happy. One of the striking things about Tibet was how the people laughed and joked. Whatever the evils of the feudal system—and few will defend it in these times—men and women were at least free to organize their private lives.

The Tibetans see the advent of Communism as an unmitigated disaster. Last year the Chinese hung boxes around Lhasa and asked people to drop in notes with comments or criticism. One Tibetan told me that if someone wanted to inform on another, he only had to write his victim's name and address on a slip of paper and drop it into a box. The person named would be picked up for questioning the next day. Once someone dropped a note into a box at a place called Chapi House. In trying to discover who had written the note, the Chinese disclosed its contents to many of the indoctrination groups. It said: "During the old government there was a word called 'hell,' and no one knew what it really meant. But now we know what hell is, and we know that the old government was heaven."

THE END

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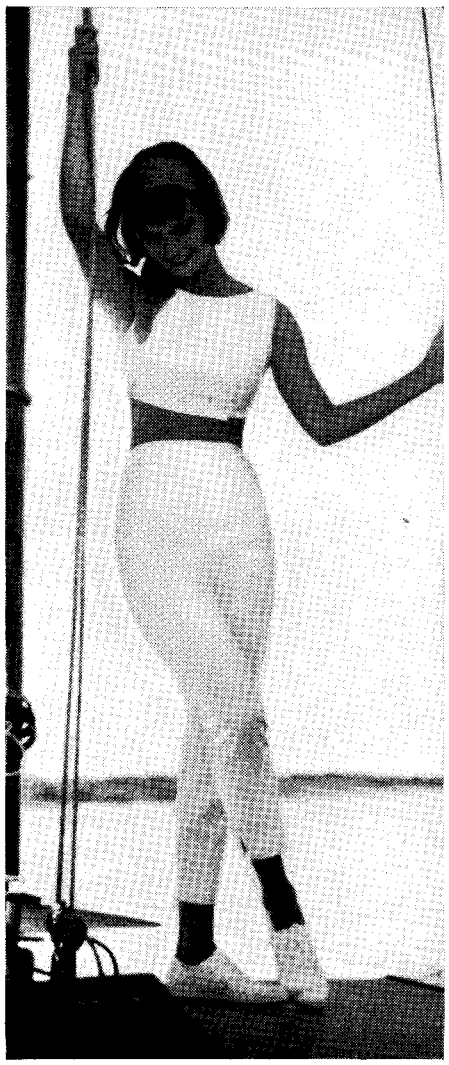

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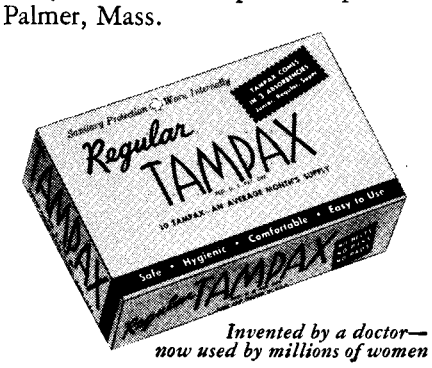

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Keeping Posted

Next Week: The New Post

***The Post* grows younger. Front row, left to right: Kremer, Reukauf, Abecassis, Frazee, Cudd, Foley. Second row: Hull, Lyle, Hostetler, Haring, Grosvenor, Yonkovig. Third row: Patterson, Haverstock, Pryce, Congdon. Top: Knapp, Berg, Young, Vaughan, Owen.**

"The scuttlebutt in Los Angeles," writes subscriber Alice F. Curtis, "is that the *SatEvePost* is to appear in a new format this fall, with only one piece of fiction per issue. Now in the housewife set this is causing considerable consternation. Between TV, newspapers and magazines, we are surfeited with How-To-Do articles, Liz Taylor's romances, Jacqueline Kennedy's hairdo, and her daughter's latest cutism. . . ."

In short, reader Curtis wishes to be assured that *The Post* will not abandon its fiction readers.

Assuredly, fiction will not evaporate in "the new *Post*"—on sale next week, at twenty cents—but we will be sifting it through a finer screen, averaging three stories and one serial per issue. Neither will the POST SCRIPTS page vanish, as the *Saturday Review* claimed in a recent and friendly preview of our new format. But next week's *Post* will be quite an eye opener. We're convinced our readers will be as enthusiastic about it as we are.

The big change will be in design. We shall introduce end-to-end make-up, which will allow us to refrain from jumping most stories from the front of the magazine to the back. Art editor **Kenneth Stuart** is employing new and exciting techniques of illustration. Our picture staff recently was bolstered by the addition of a second photography editor—**Davis Thomas,** thirty-two, who worked for *Life* for six years in New York and Los Angeles.

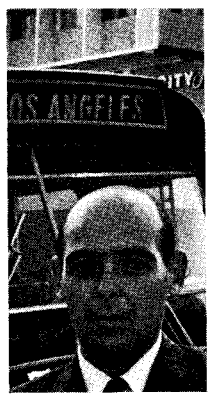
Under the label, SPEAKING OUT: THE VOICE OF DISSENT, we shall publish each week an article of opinion, often urgent, occasionally satirical, always forthright and controversial. PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP is a pictorial feature on men and women under forty who show great promise. It is edited by **Morton D. Hull,** thirty-four, former English teacher, former Washington reporter, and for the past year an ADVENTURES OF THE MIND editor.

To maintain our youthful new appearance we have infused our staff with a large dose of youthful talent. The staff members pictured on this page average twenty-eight years of age and have a wide range of credentials:

Art Seidenbaum, recently a Los Angeles correspondent for *Life*, is setting up our first editorial office in L.A., on Sunset Boulevard. **Don Oberdorfer,** a Raymond Clapper award runner-up for his Charlotte *Observer* series on Congressional expense accounts, has joined our Washington bureau. LETTERS editor **Jack Haring** once taught a night class in copy editing at American University and had among his students **Nathan A. Haverstock,** who had majored in Greek and Latin at Harvard. Haverstock came to us after six years as a Latin-American specialist with the Library of Congress. Five other young linguists on the staff: **Stephen Berg,** who joined us this summer upon finishing a two-year Rockefeller-Centro Mexicano de Escritores fellowship in Mexico, where he translated Mexican poetry into English and completed a collection of his own poetry; **David A. Lyle,** who studied at the Sorbonne, is an accomplished deep-sea diver; **Andrée Abecassis,** whose parents immigrated to New York from Morocco, was first in her class this spring at the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications; associate editor **Barbara Graybeal Kremer,** who speaks French, reads German, was valedictorian of the class of '57 at Marietta College; **Elizabeth Frazee** worked for the ECA in Paris for three years, came to us after a stint as editor of Phi Beta Kappa's *The Key Reporter*.

Photography's Thomas.

Zen Yonkovig and **Homer Grosvenor** have been deeply involved in the revamping of *The Post*. Yonkovig produced sample layouts for more than two years before we settled on a new format. Grosvenor has been our production specialist; now he helps edit THE FACE OF AMERICA. Copyreader **Dick Pryce** worked for nine papers before coming to *The Post*. Pryce's officemate, **Harold P. Hostetler,** earned a Phi Beta Kappa key while working his way through the University of Pittsburgh as a full-time reporter for the Pittsburgh *Press* and the Johnstown *Tribune-Democrat*. Three of our young rewrite editors—



L.A.'s Seidenbaum.

D.C.'s Oberdorfer.

Daniel Knapp, Thomas B. Congdon Jr. and **Benton R. Patterson**—have written *Post* articles and/or stories in their free time. **Roger Vaughan** and **Sam Young** are photography assistants. Young was editor of the Harvard *Lampoon;* Vaughan is a graduate of Brown and of our Curtis training program. Manuscript reader **Kent Owen** was captain of the Indiana University brain team which competed on TV's *G-E College Bowl* this spring. And the three young researchers in our library—**Frances Foley, Sally Reukauf** and **Joy Cudd**—are bright, industrious and pretty.

When that *Saturday Review* editor made the erroneous statement that the POST SCRIPTS page was on the way out, could he have meant KEEPING POSTED? KP will be merged with the table of contents next week. We'll see you there.

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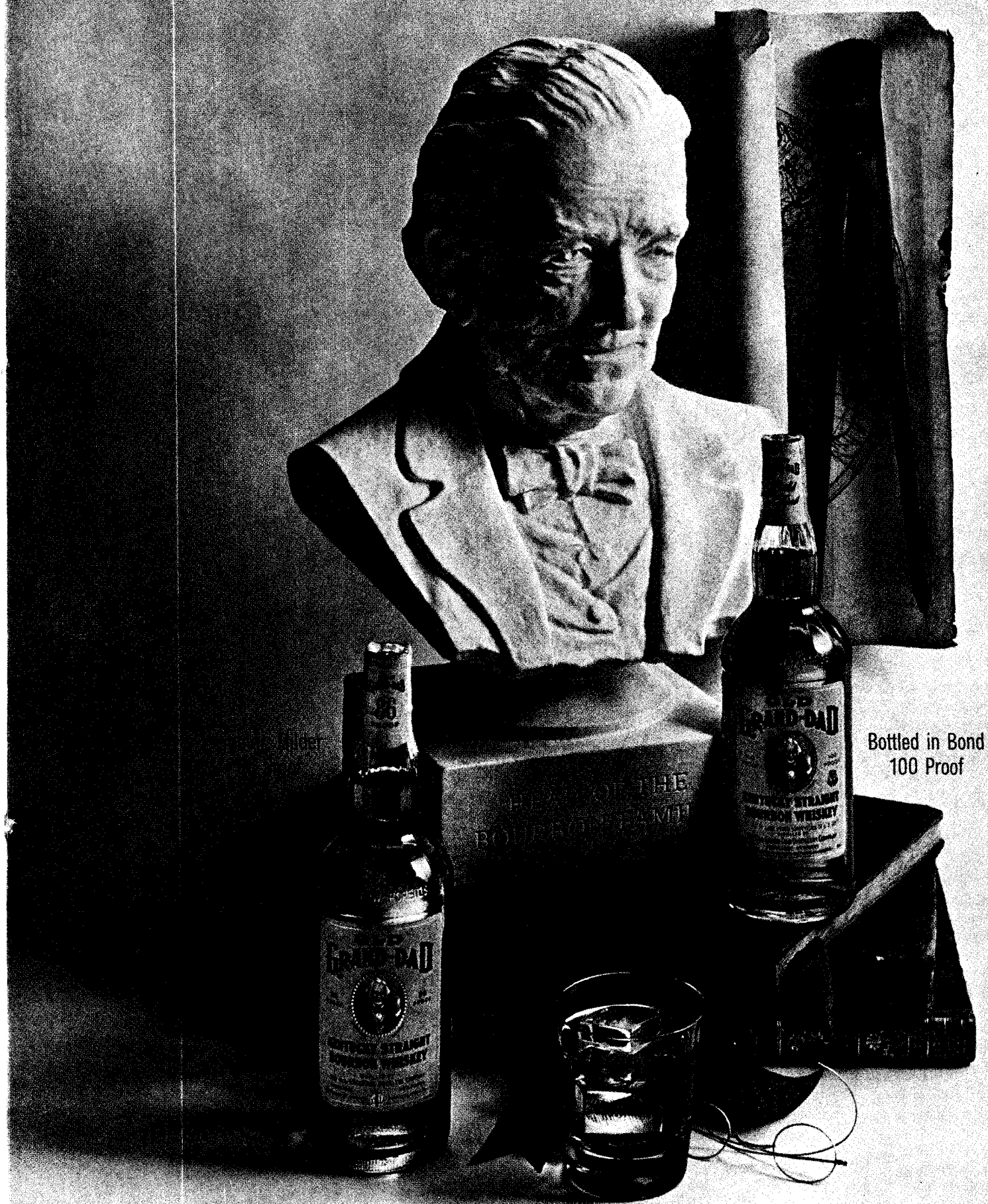

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